















The critics came to jeer—and left cheering

## Young Menuhin's Greatest Challenge

By Robert Magidoff

IT WAS the evening of November 25, 1927. Chubby 11-year-old Yehudi Menuhin, dressed in short trousers, had just arrived for his appearance as solo violinist with the New York Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. On his way from the stage entrance to the artists' room he saw a large fire axe hanging on the wall. "What's that for?" he asked a fireman standing near by.

"To chop the heads off the soloists who don't play well," was the reply.

"And how many heads have you already cut off?" asked Yehudi.

"Oh, quite a few," said the fireman with a friendly wink.

There were those in the audience that night who expected the young Menuhin head to roll. Foremost among them were the music critics. For it had been announced that the

boy would play the Beethoven violin concerto, which the critics regarded as nothing short of sacrilege. They felt that this difficult masterpiece should not be attempted by anyone except the most mature artist—that it was impossible for a child's small hands, no matter how well trained, to execute the intricate fingering.

As a matter of fact, a simple number—the A-major Mozart—had been suggested when Yehudi first received the invitation to appear with the New York Symphony. "But I've waited so long!" young Yehudi said to his father. "I'll play the Mozart as an encore, but I must do the Beethoven first. *Please* make them let me."

"I'll do my best, Yehudi," his father said gently. He did not tell the boy that word had already come

from Fritz Busch, the famous German who was to conduct that night, that he refused even to consider the Beethoven. The conductor's reply to all arguments was, "One does not allow Jackie Coogan to play Hamlet!"

One day, however, Yehudi's managers arranged for him and his teacher, Louis Persinger, to have an audition with Busch in the latter's hotel suite. The conductor displayed a studied coldness towards his young soloist. He was provoked by Yehudi's insistence on playing the

Beethoven concerto, and he happened to dislike all prodigies. He had been a prodigy himself, and shuddered at the recollection. Moreover, at this particular concert he was giving the world première of a new work by his brother Adolph, violinist and composer, and he would never forgive himself if this small boy ruined the evening.

As the audition of the Beethoven concerto was about to get under way, Persinger made a move towards the piano. Busch, however, sat down at the instrument himself. Calm and purposeful, Yehudi lifted the lid of his violin case, laid back the green velvet shield and handed the violin to Persinger to be tuned (his small hands were still too weak to twist the pegs into position). Busch smiled sardonically and plunged into the final part of the orchestral introduction. Yehudi adjusted his instrument, raised the bow and released the first measures with their broken octaves so feared by violinists.

As the boy played on, Busch signalled to Persinger to replace him at the piano. The conductor retired to a corner, his whole bearing betraying excitement and unbelief. Suddenly he interrupted the music and threw his huge arms round Yehudi. "You can play anything with me, any time, anywhere!" he cried. Yehudi impatiently disentangled himself and continued to play.

Busch kept him there for more than an hour, going over various

**Y**EHUDI MENUHIN fulfilled a long cherished desire when at the invitation of Pandit Nehru, he first visited India in 1952. Asked what drew him to the country, he replied: "The gentle spirit and peace loving nature of its people." Afterwards he wrote: "When I visited India I felt almost a kinship with the people there."

Again invited by the Prime Minister, he paid a second visit in 1954. On each occasion he toured the country and gave performances in many places, including Delhi, Lucknow, Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. The entire proceeds from these concerts he donated to the Prime Minister's National Relief Fund.

When the Asian Music Circle was formed in London in 1953, Menuhin became its first president. The Circle seeks to foster friendship between East and West through a greater understanding of each other's cultures. "Western music," says Menuhin, "stands to gain much from India and to receive inspiration from the East."

passages and practising in particular the pauses so significant in Beethoven. Later, at Yehudi's first rehearsal with the orchestra, even the completely conquered Busch was amazed to find that the boy had not overlooked a single point.

At the end of that first rehearsal, the musicians accorded Yehudi a standing ovation and Busch made an amazing announcement contrary to all accepted practice at the time, he had decided to shift the concerto soloist to the second half of the programme. No orchestra and no conductor could compete with the overpowering effect of this Yehudi's first appearance," he frankly admitted in his autobiography. "Not a creature in Carnegie Hall would have had ears for any music whatever after Yehudi had played his last bar."

Carnegie Hall was packed to the roof and charged with expectation on the evening of November 25. When Busch appeared on the stage after the interval, he was greeted warmly, but all eyes turned towards the entrance on the left from which would enter the boy whose story



had so excited the public imagination. There was an outburst of applause when he came out, chubby and awkward in white silk blouse and black velvet shorts. Showing no trace of self-consciousness, he took his place near Busch, acknowledged the applause with a jerky nod of the head and, businesslike, handed his beloved Grancino to the leader to be tuned.

There was a breathless silence in the hall when the kettledrum announced the opening of the concerto, followed by the clear, lyrical voice of the woodwinds. Yehudi stood unruffled, so absorbed in the music and seemingly oblivious of his part in the performance that some people feared he would miss his entrance. But, with only a few seconds to spare, he adjusted the thick, black pad which dangled from his violin, placed the instrument under his chin and raised his bow. At the great singing tone that filled the hall there was a gasp, an exchange of amazed glances, a slight stirring — and then the hush of complete absorption.

It was only during the Joachim

cadenza, when the soloist remained alone to face its exacting technical and intellectual challenge, that the audience once more became aware of the absurd size of the violinist. Now listeners reflected on his pure intonation and sense of rhythm, and marvelled at the fingering, the trills, the perfect co-ordination between spirit and muscle. Unable to contain their excitement and amazement at the end of the cadenza, the audience burst into applause, threatening to stop the performance. Supported by Busch and the orchestra, Yehudi returned them to Beethoven with all the authority of a veteran.

It remained only for his incredibly graceful execution of the finale to complete a performance that was followed by an unforgettable ovation. People shouted and yelled, many with tears in their eyes, while the men in the orchestra rose and joined in the noise.

At this point Yehudi's extraordinary aplomb left him, and he suddenly looked like the bewildered small boy he was. Catching sight of Persinger in the wings, he dragged him on to the stage, pointing at him and applauding. Persinger finally managed to disengage himself, and vanished, but still the applause went on. Finally, Yehudi had to appear in his overcoat, cap in hand, before the audience would let him go.

Even the music critics, forgetful of deadlines, had stayed on to applaud the young violinist.

Next morning Olin Downes wrote in the *New York Times*: "I had come to the hall convinced that a child could play the violin no more effectively than a trained seal. I left with the conviction that there is no such thing as an infant prodigy but that there is such a thing as a great artist who begins at an early age."

Time, and Yehudi Menuhin, have vindicated that judgment.



### *When the Rent Is Due*

"ONE RED ROSE annually in the month of June for ever" was the rent Baron von Stugel, of the noted glass works, demanded in 1722 when he leased a plot of ground to the Zion Evangelical Church at Mannheim, Pennsylvania. The terms were carried out during the Baron's lifetime, then forgotten, but the old document was found in 1901 and payments were resumed. In 1902, 156 roses were paid in back rent.

THE U.S. government distributes annually six yards of cloth to each of the more than 4,600 Indians on western New York reservations, in accordance with the Treaty of Canandigua of 1794, in which the government promised to give a cloth bounty yearly to the Indians, who, in return, were to refrain from war against the settlers.

*High-voltage electricity can be a raging beast. Here's how it is tamed for domestic use*

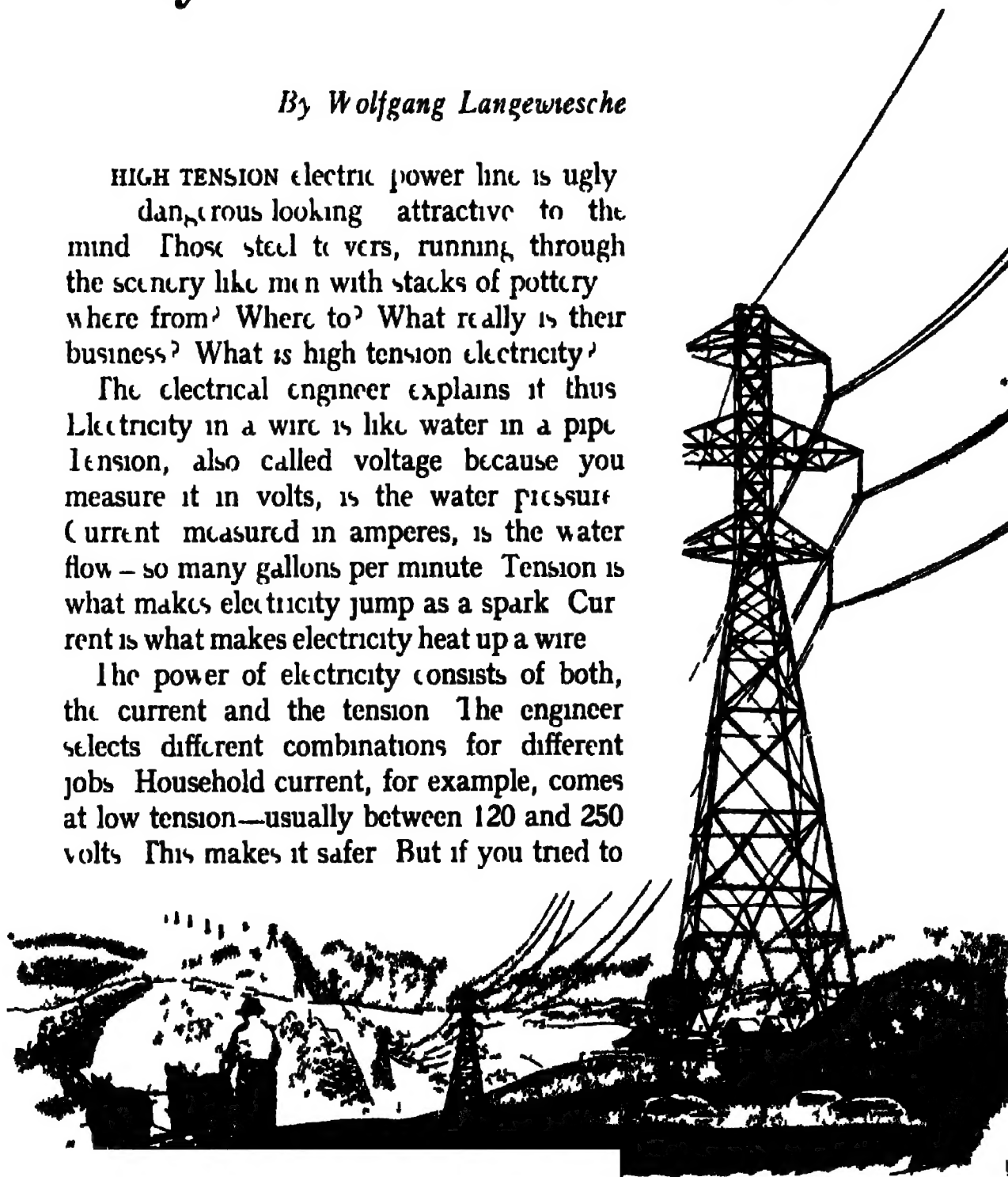
# They Deliver Power to The Home

*By Wolfgang Langewiesche*

HIGH TENSION electric power line is ugly dangerous looking attractive to the mind Those steel towers, running through the scenery like men with stacks of pottery where from? Where to? What really is their business? What is high tension electricity?

The electrical engineer explains it thus Electricity in a wire is like water in a pipe Tension, also called voltage because you measure it in volts, is the water pressure Current measured in amperes, is the water flow — so many gallons per minute Tension is what makes electricity jump as a spark Current is what makes electricity heat up a wire

The power of electricity consists of both, the current and the tension The engineer selects different combinations for different jobs Household current, for example, comes at low tension—usually between 120 and 250 volts This makes it safer But if you tried to



transmit a big current long-distance at low tension the transmission line would become a vast electric heater—heating the great outdoors. Very little power would arrive at the other end. To keep the “line loss” down, therefore, the engineer keeps the current low, the tension right up. “High” in a high-tension line is up to 330,000 volts.

At 330,000 volts, electricity is a raging beast trying to get out of a cage. It wants to jump off the wire at anything that will lead it to the ground. (The ground is the great electrical neutral, where all electric tension is relieved.) It wants to jump, for instance, at the steel towers of the power line and go into the ground through them. If you were fool enough to climb a tower, your skin would begin to prickle and your hair stand on end as the stuff began to think about jumping at *you*! This ferocious urge is what high-tension electricity is, why it has such power. Offer it a path through motors and lamps on its way to the ground and the stuff will run factories and light towns.

Each mast of a high-tension line is like a Christmas tree, loaded with gadgets. The insulators that the wire hangs on are nearly three yards long: that's how far the wire must be held away from the steel of the tower so that the stuff won't jump. They look like stacks of cheap pottery, but they are the best porcelain there is. They take a beating: the sun heats them, rain chills

them, winter cold shrinks them. And all the time the heavy wire hangs on them, and the electric force, too, is poking at every molecule, trying to find a way through. Cracked insulators are the main thing that power lines are patrolled for—sometimes by low-flying light aeroplanes.

The wire itself is really a cable, almost as thick as a woman's wrist. It has a steel core for strength; round this is wrapped jute for bulk. Round this, in a spiral, run the aluminium wires that carry the current. A smaller wire runs from mast top to mast top without insulators. Lightning is invited to strike it, rather than the line itself.

Lightning used to knock out power lines for days. Or it flashed down the line into the power plants and sub-stations and wrecked the machines. Now, the moment a flash strikes, giant switches take the current off the line. They are operated by compressed air, very fast: within a fifth of a second they break the current, wait for the lightning effects to dissipate, and restore service. All *you* notice is a flick of your lights.

How does a power plant make electricity? If you move a magnet past a wire, an electric impulse is set up in the wire. A generator contains coils of wire, arranged in a ring. Inside the ring a set of powerful magnets is spun by a turbine. As each magnet whips past each coil of wire, a pulse of current flows in

that coil. The coils are connected to the power line, and there you are! When an electric fan turns in your house it turns because at the same instant, miles away, a turbine turns.

And what's a turbine? Simply a farmer's windmill glorified. In a steam turbine, a hurricane of steam blows at it; in a water turbine, water flows through it.

The West Virginia-Ohio-Indiana power line starts at a gigantic power plant in the valley of the Kanawha River in the Alleghenies. I got into my little aeroplane and followed the power line towards the consumer. I thought I knew what was coming. Here the power was being transmitted; presently would come the towns, with homes and factories where it was used.

Not so at all! The high-tension power line ran for 60 miles over hill and dale and came out at another power plant on the Ohio River. There it split. I followed one branch and after 50 miles came to still another power plant. I went on, to still another power plant. Gradually I began to understand what I was seeing. Here was a whole vast *system* composed of power plants and power lines.

This one is called the AGE System (for American Gas and Electric Company). It serves a six-state region—Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan.

A power system is like a city waterworks, with a dozen pumping

stations (power plants) keeping up the pressure (voltage), while thousands and thousands of households and factories set up a drain. The power companies have worked themselves into a position where they have to give service, or else. Even a slight sagging of power, such as sometimes makes electric lights in the home go dim, is intolerable to a textile plant, say. It makes different machines slow up differently; threads are stretched here, slackened there; the material comes out with faulty weave.

In a "system" the power plants can take over one another's loads. Here's the logic of it: A town with only one power plant needs a second plant as a stand-by. This is expensive. Five towns with five power plants, connected by power lines, still need only one stand-by plant: this makes more sense. But ten towns, connected by power lines, need no stand-by plant at all. If one plant breaks down, the other nine between them can carry the load. One hundred towns, tied into one system, still need only ten power plants—simply bigger ones. This is the most economical arrangement of all. AGE serves 2,319 towns in the United States, with many big industries, almost entirely from 12 big plants.

Further to ensure service, there is also a system-of-systems. The power lines of AGE connect up with others so that systems throughout large areas of the United States are



bound together in "power pools." In these pools, if one system falls behind the demand, electricity starts flowing in from the neighbouring systems; it's metered and it has to be paid for; but it's automatic, and it's instant.

Everybody wants electricity at the same time. The "load" starts building up at 6 a.m. and goes to a peak by 11, then eases for lunch; an afternoon peak, and then the load goes down. At night, much of the system is idle.

A power plant must be steered, so to speak, up and down this daily curve. This is where a system cashes in on being a system: all its power plants are controlled from one central spot.

The wiring diagram of a high-tension system is like a road map: main highways branch off into local roads, residential streets, private driveways. This takes more doing

than you might think. Problem: high-tension electricity is hard to handle and very dangerous: low-tension electricity won't travel far.

Solution: the transformer — a machine for changing the voltage of electric energy to suit the purpose. It's just two coils of wire, close together but not connected. As high-voltage electricity pulses through one coil, it sends out electromagnetic waves; these whip, electrically, the other coil, and make low-voltage electricity flow in it!

A transformer works only with "alternating current" (AC)—the kind that pulses backwards and forwards in the wires. The steady flowing direct current (DC) cannot be transformed so simply. That is why AC is now standard all over the world. It's this combination of ideas — AC and the transformer — that has made it possible to wire a whole country for power.

*T*HE MINISTRY of Irrigation and Power reports that with the completion of the large power projects now going forward in India, several interconnected systems will come into being. A network of transmission lines linking the power stations of Jogindernager, Delhi, Nangal, and the proposed station at Bhakra, will serve the whole of Punjab and PEPSU, as well as Delhi and parts of Rajasthan. The western and central districts of the Uttar Pradesh will be served by a grid comprising the Ganga Canal system, the Sarda hydro station and the Lucknow steam power station. The eastern districts of the States will come into the future Rihand system.

The Damodar Valley Corporation will have a large network in south Bihar and West Bengal, extending to Calcutta and Kharagpur. Orissa's central power station will be the Hirakud station on the Mahanadi. Khaperkheda, Chandni, Raipur and Ballarpur stations are designed to work as one unit, though they have not yet been connected as such. These regional systems may eventually be connected to form an all-India grid, and if this happens it will be possible for power to flow from the foot of the Himalayas to Trivandrum!



# The Case of the Jolly Gaolbirds

By Tom Howard

**I**F STARTED in May, 1946, when Fernand Billa, a minor French prison official who looks something like a Roman senator, lumbered into the little Norman town of Pont-l'Évêque to take over as governor of the district prison. Hounded by an unquenchable thirst, Billa couldn't quite keep his mind on prison administration. So, Pont-l'Évêque soon got used to seeing its new prison governor rolling from café to café in search of one more *petit Calva*.

Inside the gaol, unkept prison ledgers and unopened mail piled up on Billa's desk, and 50 neglected convicts were locked away indiscriminately.

*The hilarious history of an informal French prison governor and his cronies—the prisoners*

And then into this unholy disorder, eyes shining with zeal behind tortoise-shell glasses, came an angel of rescue named René Grainville. Once from the Pont-l'Évêque area himself, Grainville was a rotund, bald-headed little man with a pixie smile and a quiet, efficient manner. A former accountant, journalist, *Résistance* hero, poet and philosopher, he had been sent to prison for two years for a slight affair of forgery and embezzlement.

Within one hour of his arrival,

*Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post*

Grainville had sized up Billa's gentle, thirsting nature, slipped out of his cell block, walked into Billa's office and offered two bottles of *pastis* and his services as "prison accountant." Billa was impressed. "Shh!" he said to an open-mouthed guard. "This fellow's an intellectual. I'm going to put him in charge of the office."

Grainville's conception of his usefulness to the prison was a little grander than that. "You permit me?" he said and, sitting down at Billa's desk, started studying some of the documents. "Ah, I see." He adjusted his spectacles. "Now the first thing is for me to get your signature down pat, so you won't have to be troubled signing these things. . . ."

Grainville practised signing while Billa watched, fascinated. "*Formidable!*" he breathed.

Grainville's smile was modest. "Now these registers," he said briskly. "You don't happen to have a decent counterfeiter in the house?"

But yes, a young criminal who had once worked in the legal archives of the police department in Lyon had quite a reputation for falsifying documents. "Send him down," said Grainville; "we may need to rough out a couple of official stamps."

Then the phone rang. Grainville picked it up. "Prison Governor Billa speaking," he said, and reassured Billa with a polite whisper: "It's

just the magistrate calling from the court house. I'll handle it."

That night Billa made his usual tour of the village bars with a lightened heart. Things were at last in the hands of an expert.

They were indeed. After studying the penitentiary code briefly, Grainville tossed it in the wastepaper basket as anti-social nonsense and instituted a code of his own. His code, as he told the judge at his trial last autumn, was based on "making life a little less painful for my fellow-prisoners."

First, he selected as his assistants those convicts who had what he called "background"—that is, a certain amount of money and a useful talent. With a butcher turned car thief running the cuisine, a bartender who had specialized in disposing of stolen goods handling the wines and liquors, and a former hotelier known as "Georges the Shark" (in for armed robbery) in charge of ordering such outside delicacies as well-heeled prisoners would buy, an organized abundance soon reigned in the prison stores.

All restrictions on card-playing, cigarettes and liquor were discarded. A tailor-pickpocket was detailed to take care of the prisoners' clothes. A telephone link with a bookmaker in Deauville accommodated the punters. Grainville then made the prison co-educational, according to later reports, by throwing open the doors between the men's and women's wings.

Almost overnight the prison of Pont l'Évêque, under its trail-blazing new guest director, took on the characteristics of a small family hotel. Certain extras cost money, of course—the lobster, the vintage wines, the morning newspaper delivered with breakfast—but every thing else was on the house.

Yet even in the midst of such well ordered luxury, the inmates showed a certain restlessness. With Billa staggering freely in and out, it was inevitable that others would get ideas. Thus Jean Manguy, a former Paris gangster, refused to order his breakfast in bed but insisted instead on traipsing across the square every morning in his sumptuous blue Japanese bathrobe to take his coffee and *croissant* in the corner cafe. Thus too a bookmaker was too tame for punters like Nova the Fence and Georges the Shark; they themselves wanted to drive over and see the horses running at the Deauville track seven miles away. And the ones who wanted to pub crawl all night with Billa!

It was a problem to unnerve a less philosophical man than René Grainville. But Grainville's Code had the solution: put the men on their honour. And in defence of the system it must be said that, except for one case, it worked.

The lone defection was more a credit than demerit to Grainville's system. News of the little prison's comforts had spread, and criminals serving time elsewhere began to plot

to get in. A new arrival in March, 1949, was a notorious hold-up man and escape artist known as René the Cane. He had confessed to a crime in Normandy which he hadn't committed, in order to get moved from a big hermetic Paris prison to something less formal. For a month René the Cane stuck it out at Pont-l'Évêque but then the habit of a lifetime became too strong and he decided to make a break. Not by walking out of the front door, however, which was wide open, but in the classic tradition he sawed through the window bars and swung down on a rope, "so as not to cause any trouble for my friend the governor."

It was heart warming, really, the way Billa's prisoners looked after his welfare. Once they went out late at night to locate their wandering governor and trundle him safely home in a wheelbarrow. Several times, when the guards were otherwise engaged, the prisoners punched the time clocks themselves so that all would look well for the Billa administration.

Strange prison, where the prisoners weren't imprisoned, the governor didn't govern and the district inspector didn't inspect too much! Actually the district inspector did turn up occasionally. One day he did criticize the cobwebs on the basement ceiling. Billa stammered:

"He never sees them," explained Grainville. "He's too busy watching his feet."

On another occasion the inspector told Billa he drank too much. "Yes, sir!" said Billa enthusiastically.

Also the inspector felt that the front door ought to be kept locked.

"Oh, you know, *M'sieu l'Inspecteur*," said Grainville, "they're good boys."

In time, of course, with convicts wandering round freely, the villagers began to take notice. One of the first was a lawyer who, presenting himself at the prison to confer with a convict client, was told by a guard, "Just a moment, I'll see if he's in." (He wasn't.) Why, then, during the nearly four years that this happy state of affairs went on, did nobody squeal?

The villagers didn't squeal because, as they explained later, it was none of their business; it was the business of "the magistrates." Besides, they felt sorry for Billa. "He was so *gentil*!" they told me. "He wouldn't hurt a fly." And as for Grainville, they were rather more proud of him than disapproving: he was a local boy making good.

Surprisingly, Grainville himself quite clearly made no profit from the whole affair. For all the artistry with which he embellished his fellow-prisoners' police records he at no time touched his own. And for all the time he whittled off the others' sentences, he served out his own term to the minute. The blissful satisfaction of having for so long hoodwinked the authorities was evidently reward enough for him. His only

regret seems to be that it didn't go on forever.

Why didn't it? The Ministry of Justice, understandably sensitive about the whole affair, is not too definite. But it is known that in January of 1950 Billa was fired and the prison closed down. And in 1952 Georges the Shark, drunk and talkative in a Paris bar, started bragging about beating a prison sentence in Pont-l'Évêque. A police inspector overheard him, and an investigation finally got under way.

So poor old Billa had to be tried, in October, 1955, and condemned to three years for "negligence."\* Shortly afterwards, eight of the inside gang were tried—for "falsification of government documents."

The latter trial was sheer vaudeville, with Grainville, of course, heading the bill. In his rôle as "philanthropist," as he called himself, he politely elaborated his theories of prison reform to the judge. When the judge accused him of forging Billa's signature more than 300 times, he nodded, smiled his pixie smile and explained blandly, "I have always endeavoured to give satisfaction to my employers."

The jury, seven good Normans and true, roared with laughter, and at the trial's end returned a verdict of Not Guilty. And that night the little village of Pont-l'Évêque celebrated the victory.

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\* He was recently released under an amnesty, as an ex-prisoner of war and a first offender.

# Snails Are His Business

By Curt Riess

**I**T BEGAN with a conversation he almost forgot.

Robert Stein, the owner of a chain of timber-yards and one of the richest men in Germany, had in 1938 sold his properties and established an equally successful timber business in Czechoslovakia. He made his home in the town of Sternberg. Although strongly opposed to Hitler, Stein, during the Second World War, employed some 2,000 prisoner-of-war "slave labourers" in his yards—in the hope that he might ease their lot. When several of his French workers asked to start gardens on his property, Stein readily agreed.

One day Herr Stein found these gardens overgrown with rank dandelion plants. Closer inspection showed that snails were everywhere.

"Your garden looks in bad shape," Stein said to a Frenchman named Duval. The Frenchman grinned. "These snails have big appetites, and they're fattening up! We're raising them to eat."

Stein shuddered,

*Robert Stein found a fortune lying almost literally underfoot*

and Duval looked amazed. "Don't you know how good snails are?" He added that snails *should* be eaten with a small silver fork and a vintage wine. "Only rich people eat them at home, because they're so rare."

Stein shrugged and walked away. That was the conversation.

AFTER the war the Russians came to Sternberg. Stein's sawmills were converted into a concentration camp, and Stein himself, as a German, became one of its first occupants. When, in July, 1946, he was set free and sent to a refugee camp near Lauingen, in Bavaria, he was nearly 60 and owned nothing but the ragged clothes on his back.

Before long, friends were impressed by Stein's philosophical acceptance of his new life. For he had become



Condensed from Ost-West-Kurier

a mushroom gatherer. Every day he went into the woods and returned with the pungent wild mushrooms of the district, which he sold in the village. It was a small living that he made, but it was a living.

One day Stein almost stepped on a snail. It reminded him of something. Of what? Of course, that Frenchman Duval, who said snails were a rare delicacy in France! But he had seen hundreds in these woods.

Stein borrowed an encyclopædia and read what it had to say about snails. He returned to the woods with his basket, but this time he gathered snails. Back in the room he had taken at an inn, he packed them, alive, and shipped them off to Paris—to Duval.

It was something of a miracle that Duval received the snails alive, for snail packing is quite a specialized process. Duval wrote promptly to thank his former boss, and reported that the snails were first-class! He added that he was back in his old job as chef at a small luxury restaurant and that the restaurant would gladly pay high prices for similar consignments of snails.

Now Stein read everything about snails that he could lay his hands on, and every week he sent a consignment to France. In time he established a breeding colony on a small patch of rented land. He built wire-mesh pens, where he fed and studied his charges carefully. Meanwhile, French restaurants were forwarding fairly large payments to Stein.

One day when Fritz Odoerfer, a Lauingen banker, informed Stein that money from France had arrived for him, he expressed his curiosity about snails.

"As it happens," Stein said, "I know a great deal about snails, and I want to borrow money from you. I know the conditions snails like best, and where they prefer to lay their eggs. I know that they have to be protected from excessive heat, and that in the autumn they need a blanket of moss and an enormous amount of food in order to survive their winter hibernation. Snails have many natural enemies: hedgehogs, badgers, moles, thrushes and crows. If it were not for these enemies, snails would reproduce far faster than rabbits. The male and female mate within six to eight days after being placed together, and the female lays between 60 and 70 eggs. The young snails hatch in three weeks and, if protected, grow enormously fast, with comparatively low mortality.

"I'm convinced there's a lot of money to be made in exporting snails," Stein concluded.

Odoerfer knew that Stein was a businessman who had carried out bold plans. He listened attentively. It would mean a new industry for Lauingen; it would provide some much-needed foreign exchange for Germany.

Next day Odoerfer laid Herr Stein's proposition before his board of directors. He was so convincing

that the necessary loan was granted

Now Stein went to Mayor Endriss of Lauingen with a surprising proposal—he wanted to rent the town's woodlands to breed snails. Mayor Endriss listened, for 1,700 refugees had been added to Lauingen's population of 5,500 since the war. Perhaps a snail industry would employ a few of them. Stein was allowed to rent 12 acres of town land.

Workers now came by the hundreds—many of them unoccupied former doctors, lawyers, editors, teachers—to gather snails.

Meanwhile Stein, having discovered that most parts of West Germany had woodlands where snails flourished, distributed thousands of posters and leaflets which pointed out how easy it was to gather snails, and that it was not too difficult to breed them. He offered to buy all snails sent to him and to provide packing supplies and any necessary permits as well.

When hopeful snail gatherers discovered how careful they had to be

in dealing with snails, some gave up. But Stein kept inventing new ways to interest workers. He now has the incredible number of 7,500 agencies which receive snails from gatherers and breeders and transport them to collecting centres near the French border. No more than seven days pass between gathering the snails and their delivery to the consumer.

By 1950 Stein was exporting snails to France, Belgium and Switzerland at the rate of 220,000 marks' worth a year. By 1955 the figure had reached some 800,000 marks.

Stein is today the biggest snail farmer in the world. It is estimated that his enterprising venture has provided work for more than 40,000 people.

Now British, Italian, Spanish and even Egyptian businessmen have begun trooping to Lauingen to study snail culture. The idea of eating snails no longer makes Robert Stein shudder. In fact, he rather likes them!

### *Smoked Out*

*T*HE U S Atomic Energy Commission wanted to test a new type of miniature A bomb without fuss and fanfare, so instead of the Nevada desert it selected the most isolated valley it could find in the Great Smoky Mountains, home of the 'hill billies' of the U S South. The day after the bomb dropped, an old mountaineer with a long beard and a rusty squirrel rifle turned up at a crossroads settlement.

"I don't know what Gen r'l Lee's fixin' to do," he said, "but I'm goin' to surrender."



# Quotable Quotes

**MATRIMONY** is a process by which a grocer acquires an account the florist had

—Frances Rodman in *The Saturday Evening Post*

**THE FELLOW** who owns his own home is always just coming out of a hardware store

—Frank McKinney Hubbard

**MEN** are like record players. They may play at different speeds, but are nice to have around whether they are 33, 45 or 78

Anonymous

**IF WE DO NOT** go out into the world and call every man our brother, there are those who will go out and call him "comrade"

—Rev. Albert Clinton

**WHEN** a resolute young fellow steps up to that great bully, the world, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find that the beard comes off in his hand, that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers

—Oliver Wendell Holmes quoted in *The American Treasury* edited by Clifton Fadiman (Harper)

**MOST** fur coats come from the male animal

—Al Schaefer in *The Saturday Evening Post*

**WHENEVER** a man encounters a woman in a mood he does not understand, he wants to know if she is tired

—George Jean Nathan quoted in *Minneapolis Tribune*

**DANCING** is wonderful training for girls, it's the first way they learn to guess what a man is going to do before he does it

—Christopher Morley in *Kitty Foyle* (Faber & Faber)

**OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS** called it the holy Sabbath, our grandfathers, the Sabbath, our fathers, Sunday, but today we call it the week-end.

—Wesleyan Methodist

**By Robert Buck**

if one should ever be necessary, both pilots and planes are now well prepared. The average passenger probably has little idea of how much has been done—and is constantly being done—to protect him.

I am in a rubber dinghy, with the sea all round me. In the dinghy with me are the men and one woman who make up the crew of my Constellation. All are busy. The co-pilot is making fresh water from sea water with the chemical kit provided for the purpose. The radio operator, helped by the navigator, is inflating a large balloon which will carry aloft the aerial for our emergency radio. The flight engineer is making certain that our miscellaneous equipment is securely tied down. The hostess is checking the food rations and planning their allotment.

**ROBERT BUCK** long a commercial airline captain has been flying since he was 16 when he broke the junior trans America record both ways between New York and Los Angeles. In 1936 at the age of 22, he broke the world's long distance record of 2 000 miles for light planes. During the Second World War he served with the U S Air Transport Command.



I look up for a moment. In the distance I can see Coney Island. Close by is a small coastguard boat. "That ought to do it," a coastguard shouts to me. "We'll pick you up."

This is a drill—one of the minutely detailed emergency drills that we airline crews go through at regular intervals in our effort to be ready for something we hope will never happen. Our training never ends. I have been with one airline for 19 years, and each year if I haven't been taught something new about emergency procedure I've re-learned all the old.

As captain, I am charged with being certain that the members of my crew are familiar with every detail of emergency procedure and equipment. We hold a briefing at Idlewild Airport, New York, before each take-off. In the briefing room is a magnetic board—the kind you use for kitchen reminders, only larger—on which is painted an outline of the airliner's interior. On the board are many little magnets, each marked to represent a piece of emergency equipment carried by the plane: life jackets, oxygen masks, fire extinguishers, emergency radio and so on. Members of the crew are required to put these items on the aeroplane drawing in the proper places. It shows that they know where things are if the need arises.

When the crew boards the aeroplane, before the passengers, I personally look at and *touch* each piece of emergency equipment.

The big dinghies are the core of the emergency equipment for any flight made over water. Most are reversible, so that no matter which side is uppermost after inflation, you can climb in. Each carries 20 people, and there are enough to take care of all the passengers and crew, and a few more. To open a dinghy, the yellow bag which contains it is thrown into the water while a line attached to it is held tight by someone in the aircraft. When the line is pulled, the dinghy inflates, breaking out of the bag.

In the dinghy are a canopy and spray shield, recent improvements to protect passengers from the elements. The roof of the canopy can catch rainwater for drinking, in case no rain falls, each dinghy is equipped with a chemical freshwater maker which converts sea water into something that tastes awful but is drinkable.

The dinghy contains fishing tackle to help supplement the food rations. There is a pump to keep the dinghy inflated, a repair kit in case of leaks, a baling bucket and sponge, a flashlight, a compass, a Bible, a book on navigation and the stars, shark-repellent, a signal mirror, sunburn lotion, dye to put in the sea (it makes a huge area of bright colour which can be seen from a long way off), brilliant flares to pinpoint the dinghy, and a special reflector which makes it much easier for the radar of a search plane to seek you out.

All these items have been put into our dinghies after careful study of the experience of all the men who used dinghies during the Second World War. This survival equipment is one of the war's *good* by-products.

In case of ditching, two emergency radios would be taken from the aeroplane. One is waterproof and will float. A kite comes with it, and from the dinghy you fly the kite to take up the aerial. If there is no wind, a balloon is furnished, together with a hydrogen generator to inflate it. When one end of the generator is placed in the sea, a chemical reaction between its contents and the salt water releases hydrogen which inflates the balloon. Turning a crank on the radio automatically sends an SOS on two distress frequencies. This SOS can be heard at tremendous distances. People in the dinghy can take turns at cranking, giving them something to do is good for morale.

The other radio is a condensed version of a walkie-talkie. Run on a small battery, it provides for two-way conversation. This would be helpful in conducting rescue operations with a ship or aircraft.

In the aeroplane, next to each passenger's seat, is an individual life jacket. Put on like an ordinary waistcoat, it is inflated automatically by pulling two knobs. It can also be blown up by mouth. Warning: *Do not* inflate until you are out of the aeroplane! If a life jacket is

inflated before, it can impede progress through a door.

Aeroplanes float, after ditching, from a very few minutes to days. The time afloat depends on the extent of damage done to the plane on ditching and how much fuel remains in the tanks. The less fuel, the more buoyant the plane. If the passenger is prepared for ditching, his chances of coming out of it well are excellent.

Panic is the thing to avoid. It takes different forms. Sometimes people rush to doors in confusion. But during a ditching near San Juan, Puerto Rico, the biggest problem was to get the passengers to leave the sinking plane. Many had to be dragged from their seats. Some were afraid of sharks; others followed the animal instinct of not wanting to abandon a place which represented momentary security, even though it was sinking fast!

Keeping calm and waiting for instructions would have saved most of the lives lost in ditchings. Tests have been made which prove this. A fuselage filled with "passengers" was put in water and evacuations were made, unrehearsed. It was found that with an orderly, calm procedure an aeroplane can be emptied in less than three minutes.

Suppose a pilot has an engine failure in mid-ocean. What is his procedure?

First of all, remember that all aeroplanes flying the principal ocean routes have four engines. If one engine fails, a plane can continue

on the remaining three. If another should fail, you can get home on two. The chances of double failure are remote. In 13 years of ocean flying, for example, I have had only three cases of engine failure, and on each occasion only one of the engines was involved.

Whatever happens, the pilot's first step is to send a radio message telling the story. Then things happen! The first person to receive the message notifies the various rescue authorities. If the pilot has passed mid-Atlantic going west, he will try to reach Newfoundland, where the crew of a coastguard B-17 is always standing by; within a few moments of receiving the SOS they take off and head for the aircraft in trouble. If needed, an Air Force B-29 from Stephenville, Newfoundland, which carries an ocean-going power boat strapped to its belly, can drop its rescue craft by parachute to survivors in the sea.

The nearest weather ship is alerted simultaneously. Meanwhile, a message is radioed from shore to the crippled aircraft, giving the position of all surface ships within range that might be useful to the captain.

Around him, too, are his fellow-pilots. When they hear his emergency message they immediately check their own positions and, if fuel reserves permit, the planes closest turn to fly alongside. An escorting plane can help with navigation and communication and, if a ditching should occur, can circle

until rescue or relief comes along.

With all this help, our pilot will probably reach Newfoundland or, on an eastward course, Ireland or Iceland. If he can't get that far, the chances are excellent that he can limp along until he reaches a weather ship or some other surface craft before ditching. The weather ships are specially equipped to pick you up if you come down near them.

From Gander, Newfoundland, to weather station *Charlie* is 750 miles, so you can't be farther than 375 miles from either. Going east from *Charlie* it is 580 miles to weather station *Juhett*, you can't be more than 290 miles from either. From *Juhett* to Shannon, Ireland, is 400 miles. Other weather ships are stationed from the Azores to Iceland.

These networks are valuable. In January, 1955, a Military Air Transport C-54 bound from the Azores to Bermuda had a grand piling-up of troubles: two engines cut and a fuel leak developed. It managed to stagger along, however, until it reached weather station *Echo*, about 850 miles east of Bermuda. The seas were high, waves rising to about 14 feet. In contact with the weather ship, the eight-man crew asked what their chances were. Back came the cheerful reply: "You won't even get your feet wet!" And, except for the captain and co-pilot, who had to get from the submerged nose of the aeroplane to its tail, no one did. All were rescued.

# "TEACHER"

By Helen Keller

*The story of Helen Keller's conquest of her afflictions—she became blind and deaf at the age of 19 months—has often been told. Now 75 and an inspiration to the whole world, Miss Keller records here her memories of Anne Sullivan, the beloved "Teacher" and friend who led her out of darkness*

**B**EFORE Anne Sullivan came to our house in Tuscumbia, Alabama one or two people had indicated to my mother that I was an idiot. I can understand why. Here was a small human who at the age of 19 months, had moved with appalling suddenness not only from light to darkness, but to silence. My few words wilted, my mind was chained in darkness, and my growing body was governed largely by animal impulses.

It was no chance that freed my mind but the gift of a born teacher. Annie Sullivan was never the "schoolmarm" portrayed in some of the articles I have

read. She was a lively young woman whose imagination was kindled to unique dreams of moulding a deaf-blind creature to the full life of a useful, normal human being.

A sornier situation never confronted a young woman with a noble purpose than that which faced Annie Sullivan. I recall her repeated attempts to spell words—which meant nothing—into my small hand. But at last, on April 5, 1887, about a month after her arrival, she reached my consciousness with the word "water."

It happened at the well house, where I was holding a mug under the



*Helen Keller and "Teacher," 1893*

spout. Annie pumped water into it, and when the water gushed over on to my hand she kept spelling *w-a-t-e-r* into my other hand with her fingers. Suddenly I understood. Caught up in the first joy I had known since my illness, I reached out eagerly to Annie's ever-ready hand, begging for new words to identify whatever objects I touched. Spark after spark of meaning flew from hand to hand and, miraculously, affection was born. From the well house there walked two enraptured beings calling each other "Helen" and "Teacher."

Those first words that I understood were like the first warm beams that start the melting of winter snow, a patch here, another there. Next came adjectives, then verbs, and the melting was more rapid. Every object I touched was transformed. Earth, air and water were quickened by Teacher's creative hand, and life tumbled upon me full of meaning.

One of Teacher's first steps was to teach me how to play. I had not laughed since I became deaf. One day she came into the room laughing merrily. She put my hand on her bright, mobile face and spelled "laugh." Then she tickled me into a burst of mirth that gladdened the hearts of the family. Next she guided me through the motions of romping—swinging, tumbling, hopping, skipping—suiting the spelled word to each act. In a few days I was another child pursuing discoveries

through the witchery of Teacher's finger-spelling.

She kept some pigeons in a cage in her room so that when they were let out I might feel the air from their wings and know about the flight of birds and conceive the glory of wings. The pigeons would light on my head and shoulders, and I learned to feed them and understand their billing and cooing, their pecking and fluttering. That is why birds, though unseen, have always been as much a part of my world as flowers and stones.

Teacher would not let the world about me be silent. I "heard" in my fingers the neigh of Prince, the saddle-horse, the mooing of cows, the squeal of baby pigs. She brought me into sensory contact with everything that could be reached or felt—sunlight, the quivering of soap bubbles, the rustling of silk, the fury of a storm, the noises of insects, the creaking of a door, the voice of a loved one. To this day I cannot "command the uses of my soul" or stir my mind to action without the memory of the quasi-electric touch of Teacher's fingers upon my palm.

She disciplined me exactly as if I were a seeing and hearing child. As soon as I had enough words to distinguish between right and wrong, she put me to bed whenever I committed a misdeed. Laziness, carelessness, untidiness and self-justification were faults that she combated with ingenuity, humour and lightning sarcasm.

Without damping my joy in perpetual motion, Teacher showed me how to handle everything gently—a canary, a kitten, a rose with dew drops on its leaves, my baby sister Mildred. I was awkward and clumsy, and there is no counting the fragile bits of life that would have been injured or frightened by my roughness if it had not been for Annie Sullivan.

As I look back upon those early years I am struck by the confidence with which Teacher moved among the fires of creation. She must have pushed aside enormous obstacles to accomplish her ends.

A daughter of Irish immigrants to America, Annie Sullivan was born in squalid poverty in Feeding Hills, Massachusetts, on April 4, 1866. As far back as she could remember, she had had trouble with her eyes. Her mother died when she was eight years old, leaving three children. Her father abandoned them two years later, and Annie never learned what became of him. Her younger sister Mary was placed with relatives; Annie and her seven-year-old brother Jimmie were sent to the state almshouse at Tewksbury, Massachusetts. Jimmie died a few months later of tuberculosis. No one outside was interested in Annie; she had no friends but her fellow paupers. Finally, after four years, she managed to escape by flinging herself at a group of visiting welfare workers, crying out, "I want to go to school."

At the Perkins Institution for the Blind, Annie learned Braille and the manual alphabet. Later, an operation partially restored her sight, but she remained at Perkins for six years more, finishing up as valedictorian of her class. There she studied accounts of the work of Doctor Samuel Gridley Howe with Laura Bridgman, a deaf-blind child. So, when my father's offer came, Annie knew that Laura's was the mark to aim at; no other deaf-blind person had come near the peak upon which she stood. Nevertheless Laura, though now a woman, was still cloistered at the Perkins Institution, unable to adapt herself to any other life.

Annie was among the first to perceive the harmful nature of that immemorial stumbling block to the sightless—pity and isolation. A severely impaired person never knows his hidden strength until he is treated like a normal human being and encouraged to try to shape his own life. Annie regarded the blind as human beings endowed with rights to education, recreation and employment, and she strove to arrange my life accordingly. She never praised me unless my effort equalled the best of which normal children or adults are capable.

By the time I was 16 years old I had made up my mind to go to a university; I preferred to compete with seeing and hearing girls in the acquisition of general knowledge. As I look back, I marvel at the self-restraint with which Teacher



submitted to the difficulties of that decision of mine

At the Gilman Preparatory School for Girls in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and later during our years at Radcliffe, she sat beside me in every class, spelling out the lecture of each teacher, and over-using her eyes to spell into my hand everything that was not in Braille. The university literature course fairly bristled with books not in raised print, and this meant "reading" me a multitude of selections.

Teacher's eyes were always a problem. "I cannot see an inch ahead," she once admitted. Hence writing was a trial. Yet she traced out in Braille all my problems in physics and algebra and pricked out geometric figures on stiff paper. An oculist she consulted at the time was shocked when he heard that she read to me five or more hours daily. "Sheer madness, Miss Sullivan," he exclaimed. Sometimes I pretended to remember passages that had slipped my mind, so that she wouldn't have to re-read them.

Teacher hungered to impart natural speech to me and, after 11 lessons with Miss Sarah Fuller in Boston, she took up this task with characteristic single-hearted devotion. With a patience that still seems to me superhuman, she put both my hands on her face while she spoke, so that I might get all the vibrations at once from her lips, throat and pharynx. Together we repeated and repeated words or sentences until I

became less stiff and self-conscious.

The tragic fact is that she and Miss Fuller blundered by not developing my vocal organs first and then going on to articulation. Yet even though my speech was laboured and not pleasant to hear, I bubbled over with delight at being able to utter words that my family and a few friends could understand. To be able to speak even imperfectly has multiplied my powers of service and to her I owe this priceless gift.

But Teacher could not curb her longing for perfection. Her poor eyes performed their weary task day after day, to see that I shaped my lips correctly, moved my jaws as easily as possible and wore a natural expression. And so it went until the year of her last illness. Nothing I have lived through saddens me more than to have lagged so far behind her desire as teacher and artist.

There was such virtue and power of communication in Teacher's personality that after her death I was emboldened to persevere in seeking new ways to give life and yet more life to other men and women in darkness and silence. Teacher believed in me, and I resolved not to betray her faith.

"No matter what happens," she used to say, "keep on beginning. Each time you fail, start all over again, and you will grow stronger until you find that you have accomplished a purpose. Not the one you began with, perhaps, but one that you will be glad to remember."



# Today's "Wild West"

By  
James A. Michener

## —*The Great Australian North*

ANYONE who wants to know what the old Wild West was like should go to Australia. For here in the vast north country is one of the most glorious and challenging areas left on earth.

Here on the open plains you can see 40 miles to the horizon. Trees scatter upon the landscape, which is covered with rich grass. The world looks brown and silvery grey, and across it bound kangaroos. Millions of birds inhabit the sky, and along the gently drifting swales move thousands of prime cattle.

Near the centre of this powerful

*I here remains nowhere in the world a pioneering existence to compare with the challenging life on Australia's vast cattle stations*

and wonderful land lies Victoria River Downs, a cattle station that has always excited people's imagination. Once it was well over 10,000 square miles in extent; even today it contains about four million acres, and no man has ever seen all of its pastures.

At Victoria River Downs one can live a primitive pioneering existence

that has pretty well vanished elsewhere, except in parts of Argentina. Wild horses abound, waiting to be broken. Round ups may require you to be absent from headquarters for more than a month. No one knows the number of semi-wild cattle that roam Victoria River Downs. An outside expert guesses, 'In these parts we generally allow 40 acres of grazing for each beast, so Victoria River Downs could have about 100,000.

The main homestead is a collection of iron roofed houses forming a village of its own, with blacksmith's forge, saddlery bakery, radio station, garage, airport and a store with more than £112,000 worth of stock.

From the homestead 400 miles of crude roads fan out to remote secondary stations where a lone white man and about half a dozen aborigines will control a million acres and 25,000 cattle. It is said that '20 white men and 12 windmills run Victoria River Downs for all though the station contains two complete river systems of its own, giant windmills are required to draw water up from great depths to keep the cattle alive during the dry season.

The head man at Victoria River Downs is grizzled, sharp John Quirk, who is said to know more about the cattle industry than any other man in Australia. When slaughter time comes, Quirk rounds up his cattle in herds of 1,200 and

starts them walking slowly overland on a trek sometimes requiring 120 days to cover more than 800 miles. When the animals arrive they are mostly bone, of course, but a few weeks in the rich pastures of the east restore them. On one recent trek Quirk dispatched 1,350 head and lost not one in 112 days of travel, so good are the stock hands who nurse them along the perilous trail.

There are two white women at Victoria River the pretty post mistress, who is bringing up two beautiful daughters and John Quirk's wife a lively veteran of the north. Upon the latter depends the social life at the homestead and she handles it with distinction. There are parties, teas, holiday feasts, film shows, sports days on which the aborigines excel and a church service whenever a minister passes by.

The food is spectacular. Four times a week a bullock is slaughtered and some families eat filet mignon at every meal including breakfast. The store supplies the best foods, and on the rivers men can shoot meaty ducks.

This is remote country. The policeman calls once a year to license dogs, vehicles, guns, drivers and new marriages. If a man dies on Victoria River Downs, his death is reported by radio and he is buried. A year later the policeman will check to be sure that no suspicious circumstances were involved. A

neighbour is one who lives 200 miles away, and a man working on Victoria River Downs will probably know every living human being within a radius of 300 miles. That means he knows everyone in an area of 300,000 square miles! But this might not involve many people, for the north is one of the emptiest habitable areas in the world.

**Fauna:** The countryside is populated, however, by a multitude of fascinating animals. Always, in the morning, you will see mobs of kangaroos peering at you from the shade of the gum trees, their little forepaws tucked up under their chins. Then, with giant bounds, they vanish, their heavy tails keeping them on a steady keel.

Along the rivers, crocodiles of enormous size wait to snatch cattle at the water holes. Men on the next station to Victoria River Downs have seen a bull croc rear out of the water and cut away the entire belly of a horse. Over the years many stockmen have lost their lives to these marauders.

Two quite unpredictable animals have become particular pests. One morning as I rode out from the homestead I saw a large herd of the handsomest animals I had so far glimpsed in Australia: soft-brown-and-grey donkeys. But John Quirk, who was with me, saw nothing charming in these beasts. "Some early settlers turned a few donkeys loose," he growled, "and now look at them."

The quick little beasts, once used for transport but now completely wild, roam the stations in great herds, eating the pasturage before cattle can get to it. (On one station I saw the records of the drive against the donkeys: "1954—30,000 wild donkeys shot.")

The second pest that ravages the north amazed me, since it seemed so unlikely. One day I came upon a costly barbed-wire fence that had been smashed flat as if by a giant foot. The stockman studied it and swore. "Camels!" Years ago some of them were turned loose by Afghan hawkers who used them in caravans across the Australian deserts. They have gone wild.

"Rotten thing about the camel," muttered the stockman, "is that when he comes to a fence he simply leans against it for maybe 15 minutes until the fence falls down. We haven't found anything that stops a camel."

The permanent pest of the north, however, is the white ant. It builds huge, brick-red mounds above the earth, structures with turrets that resemble ruined castles. I inspected several that rose 12 feet in the air and saw photographs of others three times the height of a man.

The sickly-white inhabitants of these mounds can eat a house in three weeks, a piano in five days. I saw one library in which the insides of the books had been eaten away completely. These insects, which secrete a corrosive acid, have even

eaten through the lead sheathing of car batteries.

White ants inhibit the settler at every turn. His wife wants a table on the verandah, but the ants would eat it. A sleeping place under the trees would be nice, but the ants would get it. Hence the iron-clad homes. Only one thing are the ants good for: tennis. Take a truck out to the fields and load it with ants' nests. Then crush the earth into powder and mix it with water. It makes a superb tennis court. On any station you are apt to find some cowhand who in the city would be a tennis champion.

**The Aborigines:** Before you have been on a station half an hour you realize that the north could not exist without the aboriginal stock hands. These jet-black horsemen run the cattle, fence the pastures and provide labour to keep life going. Their wives do the housework, and the children help with chores.

The black stockman is a superb horseman, and often his wife is better. They go to the far reaches of the station to round up wild horses which they break into fine, spirited beasts. The aborigines' loyalty to their job is high, and their ability to track men or game is astounding.\*

The aborigine is one of the most primitive human beings remaining today. For example, in wild, majestic Arnhem Land there are tribes who live much as our ancestors

must have lived some 50,000 years ago. Some groups know only the spear and the boomerang, with which their men hunt kangaroos or lizards, while the women use simple sticks to dig out grubs and roots to fortify the diet.

The acute struggle for food is supposed to account for an amazing social custom which I observed at first-hand. It was a blazing-hot day and we were hurrying home in a truck when a handsome aboriginal man of 40 waved us down and asked if we would give him and his wife a lift to the homestead store. We told him to fetch his wife. Whereupon he produced a beautiful, black-eyed little child of ten or so.

"Woman belong me," he said proudly as he hoisted her into the truck. She had been pledged to him at the age of five, and he was now occupied in teaching her the traits he considered most desirable in a wife, so that when she reached the age of 14 she would be more or less manageable. He was following the rule of "Old man marry young girl, young man marry old woman." In such a system there could never be too many children to feed!

**The Settlers:** The settlers of the north were mighty men. One drove his original herd of cattle 4,000 miles and took three years to accomplish the feat. Many went thousands of miles on foot, found the land they wanted, and then died from aboriginal spears.

But the real heroes of the north

\* See "The Eyes Nothing Can Escape," *The Reader's Digest*, December, 1954

have been the women. Looking at any station, you can be sure that some woman has dedicated her life and courage to its success. Consider, for example, the case of one young woman who would never think of herself as a heroine.

Mrs. Violet Pendergast is a tall, good-looking housewife. When I knew her she had been living for some years at Sturt Creek, one of the smaller stations (with only a million acres), where her husband, with the aid of a cook and 18 aborigines, took care of 20,000 cattle and 2,000 horses.

She was the only white woman at the station, and her nearest neighbours lived 65 miles away over an almost impassable trail. To the south there was no station for more than a thousand miles across a mournful desert. In one two-year period Mrs. Pendergast entertained three visitors: the policeman twice and the travelling padre once. Twice a year she was able to go to the store—that is, she posted in orders that often. And when the wet season arrived, she was pinned down on her lonely station without chance of escape for five months at a time.

Looking back on those incredible years, Violet Pendergast says, "The only things that keep you going are the flying doctor and the galah session."

The flying-doctor service, of course, is one of the finest things in Australia. Each day at dawn an assistant to the doctor sits at a radio

set and makes notes on the cases as they are reported over the air from hundreds of miles away. If a case sounds desperate, the doctor hops into his aeroplane. But most cases are treated by radio. At eight in the morning the doctor studies the reports and at nine goes on the radio to prescribe. I sat with Mrs. Pendergast one morning as the doctor talked to his patients.

To one he said, "I think you should go on to a stiff course of sulpha drugs—let's say two pills every four hours, with all the water you can drink."

Each woman on the medical circuit has beside her radio set an outline of the human body, with numbered sections, and a cabinet of carefully labelled drugs. Patiently the doctor argues with a sick woman: "Now you must be more specific. Look at the chart and tell me exactly where the pain is. Use the numbers. Good. Now does it move up the chest towards the throat or down towards the stomach? Good. There is nothing to worry about."

Three times, with the help of this reassuring voice from the radio, Mrs. Pendergast has delivered babies. But her own twins were still-born.

The galah session, named after a beautiful grey-and-pink parrot that loves to yakkity-yak, is an hour set aside on the radio each morning and afternoon for the women of the lonely stations to chatter about anything that comes into their heads.

They literally gossip away their loneliness and their fears. It is astonishing how much good is accomplished in this way.

Recipes are exchanged, letters are read to old friends one has never seen, and spicy tidbits of the day are hauled forth to be heard hundreds of miles away. Since all telegrams are broadcast just before the galah session, the doings of the north are public knowledge within minutes. I shall not soon forget the family telegram that came over the air not long ago. "Dear Dad. Molly got suddenly married to Hector, a fine boy. The old baby business. Mum."

**The Hall's Creek Meeting:** If station life is remote and lonely most of the year, it explodes in glory each winter when the August race meetings are held in the towns and settlements. Mrs. Pendergast's eyes light with laughter when she recalls riding up to Hall's Creek from isolated Sturt Creek.

"There would be 300 whites in town, 800 aborigines. Everybody would be there from hundreds of miles around.

"Obviously no settlement could accommodate such a crowd, so each station would build branch-and-bough huts near the racecourse. We would bring in little stoves and refrigerators, and some of the loveliest nights of my life were those we spent under the stars in our leafy huts. We held a ball each night with new frocks and a band. The few girls

who were not yet married were beautiful, but the jackeroos (station hands) were too shy to talk to them.

"We brought our fastest horses for the races, and bookies from a thousand miles away would appear. For all of us bet like mad, the aborigines worst of all. Sometimes we would charter a plane to fly in dry ice, and owners of drinking saloons would come 500 miles to set up shop for us. Races each day, sports for the natives, and the most food you've ever seen. It was a wild, magnificent time."

No wonder that a station man said, "Sometimes when I go to the city I look at the people and think, 'Poor folk. Never been to a Hall's Creek Meeting.'"

**The Sheep Country:** Strathdarr is a big sheep station of 130,000 acres and 30,000 of Australia's finest Merinos, those extraordinary Spanish sheep that were brought from Europe to enrich the new continent. David Archer, who runs Strathdarr, says: "God must have intended this beast for Australia. It needs rough land. If pasturage gets too rich, the Merino declines and you have to bring in cows to eat off the easy food. When the going is tough again, the Merino prospers and yields better wool than any other breed."

Life at Strathdarr is rewarding: good wages, good work and good food. Mrs. Archer says no family need fear the remoteness of such stations any more.

"I educated three children here,"



she explains. "Once a week the air-mail teachers in Brisbane sent me the lessons. In the mornings I held school, and posted my papers back to the teacher. No station mother could ever say enough good about those airmail teachers. Mostly, I believe, they're people who love children but can't discipline large classes, so they pour all their affection into their letters to children they have never seen.

"One of the happiest days for a station family comes when they are finally able to take their children into Brisbane to meet the teacher. It is very moving, I can tell you. My children had never been to school, except by post, but they did well at the university."

Life on a sheep station reaches its climax in the spring, when the shearing teams move in. The weather-beaten old cook sets up shop in his iron-roofed mess hall and begins to pour out such steaks, mutton chops, pies and cakes as would swamp an ordinary cater. But work in the shearing sheds is so boiling hot and the pace so fast that men wolf down seven meals a day: 6, morning tea; 7, breakfast; 9.30, tea and sandwiches; 12, lunch; 3.30, tea and cakes; 6, mammoth supper; 9, night snacks—sandwiches, cold meats, cakes and tea.

"Excitement comes with every thunderstorm, for stray bolts of lightning, striking earth where no rain has fallen, ignite the dry grass, which soon flames into a raging bush

fire. Then the entire male population of Strathdarr piles into trucks, speeds to the scene and starts beating out the blaze.

At first I thought that stories about lightning starting grass fires were told to amuse me. But one day after lunch a savage storm ripped across the station, leaving behind three fires. Two were quickly extinguished by falling rain, but the third swept violently across a hundred acres, threatening to trap a large flock of sheep. Under the direction of canny Dave Archer, who has been fighting grass fires for 40 years, the station hands turned the blaze back upon itself and saved the sheep.

To protect his sheep the station man has to fight fires, drive away rabbits and kangaroos which monopolize the best food and kill dingoes (wild dogs). "But the Merino is worth the trouble," Archer says proudly. And it is; for from this remarkable animal many men in Australia have grown rich.

**The Aeroplane:** Today the aeroplane is rebuilding the north. Stations that have never been connected by road to anywhere now have airports that regularly receive mail, medicine and neighbours. Thus an entire segment of Australia has jumped from primitive travel on horse right into the middle of the air age. For example, some years ago Ord River Station was lost on the edge of the desert. Today three different air systems land 14 planes



a month at Bill Hamill's front door.

A dramatic demonstration of what an aeroplane can do occurs at Glenroy, a previously inaccessible station west of Ord River. Here a slaughterhouse has been built right on the airfield, so that cattle can be killed while still in their prime, chilled, hoisted into waiting aircraft and flown directly to the seaport, where ships rush the beef to England.

Such marketing avoids the long overland trek during which cattle lose their meat. The high freight charges are practical because so much poundage is saved on each bullock and, in addition, bullocks that are too weak to walk to market can now be slaughtered. Plans are under way to open new areas and new industries by this pioneering method.

But even with the aeroplane the north is a lonely place: there are never enough women to go round. The flood of immigrants from Europe since the Second World War has aggravated the difficulty. Immigrants work everywhere and are welcomed as "new Australians." At Victoria River Downs the man

who builds fences and the blacksmith are Italians. At other stations Germans and Dutchmen help to run the homesteads. But it would be embarrassing for me to repeat what hundreds of young men told me about their life. Briefly, it was this: "We work and save our money. But for what? We never see a girl." If there are areas of the world where women can't get husbands, they ought to rush to the Australian tropics.

Darwin, 900 miles from the equator, is usually thought of as the capital of the area, for here large ships can unload in a spacious harbour, while the airport is one of the busiest in the Pacific, connecting Australia with most of the major cities of the world. Today Darwin is jumping, for at Rum Jungle, to the south, large deposits of uranium have been found, and at nearby Humpty Doo rice is being grown to demonstrate that the Australian tropics, properly cultivated, could help to feed Asia.

In sum, this immense region is an unforgettable land of wealth and hospitality where the pioneering spirit still flourishes.



### *Devotion*

*W*HEN MARIE TAGLIONI, the famous ballet dancer, left Russia for the last time, her belongings were sold by auction. Her ballet slippers were purchased for 200 roubles. These shoes were then cooked, served with a special sauce and eaten at a dinner by ballet enthusiasts. — Walter Winchell

# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

**M**ANY people misuse one or more of the 20 words in the following list. Do you know them all? First write down your own definitions, then tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| (1) <b>seurrlous</b> (skū' ri lus) A: having intent to injure. B: offensive. C: sarcastic. D: severe.      | unpleasant. B: amusing. C: finicky. D: helpful.   |
| (2) <b>lout</b> (lowt)—A: professional clown. B: lazy person. C: boor. D: boaster.                         | (12) <b>unwonted</b> (un wōn' ted)—A: rejected. B: unusual. C: unpopular. D: unjustifiable.                               |
| (3) <b>enervate</b> (en' ur vate)—A: frighten. B: strengthen. C: excite. D: weaken.                        | (13) <b>quizzical</b> (kwiz' i kal)—A: teasing. B: frowning. C: puzzled. D: wrinkled.                                     |
| (4) <b>egregious</b> (e gree' jus)—A: outstanding. B: sociable. C: wicked. D: foolish.                     | (14) <b>ascetic</b> (ă set' ik)—A: honest. B: artistic. C: given to self-denial. D: gloomy.                               |
| (5) <b>travesty</b> (trav' es tī)—A: misfortune. B: treachery. C: mistake. D: grotesque imitation.         | (15) <b>truculent</b> (truk' yoo lent)—A: blustering. B: powerful. C: massive. D: savage.                                 |
| (6) <b>subversive</b> (sub vur' siv)—A: secret. B: tending to overthrow. C: deceptive. D: over-humble.     | (16) <b>recalcitrant</b> (rē kal' sī trunt)—A: cowardly. B: hesitant. C: stubbornly rebellious. D: sorry.                 |
| (7) <b>diaphanous</b> (dī af' uh nus)—A: superficial. B: formless. C: transparent. D: easy to understand.  | (17) <b>unmitigated</b> (un mit' i gate ed)—A: unforgivable. B: not softened or lessened. C: long-drawn-out. D: terrible. |
| (8) <b>virulent</b> (vī ryoo lent)—A: noisy. B: venomous. C: destructive. D: agitated.                     | (18) <b>vitiate</b> (vish' i ate)—A: to make angry. B: impair. C: waver. D: disperse.                                     |
| (9) <b>ingenuous</b> (in jen' yoo us)—A: foolish. B: inventive. C: artlessly frank. D: shy.                | (19) <b>unconscionable</b> (un kon' shūn uh-b'l)—A: impossible. B: unscrupulous. C: unaware. D: extremely difficult.      |
| (10) <b>detraction</b> (dē trak' shun)—A: act of evading by trickery. B: confusion. C: frenzy. D: slander. | (20) <b>unctuous</b> (ungk' tyoo us)—A: apprehensive. B: unduly suave. C: sickening. D: perfumed.                         |
| (11) <b>meticulous</b> (mě tik' yoo lus)—A:  |   |

## *Answers to*

# "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **scurrilous**—B Indecently offensive vulgar abusive as *scurrilous* language Latin *scurra* jester
- (2) **lout**—C An awkward boorish fellow bumpkin as He was a disagreeable *lout*
- (3) **enervate**—D To weaken deprive of nerve energy or vigour as This climate tends to *enervate* me
- (4) **egregious**—A Outstanding Latin *ex* out from and *gregis* herd Now used chiefly in an unfavourable sense, as an *egregious* error
- (5) **travesty**—D A grotesque imitation parody absurd distortion The trial was a *travesty* of justice French *travestir* to disguise
- (6) **subversive**—B Tending to overthrow or cause ruin destructive corrupting Latin *sub* under and *vertere*, to turn
- (7) **diaphanous**—C Transparent as 'the butterfly's *diaphanous* wings' Greek *dia*, 'through' and *phainin* 'to show'
- (8) **virulent**—B Venomous poisonous bitter as 'a *virulent* attack on the government's policy' Latin *virus*, 'poison'
- (9) **ingenuous**—C The Latin *ingenuus* meant inborn, natural, noble and our word *ingenuous* still carries the meaning of "high-minded," sincere 'But more commonly we use it in the sense of artlessly frank, candid, naive
- (10) **detraction**—D Slander defamation, the act of taking away from the

good name of another as 'exposed to the *detraction* of his enemies' Latin *de-*, from, ' and *trahere*, 'to draw'

- (11) **meticulous**—C Finicky careful about trivial matters as a *meticulous* housekeeper Latin *meticulosus* 'fear'
- (12) **unwonted**—B Unusual unaccustomed as a voice tinged with *unwonted* sadness Old English *unanian* to be accustomed plus *un* not
- (13) **quizzical**—A Teasing mock serious as His only reply was a *quizzical* glance
- (14) **ascetic**—C Given to or characterized by self denial and austerity as the *ascetic* rigours of the monastery Greek *askem* to discipline
- (15) **truculent**—D Savage ferocious as cowed by his adversary's *truculent* manner Latin *truculentus* fierce
- (16) **recalcitrant**—C Stubbornly rebellious as a *recalcitrant* pupil Latin *recalcitrans* kicking back
- (17) **unmitigated**—B Not softened or lessened as bad as can be as *unmitigated* corruption Latin *in* not *mitigare* to soften
- (18) **vitiate**—B To impair injure the substance or quality of pollute as to *vitiate* the air with smog Latin *vitium*, fault
- (19) **unconscionable**—B Literally 'without conscience' Hence, without scruples as an *unconscionable* liar
- (20) **unctuous**—B An *unctuous* person is over-suave and hypocritically polite Latin *unctuosus* from *unguere* to anoint

## *Vocabulary Ratings*

20 correct	exceptional
19 to 17 correct	excellent
16 to 14 correct	good

The finding of the now famous Dead Sea scrolls—including fragments of the earliest-known version of the Bible—has led to amazing archaeological discoveries which throw new light on the origins of Christianity

## The Dramatic Finding of the Dead Sea Scrolls

*By Don Wharton*

**O**NE day in 1947 a thin, dark-faced Bedouin boy of 15, Muhammad adh-Dhib, went searching for a stray goat on a hillside near the north-western corner of the Dead Sea. His eye was caught by a narrow opening in a cliff. He tossed stones into the opening and heard the clank of something breaking.

Dreaming of hidden treasure, adh-Dhib summoned a young friend, Ahmed Muhammad. The two boys squeezed through the opening and lowered themselves to the floor of a cave about six feet wide and 26 feet long. Here, among broken bits of pottery, they found several cylindrical clay jars two feet



agh Tearing off the lids, the boys extracted, instead of gold or gems, some dark, foul-smelling lumps wrapped in linen. They jerked the linen loose and stared sadly at 11 scrolls coated with a black substance resembling pitch—actually, decomposed leather.

The scrolls, from three to 24 feet long, were made of cardboard-thin strips of sheepskin sewn together. On one side were columns of a strange writing—an archaic form of Hebrew. The boys were deeply disappointed.

Actually they had made the greatest manuscript discovery of our age. And their find has set off a chain of explorations and discoveries which in nine years has turned the arid Dead Sea region into an archaeologists' paradise.

In Bethlehem the boys offered the largest of the scrolls to a dealer in antiquities for £20. The dealer turned them down, never dreaming that in a few years five of the 11 would be sold for \$250,000. In Jerusalem the boys found a dealer who helped them to get a few pounds. But there, inexplicably, the discoveries became divided into two lots: six scrolls (forming three works) were bought by Hebrew University, and five (four works) by Archbishop Samuel of the Syrian Orthodox Monastery of St. Mark. It was these latter five that later brought the staggering sum of \$250,000.

At that time an employee in the

Palestine Department of Antiquities called them "worthless."

In February, 1948, Archbishop Samuel wrapped his five scrolls in newspapers and sent them by two priests across war-torn Jerusalem to the American School of Oriental Research. The acting director, Doctor John Trever, saw that this was a book of the Old Testament (Isaiah), then began studying the strange script. The forms of the letters suggested that the scrolls went back before the time of Christ. But this was incredible! There was no known book of the Old Testament in Hebrew more than 11 centuries old and no early manuscripts had ever been found in Palestine.

Trever promptly sent two small photographs of portions of the book of Isaiah by airmail to Dr. William Albright, a renowned archaeologist and historian at Johns Hopkins University in the United States. Albright tackled the prints with a magnifying glass. After 20 minutes he rushed excitedly into a corridor, grabbed two graduate students, pulled them into his office and showed them the prints. Then he sat down at his desk and penned a letter dating the scroll at about 100 B.C. and calling it an "absolutely incredible find," the "greatest manuscript discovery of modern times."

Some scholars disagreed; one even labelled the whole discovery a "hoax." But, slowly at first, then in rushing torrents, came evidence substantiating Albright. Bedouins

and archæologists began combing the hills west of the Dead Sea. Find after find was made. Some were useful in evaluating the original discoveries; others were of sensational magnitude themselves.

Linen from the original cave was sent to Chicago, where experts at the Institute of Nuclear Studies burned it, then measured the carbon's radioactivity with a Geiger counter. The linen, they concluded, was made from flax between 167 B.C. and A.D. 233.

Additional manuscript fragments were found which indicated that the cache had been part of a considerable library. But why had it been deposited in the wilderness? The answer lay less than 600 yards from the cave, in some ruins which had been on maps for decades.

These Qumran ruins, named after a neighbouring ravine, were mistakenly assumed to be remains of an old Roman fort. Now archæologists began excavations which revealed that the ruins had been a monastery of a Jewish sect, apparently the Essenes, from about 125 B.C. to A.D. 68. Significantly, the main building contained a writing room, with remains of a long table and some inkpots, one even containing dried ink. A complete jar was found which was identical with those in adh-Dhib's cave. Clearly, the occupants of the monastery had deposited the manuscripts there. The dates on some 400 coins, plus other evidence, showed when this

happened: in A.D. 68, when the occupants, warned of the approach of Rome's Tenth Legion, concealed their valued library.

Bedouins searching round Qumran discovered a second large cave. It contained fragments of five books of the Old Testament—another momentous find! Archæologists, re-exploring the area, came upon Cave 3 a mile to the north. Its débris covered three foot-wide copper strips, inscribed and wound into tight rolls. Originally they had formed a single plaque, evidently an important one set up in the monastery. What did it say? The answer is expected this summer from the University of Manchester College of Technology, which has been charged with the task of preparing the strips, now corroded and brittle, for study.

Cave 4, discovered presently by Bedouins, was the most extraordinary of all. It was not a natural cave but a chamber hollowed out of the cliffside a few hundred yards from the monastery. From it the Bedouins dug out tens of thousands of fragments: parts of every book of the Old Testament except Esther, most of the known Apocryphal books, many new ones and various sectarian documents—altogether at least 332 works. Included were fragments which, when pieced together, formed a work older than anything from Cave 1.

Bedouins now made two more valuable finds. Five miles inland

Boyle: "He was a cocky little devil. I mind a time he was giving an old woodsman the devil about something. So the old boy laid down his tools, picked Sherm up and threw him into a deep snowdrift, then went to the camp clerk Sherm followed him in and said, 'What the hell are you doing?' The old boy said, 'I'm quitting before I get fired.' 'The hell you are,' said Adams. 'Get back out there on the job.'

"I'll say this for him," Boyle continues, "he'd pitch in and do anything, whether he knew anything about it or not. On river drives he'd be right out there with a pickaroon, keeping the logs moving. Being a little guy, he'd be up to his belly in that cold water "

In 1922 Adams met a girl named Rachel Leona White, home from school for a holiday. He heard her say that she was quite a square-dancer, one of the lesser arts at which Adams still considers himself adept. "You've got to show me," he challenged. She did. They were married the next year and settled down in Lincoln, where they still have a barn-red home.

For Sherman Adams, pretty, rippling-voiced Rachel (she is frequently called "Pebble," deriving from his nickname, "The Rock") has been a saving grace. When his nerves fray, she calms him; when he begins slashing about with his sharp tongue, she takes him aside and puts him smartly in his place. While he

was governor, and frugally carrying his lunch box each day to the State House, she once put string inside his sandwich to get even for "something he was fussing about."

**A Political "Huh":** Adams was practically pushed into politics. Lincoln, a one-industry town of 1,500 inhabitants, was dominated by the Parker-Young Company. In 1940, says Martin Brown, then Parker-Young's manager, "some of the men at the mill said we ought to send a better type down to the Capitol." Brown called a meeting of company officials and next day told Adams, "Sherm I guess we've got to send you down to Concord this fall." Replied Adams, "Huh."

After serving two terms in the legislature, the second as the house speaker, Adams went on to the U.S. House of Representatives, where he was a hard-working but undistinguished one-term member. In 1946 he ran for governor of New Hampshire and lost. Two years later he won, and set briskly about streamlining the state's cumbersome administrative machinery. He succeeded, and was re-elected in 1950.

On September 30, 1951, at the Governors' Conference, Adams announced that the name of General Dwight Eisenhower—whom he had never met—would be entered in the New Hampshire Presidential preliminary election. Says Adams, "I became convinced that he had the capabilities and the principles to make a really great President."

Then he adds, "He was the fastest horse in the stable." During the New Hampshire election, Adams bore the brunt of campaigning for his absent candidate, and he is entitled to much of the credit for Ike's make-or-break New Hampshire victory over Senator Taft. In July, at the Republican national convention, he was named floor manager of the Eisenhower forces.

Up to that time, Ike hardly knew Adams from Adam. But he was impressed by the terse, accurate battle reports sent by Adams from the floor, and a few days after he was nominated he called upon Adams to become his personal campaign manager. As the campaign progressed, Eisenhower depended more and more on the counsels of Manager Adams, and when it was over wasted no time in saying to him: "You had better come down with me to the White House. You can be there at my right hand."

In his rented home in Washington's Rock Creek Park, Adams nowadays rises even earlier than he did before the President's illness. He is at his White House desk by 7.30, plunging deep into the stack of papers that never seems to diminish. The rest of the day is accurately crowded: conferences, sometimes as many as three at a time, with Adams circulating among them; a parade of visitors; dozens of phone calls; and, always, papers and more papers. Sometimes when the pace becomes too breakneck

Adams will put on his coat and hat and simply disappear for a couple of hours.

Returning from one of these excursions recently, Adams came racing through the White House lobby just in time to keep an appointment. Spotting the caller already waiting in the ante-room, Adams motioned towards his office and said, "In." Inside, Adams pointed and said, "Chair." The visitor sat down. Hat and coat still on, Adams opened several envelopes marked "Confidential," summoned an assistant, handed him a paper and ordered: "Send this to the President. Seems self-explanatory, but add any necessary comment." A telephone rang. Adams picked it up. "That's right," he said. "Yeah, let's try it." He hung up. (Adams considers "hello" and "good-bye" the sheerest waste of time.) Next, he left his office to talk to his secretaries in an adjoining room. He returned, minus hat and coat, sat down, turned to the visitor and said, "Yeah, go ahead."

Adams drives his assistants as hard as he drives himself. Once he and his then assistant, Charles Willis, Jr., walked out of Adams's office to discover that two of his four typists had obviously been weeping. Startled, Adams beat a hasty retreat. "What are they crying about?" Adams asked. "You were abrupt and rude," replied Willis. "Oh no," said Adams. "Oh yes," said Willis. "What'll I do?" asked



Adams. "I think you ought to say something to them," advised Willis. Hesitantly Adams returned to the outer office, stood awkwardly a moment, then thumped each girl on the back with a cheery "Hiya, honey!" He was thoroughly bewildered when the girls began sobbing in earnest.

The members of the office staff who stick around long enough to get to know him swear by Adams

Says Alice Smith, a former secretary on his White House staff: "He's the finest boss in Washington!"

This is the sort of confidence that Sherman Adams can inspire, both from below and from above. He has no greater admirer than the President. When the political demands for Adams's removal go up, Ike is likely to snort, "The trouble with those people is—they don't understand integrity."



### *Service with a Smile*

A U S Army Air Force major and a shiny new lieutenant, flying over the United States, were approaching Lake Michigan when warning came of a thunderstorm ahead. At the controls, the confident lieutenant dashed off a note on his knee pad that they could easily beat the storm across the lake. The weather wise major shook his head, signalling the lieutenant to go *round* the lake.

Not one to give up easily, the stubborn young pilot wrote "Have 20 hours over-water flying time. Will go across."

The major promptly scribbled back "Have two days in the water time. Will go round."

—D. D. Hoskins in *True The Man's Magazine*

WE JUST heard a little story about one Captain Jones, a chap who, we freely predict, will go far. The divisional general on whose staff he was serving, was to make an address to a group of officers. To Jones he said,

"I'll do it the way those TV fellows do it—reading from a blackboard. Get hold of one." When the blackboard was produced, the general, accompanied by his staff, decided to have a rehearsal to test the method. "Set the thing up there," he directed. "Now Jones, write something on the board large enough for me to read from here."

The young captain poised the chalk for a moment, then scrawled boldly "PROMOTE JONES." There was a moment's silence, then somebody chuckled. The general finally chuckled too, and Jones was a major within the week.

*The Bermudian*

ADMIRAL ARLEIGH BURKE, U S Chief of Naval Operations, tells about the time during the Second World War when he received a frantic signal from another American ship saying that the flagship was shelling it. Burke signalled back "We are stopping fire. Please excuse last four salvos, which are now on their way. I hope they miss."

—Charles Bailey in *Minneapolis Tribune*

Scientific evidence that if you'll really take exercise daily you can have your cake and your figure, too

## *The One Sure Way to Reduce*

By Blake Clark



**T**HE BATTLE against the bulge won't stay won. Studies show that many a person who diets, a year or two after reducing is back to his previous weight. Why?

Because we try to combat weight almost exclusively by diet. Forgoing exercise, millions of us in our sit-down civilization expend so little energy that we cannot eat enough to satisfy our appetites without putting on weight. We condemn ourselves to a choice between accumulating fat or going hungry.

But results of experiments by Doctor Jean Mayer at the Department of Nutrition of the Harvard School of Public Health now show that combating overweight by diet alone is fighting with one hand behind our back. Exercise, he declares, is the other fist that would enable us to deal the knockout blow.

Dr. Mayer first witnessed the effects of exercise on weight as an artillery officer with the Free French Forces during the Second World

War. As a forward observer, he raced across the desert in Tunisia and scaled fortified hills in Italy side by side with Foreign Legion men and U.S. Rangers; he also saw what trenchermen these soldiers were. But though they ate like horses, they remained lean, hard fighters, always in first-class physical condition.

Other scientists confirm Mayer's battleground observations. Nutrition experts have recommended dietary allowances that range from 2,400 calories daily for sedentary men to 6,000 or more for labourers and athletes. This admittedly wide variation, Dr. Mayer says, proves the unquestioned value of physical activity in maintaining normal weight.

Dr. Mayer's former colleague, Dr. George Mann, dramatically underlined this point at Harvard. Four medical students agreed to eat twice as much as they needed, and then to exercise enough to keep themselves from gaining weight. The students normally ate 3,000 calories daily. Dr. Mann saw to it that they had three big meals every day, and

enough sweets and chocolates in between to swell their total to 6,000.

Then they swam vigorously, sprinted, repeatedly played basketball and raced on bicycles. Even gorging themselves with twice as much as they normally ate, they scarcely gained an ounce. Their complexions became ruddy, their tolerance to cold increased and, unanimously, they claimed to feel relaxed and healthy. Moreover, they slept better and studied more efficiently.

Scoffers at exercise continually repeat that to take off a pound of fat by exercise you must perform some prodigious feat, such as walking 36 miles or splitting wood for seven hours. Knowing that we could not possibly go through such an ordeal, we despair of getting any help from exercise. But, Dr. Mayer points out, we do not have to walk the 36 miles in one forced march. If we walk a mile a day, we burn up a pound of fat in 36 days.



"Exercise is self-defeating," say the lazy dieters. "It makes you eat more than usual and immediately gain back what you lost." Dr. Mayer's work, with both animals and

humans, shows that this widely held belief is somewhat of a myth.

He and his colleagues trained a

large number of white rats to run on a motor-driven treadmill. Then the animals were separated into groups which were exercised respectively for one, two, three and up to eight hours daily. The results shed interesting light on the relationship between diet, exercise and weight.

The white rats that exercised one or two hours ate *slightly less* than those having no exercise at all. Those running two to eight hours increased their food intake accordingly, and kept their same weight. After eight hours, which was all they could endure, the rats became exhausted, ate less and lost weight.

People act in precisely the same way. Dr. Mayer studied 800 industrial workers and selected a sample of 213 men representing, like the white rats, all ranges of activity, from sedentary to overworked. The light activity engineers, foremen and drivers of small electric trucks ate less and weighed less than the sedentary supervisors, clerks and shop assistants. Mill workers worked more, ate more. Dustmen, who hoisted heavy loads head-high all day, ate almost twice as much as men of their same weight doing less strenuous work. Finally, a group of extremely hard-pressed labourers, shovelling ton after ton of coal all day and on overtime, steadily lost weight despite a high intake. In all the 213, the only ones noticeably fat were in the inactive group.

In both rats and men of normal activity, appetite is a sensitive,

reliable mechanism, balancing incoming calories and outgoing energy. But, as Dr. Mayer's significant work shows, energy expenditure must not be too great—*nor too low*.

Dr. Mayer and collaborators selected 28 extra-heavy girls and 28 others as nearly as possible like them in age, height, position in school and every other respect except weight, which was normal. Then they found out exactly what each girl ate and made a careful schedule of her activities for every hour of the week.

They discovered that most of the obese girls actually ate a little less than those of normal weight. But the fatties were extraordinarily inactive. Most of them watched television four times as many hours per day as the others. The girls of normal weight took roughly three times as much exercise—walking, dancing and participating in competitive sports. Continuing the study for a year, Dr. Mayer noted finally that, almost without exception, every obese girl who went to a summer camp requiring her to exercise, lost weight, though her food was increased.

Why has obesity become such a problem? Dr. Mayer blames our soft way of life.

"We are the sons and daughters of the cave man. Our ancestors roamed the vast stretches of wilderness, spent days in pursuit of herds of game, crossed deserts and climbed mountains in search of a better

environment. Now millions of us go to work in trains, buses and cars, sit all day at our desks, travel home again, sit down at the dinner table, sit in a cinema or in front of our television sets—and so to bed."

The farmer who used to plod miles behind the plough now normally perches on a tractor seat. Seamen used to climb rope ladders and hoist sails; now they cruise in motor-propelled comfort. Labour-saving gadgets have left the housewife with a minimum of unavoidable exercise. We are destined to go hungry or get fat.

What can we do about it?

If you are a city-dweller, you can walk your way to normal weight. Fat creeps up on most of us by just a few calories a day. A dietary excess of only 80 calories—the amount in a slice of bread—will cause a 12-stone, chair-borne man to gain at least a stone in five years. Eighty calories are about what he would expend during a one-mile stroll. He could keep himself at a trim 12-stone by walking 15 minutes to the office in the morning and back in the afternoon instead of taking the car.

Perhaps you can exercise in an athletic club, gymnasium or YMCA. Play a daily half-hour of handball



## THE READER'S DIGEST

and you ward off more than a stone of fat a year. Trot round a track for 15 minutes three times a week and burn up as much as a pound a month. Swimming dissolves away 150 to 350 calories in half an hour cycling, as many as 300.

You can use up 300 to 700 calories an hour at a skating rink. If you need an excuse to walk, and can afford the time and money, you can play golf. Making severe exercise of it, you can work off up to 565 calories an hour. All these sports can be tapered off with age and enjoyed a long time.

If you are handy about the house, you can expend 180 calories in an hour of hammering and sawing. If you lay bricks, 330. Cutting your own firewood uses up 388 calories in an hour, painting the house, 145.

Anyone, anywhere, can do calisthenics—still the most convenient way to keep fit. Though boring to some, calisthenics bring rewards in

weight-control (as much as 200 calories in a quarter of an hour), and in suppleness and the good feeling that comes with stimulated circulation.

The average out-of-condition adult can enjoy half an hour of most sports every day without undue discomfort, Dr. Mayer points out. And 30 minutes of vigorous exercise is calorically equivalent to a heavy sirloin steak. So, he says, "You can have your cake and your figure too, if you substitute regular exercise for regular deprivation."

One seldom reads in the obituary column that anyone has died of obesity. The menace hides behind the mortality figures for heart and kidney disease, high blood pressure and arteriosclerosis.

Insurance figures indicate that the overweight man's mortality rate exceeds the average fellows by 50 per cent. So remember—fat is lethal.

### *The Day T R Couldn't Grin*

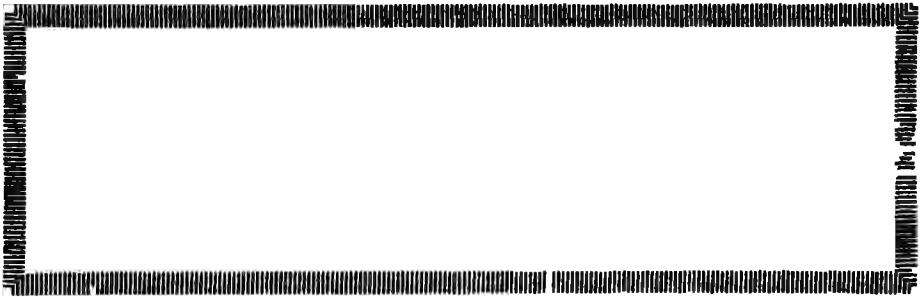
**T**HEODORE ROOSEVELT, immediately after his nomination for Vice President of the United States in 1900, wrote to his friend Leonard Wood:

By the time you receive this you will have learned from the daily press that I have been forced to take the veil. Good bye to all my ambitions! Four years of total eclipse, and then nothing remains but to become a professor of history in some third rate university, or return to the practice of law which I despise.

Sorrowfully,

T R

William Dana Orcutt *Celebrities Off Parade* (Willctt Clark)



AS I LEFT the house to go to a luncheon party, one of my husband's students from the medical school came running towards me

"Come quickly!" he shouted

Fearing that one of the students was in trouble, I raced after him, hanging on desperately to my chic hat. We dashed into the students' wing and upstairs and there in the middle of a bed a cat was having kittens. The students were all standing round solicitously, and one of them appeared to have the situation well in hand.

"What do you want me to do, John?" I asked after I caught my breath.

"Why, we don't want you to *do* anything," he said, looking surprised. "We just thought there ought to be a lady present."

(NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST)

THOUGH she considers herself lucky to have one at all, my friend is not entirely satisfied with her maid. When she saw an announcement in the newspaper that a two-day course in housekeeping was going to be given locally, she thought, "Ah—I'll send Mary!"

She was willing to pay the small fee involved and give her maid the time off to attend, but Mary was

noncommittal about it. A couple of days before the course was to start she mentioned it again, telling Mary that she thought it would give her ideas on how to get more work done more efficiently.

But Mary balked. "Madam," she said, "I don't think I want to go. I already know how to do more than I want to do."

—JEROME PHILLOW

A TEACHER who had been in an accident came in to see the dentist for whom I work. He had to tell her that two front teeth would have to come out. He then explained that she would have to wait six weeks after the extraction before getting her plate, so that the gums could heal properly.

"I don't mind a bit," she said. "You see, I teach seven year-olds, and most of the children in my class have front teeth missing, too."

—DOROTHY BRAINARD

AS THE BUS was filling up at the terminus, an elderly gentleman got in and was about to sit down next to my friend when he asked her if she was a grandmother.

"Yes," she replied proudly. "Twice."

With that the man got up and moved towards another seat, where he asked the same question, and then

moved again. Upon receiving a negative answer from the third woman, he sat down with a sigh of relief.

"I'm a grandfather," he explained, "and if you sit next to these grandmothers you never get a word in—and I like to talk!"

MRS. IRVING THORNTON

A COUPLE were signing the register at the hotel reception counter where I stopped to pick up my post.

"Honeymooners," the receptionist

said to me after they had left.

I asked him how he knew.

He turned the register round and pointed to the signature. It read, Mrs. and Mr. George Greeves.

JOE RYAN

*Typewritten contributions may be addressed to: Life's Like That, Editor The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London W. 1. Payment will be made at the usual rates. Rejected manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.*

### Made-to-Measure Faces

THE FOUR Westmore brothers are face dispensers to Hollywood. They analyse the features of would-be film actresses and, if necessary, assign them better camera faces than Nature endowed them with. Among their methods: bring out a receding feature by highlighting it (use a lighter powder than the rest of the face); shade a too prominent part of the face to make it recede; change the shape of the face with a new hair style.

"If a girl doesn't screen well," explained one of the Westmores, "we do a complete—start her from the beginning. For example, we may part her hair in the middle, draw it straight back, pencil her eyes out, shadow her jaw, give her a heart-shaped face, a small curved mouth, and then photograph her. Then we start all over again: give her hair a light rinse and curl up the ends to form a fluffy halo, accent a turned-up nose, square off her jaw and give her a full Joan Crawford type of mouth. The third time we do her with a different coiffure, lighten or darken her hair, vary the features again. After we have done her a fourth time with another set of features, we run off all four tests, and pick the best combinations—haircomb from one, perhaps, nose from the second, mouth from the third, and shape of face from the fourth. Then she is photographed again with this assortment of features. If the combination is successful, she is permanently assigned that face, and a chart is made of it.

"Formerly, one company would borrow another's star and cast her, only to find she did not photograph as they had expected—usually because she had changed her make-up. Now, wherever she goes, the chart of her face goes with her, and the director knows she will always look the same."

*Drama in Real Life*

A high-contrast, black and white photograph. In the foreground, a man in a dark suit and tie sits at a desk, looking towards the right. His hands are resting on the desk. In the background, a woman in a dark, sleeveless dress stands, looking back over her right shoulder at the man. The scene is dramatically lit, with strong highlights and deep shadows, creating a sense of tension or conflict. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century film noir photography.

By  
Ferenc Laszlo

Would I! It was imperative that I flee from my country as soon as possible. During the Nazi occupation, and later as an unwilling



subject of Hungary's Communist régime, I had been an Allied intelligence agent in Budapest. But recently the Soviet trap had snapped shut on several of my close colleagues. My usefulness to my country was at an end and I had gone into hiding.

In changing my identity from Ferenc Laszlo to Oscar Zinner no passports would be involved since the Russians had looted and burned all documents in virtually every Budapest home. My friend spread typewritten pages of Zinner's biographical data before me.

"You are now the painter Oscar Zinner," he said. "Sit down and learn. You must become Zinner in every action, in every thought."

He tapped the papers. "The Communist frontier guards will have a copy of this. I need not tell you how closely they check. Another copy will be held by the supervisor of your group. He does not know Zinner. But when the name is called out at the station, wait before replying."

"Wait?" I asked.

"There's a chance that Zinner might turn up at the last minute," he explained. "If two of you should answer, it would be embarrassing for the one who wasn't Zinner."

For the next few days I studied Oscar Zinner's life story until I knew almost as much about him as I did about myself. I could describe the house where he was born in Graz. I knew about his educational

background, his habits, likes and dislikes, even his style of painting. I could recall what critics had said of his pictures, the prices the paintings had brought and who had purchased them.

Finally late the night before my scheduled departure, I crossed the Franz Josef Bridge and let the incriminating biographical notes, torn into shreds, flutter into the Danube.

A sudden crackle from the loud speaker in the railway station snapped me back to the present. A rasping voice began to call out a list of names, alphabetically.

My stomach was knotted. Why did my new name have to begin with the last letter of the alphabet? I shoved my hands deep into my pockets to hide their trembling.

Finally "Zinner, Oscar Zinner!" the voice barked.

I wanted to shout. But instead I waited my heart pounding, my ears straining, my mind praying that there would be no answer.

"Zinner!" the voice called again this time with annoyance.

I stepped forward. "Here!" I said timidly.

There was no challenge from the man Zinner. So far all was well. We were separated into groups of ten and herded into compartments on the train.

Over and over again I unrolled the story in my head. "I am a portrait painter. I was born in Graz. My father was an architect."

A shrill whistle from the station

platform signalled the train to start. It didn't move. Suddenly, loud Russian-speaking voices could be heard at the end of our coach. Four Soviet officers marched past our compartment door. They stopped at the next compartment, and I heard them order the occupants out into the corridor. Then they took over the space and soon they were laughing and shouting amid much clinking of glasses. The whistle blew again and the train jerked into movement.

As we picked up speed, I wondered when I should see my country again. But I realized suddenly that sadness was out of place. I was now Oscar Zinner, going home to Vienna.

The train groaned to a halt at Kelenfold. This was check-point number one. We did not have to wait long for the Soviet inspecting officer and his interpreter. In the corridor, accompanying Russian soldiers, heavily armed, stood stolidly watching the proceedings.

The Soviet officer, a rock-faced little man, started with the woman opposite. Shuffling the flimsy biographical sheets, he barked questions in Russian which the interpreter translated into German. He came to the man sitting next to the window on my side of the compartment. I began rehearsing once again what I would say. "I am a painter. I was born in Graz. My name is . . . My name is . . ."

Sweat leapt out on my forehead, and my heart slid into my throat. A

strange mental block, caused doubtless by my nervous tension and suppressed panic, let me remember everything about the man I was pretending to be except his name!

From a misty distance I heard the sharp voices of the examiner and the interpreter as they moved to the woman beside me.

"Please, God," I prayed, "what is my name? I am a portrait painter. I was born in Graz. My name is . . ." It was no use. The name would not come.

Just then I heard the door of the next compartment slide open. There was a brief flurry of conversation in the corridor, and then a Red Army colonel poked his head into our compartment.

"*Wer spielt Schach?*" he asked gruffly in bad German. "Who plays chess?"

Our examining officer turned and glared at the interruption, then stepped back respectfully under the gaze of his superior. As I was closest to the door the colonel's next question seemed to be directed at me.

"*Spielen Sie Schach?*" he asked.

I hadn't played chess for ten years, but it didn't matter. This was the breathing spell I needed. No one else in the compartment spoke.

"*Ja. Ich spiele Schach,*" I said.

The colonel gestured to me to follow him.

In the Russians' compartment were two other colonels and one much-bemedalled general, a fattening but still powerful giant in his

early 50's. Evidently it was he who wanted the chess game, for he muttered an acknowledgment to the officer who brought me, and gestured me to a seat opposite him.

Beside me were dozens of sandwiches and a box of sweets. On the small table under the window were glasses, vodka, Hungarian brandy and wine. The general gave me an appraising look, then pointed to the food and vodka. "*Davai,*" he growled in Russian. "Go on."

I ate in tortured suspense. At any moment one of the Russians might ask my name or worse the examiner might intrude.

As the train started the general produced a chessboard and began arranging the men.

God help me, I thought. This is the game of my life. I must make it good, and yet I can't afford to win. I had never known a Russian who didn't hate to lose. And I had never known a chess player who liked to play for long unless his opponent could make it interesting.

As we played some of the tricks of the game slowly returned to me. The other officers watched the game in deferential silence, apparently believing that the general was a wizard at it. As a matter of fact he was quite a good player, but I was able to make him work for every advantage.

Time flew, as it does on every tense battlefield of chess, and with a start I realized that the train was slowing down at Győr, our number

two check-point. Once again my mind began to race. Now the door of the compartment slid open, and the supervisor of the Austrian group stepped in. "This man has not yet been questioned," he said firmly.

I need not have worried. Without a word the general rose, spread his huge bear's paw of a hand against the man's chest and expelled him into the corridor. Then he slammed the door and pointed again to the chessboard.

"*Davai, Magyar!*" he thundered. "Your move, Hungarian!"

Hungarian! I was coming from Hungary, of course, but this slip of the tongue if it was that, set my scalp tingling. Once or twice after that I thought I caught him looking at me strangely, but each time he returned his gaze to the board.

When we finished the first game from which the general emerged the victor, he said something to the officer who spoke German. The general enjoys your style, the latter interpreted. He will play another game.

Before we began again, however, the general insisted that we drink. Reckless with the warm flood of confidence that came from the vodka, I lost myself in this game and suddenly found myself on the brink of winning. We were in the last crucial moves as the train slowed for Hegyeshalom, our final check-point. Here I would win or lose—not merely a game but everything I lived for.

This time dozens of Red soldiers, rifles slung over their shoulders, grenades hanging from their belts, led the procession of interpreters and security guards. They merely glanced into our compartment and went on to the next. There the angry little group leader must have told them of the "Austrian" who was sitting with the officers, for one guard came back to investigate. He stepped smartly in at the door, saluted and spoke rapidly in Russian at the same time pointing at me.

Once again my brain froze in fear. Surely the general would let them question me, if only to forestall any further interruptions. "I am a portrait painter and my name is . . ." I began saying to myself desperately. But I could not remember.

As the guard spoke, the general's face slowly turned purple. I had no idea what the guard was telling him but it made him as angry as any man I'd ever seen. He looked at me, his eyes blazing. Then he carefully placed the chessboard on the small table under the window and stood up.

"This is the end for me," I thought. "To come so close—"

The general crossed his arm in front of his body as a man would to

draw a sword. When he brought it up in a sweeping arc, the back of his hand smashed across the guard's mouth. The man reeled backwards and struck the corridor wall.

The general slammed the door so hard that it shook our window, then returned to his seat, muttering something under his breath. He picked up the chessboard and studied the pieces.

"*Davai, Magyar!*" he said.

My heart was bursting with relief. No one would dare come in again—of that I was sure. As the train gathered speed, release from the awful tension flooded over me so that, for the first time, I smiled. The general looked up from his study of the board and smiled in return. He spoke to the young officer, who said to me: "The general wonders if you would enjoy playing him again sometime in Vienna. Where can he reach you?"

Automatically I mentioned a well-known Vienna hotel. And your name?" prodded the young officer.

Now, without the awful, clutching terror I hesitated but a moment. How could I ever have forgotten those two simple words?

Aloud I said, "My name is Oscar Zinner."

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YOUNGSTER writing home from boarding school "Send food packages! All they serve here is breakfast, lunch and dinner." —*The Diners Club News*

A FATHER received a birthday parcel from his son at the university. Inside was a set of inexpensive cuff links and a matching tie pin with this note "Dear Dad This isn't much, but it's all you can afford." —AP

# Personal Glimpses

A young student hurrying along the streets of Edinburgh towards the University bumped hard into a tall slight figure. The stranger recovered his balance, turned round and came towards the student. After all God made me, said Robert Louis Stevenson for it was he who had been knocked half off his feet by the young student.

Perhaps so, but He is growing rather careless, said James Barrie, relieved that the stranger had not given him a whack with his stick.

Do I know you? asked Stevenson, looking at him quizzically.

No, but I wish you did, answered Barrie, won by the charm of a personality none could resist.

'Let's pretend I do,' said Stevenson. Linking arms they made for the nearest tavern and talked for hours. It was the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

Joseph Fort Newton *The Daily Express* (Hupers)

RETURNING from a trip to Europe, Mark Twain became annoyed as a customs official rummaged through his baggage. My good friend, the author exclaimed, "you don't have to

mix up all my things. There are only clothes in there — nothing but clothes."

But the suspicious fellow kept rooting about until he hit upon something hard. He pulled out a quart of the finest quality whisky. "You call this just clothes?" cried the official.

"Sure thing," Twain replied calmly. "That is my nightcap."

Cyril Connolly *The New York Times*

ARTHUR BRISBANE, a famous American editor who died in 1936, was constantly irritated by the fallibility of his sports writers when it came to racing selections. Any horse was exactly as good as his heart, the editor contended, and he could easily pick the winner of any race if he were supplied in advance with an X-ray of the heart of each entry. To prove his theory, he sent a reporter to Kentucky to get the pictures of the entries in the coming Derby. The cub couldn't get the pictures, but rather than risk Brisbane's ire, he hired an ancient nag, took the required number of X-rays, wrote the name of a Derby starter under each one, and sent them to his boss. After carefully studying them, Brisbane confidently made his selection and wrote a column explaining his theory and naming his choice.

Brisbane was probably the only one who was not surprised when his entry won.

Mary Allen *The New York Times*

COMEDIAN JOE E. LEWIS's inscription on a picture of himself in the window of a New York restaurant reads: "This picture was taken when I was much older." —Walter Winchell

An investigation by Bishop's is an insurance against swindling.



## *They Find Out Your Past*

By Irwin Ross

NOT LONG ago a dapper gentleman in his 60's—whom we shall call Ernest Livingston Jasper—arrived in Chicago to market a new invention. Short of working capital, he set up a company and started to recruit shareholders. An affluent doctor who had put in \$10,000 became suspicious when profits failed to materialize. He phoned Bishop's Service in New York and asked for a report on Jasper.

It was a routine matter for Bishop's. In its files of four and a half million names it located Ernest Livingston Jasper. Jasper had been in and out of a dozen ventures in almost as many towns since 1926, always with a new and plausible product. A company would be formed, their shares would be issued; seldom was enough money

raised to start business, but always enough to pay Jasper's salary as president of the company and the rent of a handsome office. In the end the disgruntled shareholders would oust him, or he would just quietly decamp. All this, with Jasper's record of four arrests (no convictions), went into a 14-page report which reached the Chicago doctor ten days after he had requested it. He paid Bishop's \$200 and ended Jasper's latest swindle.

Bishop's Service, which operates in the United States, Canada, Britain, France and other countries, investigates character and background primarily. If you are concerned with the good faith of a prospective business partner, employee, client or son-in-law, Bishop's will get up a detailed report covering his life from his first truancy to his latest

motoring offence. Lawyers consult Bishop's in advance of litigation to help determine strategy for a possible out-of-court settlement. Wealthy people ask about the reliability of newly created foundations with noble purposes and unknown sponsors.

Bishop's does no surveillance; it uses no "private enquiry agents," it does not tap wires. Nor is it concerned, as many agencies are, with merely determining the financial status and credit "riskability" of a man or commercial firm. It is concerned with nothing less than a man's whole life.

In the course of a year Bishop's handles some 20,000 cases, mostly in the United States, its fees ranging from \$50 to several thousand dollars. Forty full-time investigators operate out of New York headquarters, another 50 out of Los Angeles, Chicago and Houston, Texas. Bishop's has 320 part-time "reporters" in the United States, Canada, Central and South America, Britain, France, West Germany and Italy.

This network provides quick service in emergencies. One of Bishop's underwriter clients phoned one day for a report on a uranium operation in Arizona and New Mexico. The underwriters were trying to decide whether to float a share issue, and the decision had to be immediate.

Bishop's president, William Chiariello, telephoned his man in Denver, who hopped into a jeep and drove to the uranium fields. He

found the claims working. Then he hastened back to Denver, looked up the geologist who had made the original assays and learned that the ore was good. That vindicated both the proposition and the character of the miner. It had taken 24 hours and cost Bishop's client \$125 plus \$75 for the hire of the jeep and telephone calls.

Premarital investigations, which account for some ten per cent of Bishop's business, are perhaps the most delicate, for the suspicious parent or fiancé usually wants to avoid giving the subject any warning that he or she is being scrutinized. In a typical case, a well-to-do young lady had been engaged for a year to a handsome and ardent artist. Her affection had not stopped short of occasional financial assistance, but her fiancé kept postponing the wedding date. After the third postponement her parents persuaded her to let Bishop's do some quiet checking.

She had a fair amount of background information to give Bishop's. Her fiancé had gone to a well-known boarding school, then to Columbia University. He had been married, but had been divorced in Florida a year or two before. She knew he had a studio in New York City and lived somewhere in the suburbs, but, oddly enough, she did not know his home address.

Chiariello conducted this case himself. Columbia University had no record of the fiancé as a student, nor did the boarding school. As for

the divorce, Florida court records showed that no action had been undertaken there.

Locating the young man's home and family was a bit more difficult. Chiariello finally discovered a man with the name he was seeking in New Brunswick, New Jersey. The next step was a visit to the house to establish the suspect's identity. Chiariello, claiming to be a visitor from Texas looking for a fictitious friend, talked to the lady of the house. No, Chiariello's friend did not live here, she and her husband and child were the sole occupants. In passing, she mentioned her husband's business address in New York. This tallied with the address Chiariello had for the fiancé's 'studio.' He had his man.

Further enquiry revealed that the studio was a sign painting shop, and that the "artist" had been married for several years. He had told the truth about little more than his name and "studio" address. Motives? A little money, the excitement of a dual life.

The methods of investigation used by Bishop's Service have not changed much with the years, although the extent of its operations has expanded greatly. The organization was founded in 1898 by William Bishop, an ex-telegraphist who had been a first-rate investigator for stockbrokers in Chicago. This was a period when Wall Street was infested with unscrupulous men and illicit schemes. Many dubious

characters had seats on the New York Stock Exchange, and the governors of the Exchange finally decided that it might be wise to screen applicants for membership. Bishop was engaged for the purpose.

After a year on Wall Street Bishop set up his Service, retaining his contract with the Exchange and taking on stockbrokers desirous of investigating new customers (to make sure they didn't welsh on their accounts). Later he added banks.

Bishop died in 1936. The present owner of the firm is Iceland Rex Robinson, a professor of economics at New York University. In 1950 Robinson elevated Chiariello, a lawyer and stiff investigator since 1946, to president of the firm. Chiariello has seen the number of cases more than triple in six years. His credo is simple. No one can completely cover his tracks. Competent investigation will reveal who you are, where you came from, what you're doing.

An investigation can easily proceed without the subject's co-operation. "From the age of 20," says Chiariello, "any person living in the United States will be investigated at least ten times, whether he knows it or not. Whenever he takes out an insurance policy, opens a bank account, gets a loan, buys something on credit. Each of these reports will provide a mine of leads." On a confidential basis, Bishop's is often given access to this information, the Service then interviews



previous employers, neighbours, hotel porters and tradesmen.

With shady businessmen, the aura of respectability is sometimes so thick that weeks of investigation are necessary before the damaging facts are laid bare. A wealthy client was about to purchase some historical documents when he decided to get Bishop's to look into the prospective seller. At first sight the seller seemed thoroughly reliable: he headed an organization that specialized in historical research; many of the documents he had collected were on display in public buildings

Diligent investigation pieced together a different picture. He was no scholar but a cook by trade. He had once gone to gaol for manslaughter. When he emerged, shortly before the First World War, he had converted himself into an aeronautical expert—by getting himself made a member of newly formed aviation organizations. He had been thrown out on charges of embezzlement.

Later he developed an interest in historical documents—and a lucrative trade in books and manuscripts which he picked up cheaply at auctions. It was true that he headed a research organization—a paper organization which he himself had founded. It was true that some of his collections had been publicly displayed, but experts scoffed at their value. So—no sale this time.

Not long ago Chiariello got a phone call from the sales manager of a large farm-equipment company

who had been approached by an impressive gentleman with some 30 million dollars' worth of orders from a South American government. These were conditional orders, and the man needed financing to make them firm: expenses to return to South America, money to grease palms, etc. "He's shown me lots of documentary evidence that he has the orders," the sales manager said. "Is he reliable?"

Chiariello sat back and laughed. Bishop's had been following the man's trail for 30 years. Chiariello called for the file, and rattled off a few of the highlights. The man had begun his swindling career at 25, when he relieved a widow of her life savings. He had been in and out of a dozen fake charity rackets and phoney dealings in shares. Only six months before, he had stepped out of Sing Sing Prison after serving a sentence for his latest swindle.

Bishop's findings are by no means all unfavourable. Many corroborate the claims of the subject under investigation. Annually, Bishop's undertakes some 7,000 personnel investigations—often senior executives being considered for employment. Some of them exaggerate a little in their applications but more than 90 per cent are found to be solid citizens with good records.

Chiariello spends much of his time turning prospective clients away. There must be a decent reason for wanting the desired information. Idle curiosity is not enough.

The amazing volunteers who hold  
themselves ready for any emergency  
that endangers a human life

## *The Rescue Squads Roll On*

By James Kilpatrick and Charles Hamilton

**O**NE NIGHT in April, 1953, a woman in New Jersey, U.S.A., heard on TV the story of a young mother whose baby had been born cruelly crippled while the mother was visiting a sister in the South. Shortly after birth the child had been taken to a hospital for crippled children in Knoxville, Tennessee, but the mother had to return to Brooklyn, New York, to care for her other four children. The mother was anxious now that her eight-month-old daughter should be brought North for treatment nearer home, but there was no money. Besides, the doctors had advised against air travel, and train connections were awkward. What was to be done?

The New Jersey woman knew what could be done—her husband was a member of a volunteer rescue organization. At once they set in motion a chain of events that typifies the work of an inspiring movement which is now firmly established in

the United States, Canada and the West Indies.

At 8.30 a.m. on April 11, after the child had been brought by relatives to Bristol, Tennessee, she was picked up by the local rescue squad and driven to a pre-arranged point where she was delivered to a team from the Roanoke, Virginia, Lifesaving and First Aid Crew. The Roanoke crew headed north across the Blue Ridge Mountains and in the afternoon outside Falls Church, Virginia, met a team from the Bethesda-Chevy Chase, Maryland, Rescue Squad. Hours later, at the Delaware-New Jersey line, the Maryland squadmen gently transferred the baby to the ambulance of a crew from Fanwood, New Jersey, who, at 12.30 a.m. on April 12, delivered her at a Brooklyn hospital.

To make that 16-hour trip a dozen men had taken time off from their work as mechanics, salesmen, grocers' assistants and so on. A dozen others had participated in

handling arrangements. They regarded the undertaking as nothing unusual—simply one more mission completed.

The story of these volunteer lifesaving crews goes back to a day in 1909 when a horrified boy watched helplessly on the bank of the Roanoke River in Virginia while two men were drowned after their canoe tipped over. Haunted by the tragedy, young Julian Wise began to dream of means by which victims of accidents might be saved from death. Nineteen years later, in 1928, his dreams took shape when he, with nine other men, organized the Roanoke Lifesaving and First Aid Crew, a group pledged to give of themselves in order that others might live.

The story of Roanoke's pioneer crew was told in *The Reader's Digest* 11 years ago. That article led to the formation of similar crews throughout the United States and in other lands. These organizations are members of the International Rescue and First Aid Association, whose president is Philip Rhynas of Toronto. International officials estimate that 850 volunteer units are now in operation, with a membership of 26,000.

Before he formed the Roanoke group, Wise had been familiar with the heroic work of volunteer beach crews and mine crews. But these were specialized units; what he wanted was a team trained and equipped for *any* emergency endangering human life. This concept has

been followed in the phenomenal growth of the movement.

How does a lifesaving crew come into being? Fifteen or 20 men band together and agree to make themselves available whenever an emergency call comes in. They pledge themselves to take first-aid training, to study problems involving broken limbs, burns, mining accidents, electrocutions, drownings, attempted suicides, epileptic attacks and childbirth. They also learn to use intricate medical equipment. Members pay the costs when fundraising does not suffice.

The Dunellen Rescue Squad, one of 297 now operating in New Jersey, is typical of many of the long-established crews. Organized in 1933, it started with nothing except determination and a secondhand ambulance. In 1936, thanks to a fundraising drive, it was able to buy a better one; in 1940, one better still. In 1941 the members completed a squad headquarters building. In 1947 they added a second ambulance. In 1952 they had built, to their specifications, a combination ambulance and rescue vehicle.

Wise's Roanoke crew will soon move into a new building, with abundant room for its array of lifesaving equipment acquired over 28 years. The crew's pride is its big rig—a powerful truck laden with 230 items of rescue equipment ranging from adhesive-tape rolls to axes, ladders, chain hoists and oxygen tanks. A radio-equipped squad car



stands ready for swift runs wherever danger calls. The squad has six boats and eight iron lungs. Three dispatchers, whose salaries are paid by a grant from the city, maintain a round-the-clock vigil.

Part of the fascination of lifesaving crews' work is the fact that members never know what kind of job the day will bring. Maternity calls are routine. Virginia squads delivered 21 babies last year. The Williamsburg Rescue Squad, called on to rush a set of premature twins to a Richmond hospital, rigged up a pair of tiny oxygen face masks for the trip and successfully transferred the infants to incubators in Richmond, 50 miles away.

Emergency transport is provided in hundreds of motor-accident and polio cases every year. For the latter, the Roanoke crew pioneered in the use of a portable iron lung operated by a portable petrol generator.

In a lake not far from Richmond, a 14-year-old boy tried a new skin-tight face mask one day. Water seeped in, and the boy choked and went down. A lifeguard brought him to shore and began artificial respiration. The boy's life appeared to be ebbing, however. Then two rescue crews whirled on to the scene with resuscitators and oxygen. Their modern equipment pulled the youngster through.

Calls involve many forms of transport. A New Jersey crew, called to rescue a man who had fallen into

an empty water-storage tank, bound him in splints and removed him by helicopter.

As crews meet new emergencies they study solutions for them. The deaths of two little girls, lost in the West Virginia mountains, led to prolonged practice by hundreds of rescue squads in the best technique for searching a large area. Deaths from snake bite led to research in a treatment involving ice and ethyl chloride. New Jersey squads regularly hear lectures by doctors on treatment of burns, poison, shock and other problems.

The example of one crew often leads to the formation of others. In a two-week period the Bucks County Crew made three 20-mile rush trips from Croydon, Pennsylvania, to Titusville, New Jersey, on drowning calls. Each time, unhappily, it was too late. After the third drowning Titusville organized its own crew.

Lifesaving crews function most effectively in small towns or in the suburbs of large ones. Big cities usually have emergency services so well organized through their police and fire brigades that volunteer units are not needed. They have, however, found a welcome place in many large industrial plants, where employers have discovered that a well-equipped rescue squad, spreading the gospel of safety, can work wonders in accident prevention. Trade unions sometimes participate: the Knoxville squad's ambulance,

for example, is the gift of the American Federation of Labour.

Volunteer rescue work is dangerous and exhausting, and often frustrating and disheartening. Crewmen know what it is to apply splints and tourniquets to a torn body, only to see life ebb away beneath their fingers. But they also know the joy that comes when colour returns to the cheeks of a child nearly drowned; they know the gratitude of a young woman, saved from suicide, who sends a Christmas gift to squadmen months after she fought their efforts to save her.

Men of the lifesaving crews take pride in a tribute paid at the year's end by businessmen of Menominee, Michigan, to a crew formed at the nearby Ansul Chemical Company. During the year the crew had responded to 350 calls; it had aided victims of heart attacks, drowning,

electrocution and motor accidents; it had trained hundreds of other people in rescue work and first aid.

The tribute read: "The Ansul Rescue Squad is not merely a group of men dedicated to helping people in trouble. The unsung work—the training of others—is perhaps more remarkable than the rescue calls for which the squad is so well known. With deep thankfulness we pay tribute to the basic goodness and godliness of 26 staunch men."

Roanoke's Julian Wise, whose interest in lifesaving goes back nearly 50 years, says: "The Reader's Digest article of 11 years ago provided the impetus for our international organization. We have had enquiries from dozens of towns and cities in other lands. Scarcely a day goes by without its proof that a good idea, put into effect, has a way of gaining momentum."



A PROFESSOR realized how old he was getting when he asked his young daughter what she was studying. "Oh," she replied, "all about some chap named Hitler."

—Bennett Cerf in *The Saturday Review*

THE YOUNG man filing out ahead of me after the matinee of *Macbeth* was an English master at a neighbouring school and, I gathered from their conversation, the half dozen boys and girls with him were in his class. As we reached the pavement, an attractive redhead approached the young man, asked him for a match and then engaged him in conversation. His students stood in a little knot by the kerb, obviously disapproving. With a sudden air of decision, the prettiest of the girls went over and interrupted the tête-à-tête.

"Daddy," she broke in, "the taxi's waiting." —Contributed by Jennifer Grant

He wanted to be a cowboy—  
but first he had to tame an outlaw horse  
*A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award*

## THE DAY I MET MIDNIGHT

By Ulmont Healy

IT WAS my first day on the ranch in California's San Fernando Valley. I was 20, that spring of 1912 and I was going to learn to be a cowboy. In my brand new outfit—blue jeans, boots, bandanna and cheap Stetson—I felt self-conscious and a bit nervous. Sitting on the top rail of the corral, I watched the loops snake out among the milling horses, as one by one the men roped their mounts and led them outside to saddle up.

A white mustang in the bunch caught my eye. He was a beauty—lovely head and neck, trim legs, deep chest and good quarters. Just my kind of horse, I thought—strong and speedy. I wondered whose he was.

The sub-foreman interrupted my thoughts. "Can you ride, kid?"

George, a lanky six-footer in a high-crowned hat that made him seem even taller, had looked me over sceptically the day before when he hired me, on a trial basis, at \$30 a month and all found. Now he grinned at me reassuringly.

"Yes, some," I said.

I was careful not to make any claims. Back home on our farm in Wisconsin my father had taught us boys what he knew about handling horses. Dad made us break them in without a saddle—he said they became gentler that way. So I thought I knew horses a little. But these men were professional horsemen. Also, one of them had tipped me off the night before. "These fellows take you for a tenderfoot kid," he said.

"They'll put you on a horse that will try to throw you."

George's voice was casual. "Anything there you like, kid?"

I pointed to the white mustang. "He's a lot of horse," I said.

"Yeah," George's arm moved. The mustang whirled like a flash, but too late. The noose settled over his head, and he came in snorting. George tied a piece of quarter-inch rope round his neck and handed the other end to me.

"We call him Midnight," George said. "When you get the mud off

him, take him down to the shed and I'll fix you up with saddle and bridle and a rope."

I led Midnight outside and tied him to the rail, then got a brush. I was doing pretty well at cleaning him when my brush touched his left hock. His kick was so quick that only reflex action saved me. I stepped away and looked at his head. He was looking me right in the eye, and I knew he was not afraid.

You can read a horse's character from his head. Midnight had small ears and the broad forehead and wide-spaced eyes that indicate intelligence. But more than anything else there was a quality of spirit that looked out at me. With a head like that I didn't think he could be vicious. But he was an outlaw; he was at war against men.

"That's good enough," George said. He was sitting his horse with his rope in hand, the noose open.

I walked to Midnight's head and untied him. It was then I noticed that not a single man was mounted except George; they were all busy with their gear. They were waiting to see whether I would lead or ride the horse to the shed.

I put a half-hitch on Midnight's nose, and before he realized it I was on his back. We went away from there in standing leaps, and suddenly the men were all in the saddle with George in the lead. Their yells were enough to scare any horse, but I managed to keep Midnight's head

up and the ride ended at the shed. I quickly slipped off his back. I wanted no more until I had a saddle on him.

I stepped to his head to remove the torturing half-hitch, and as I touched it he reared, struck me in the chest and left shoulder with his front hoofs and knocked me spinning in the dust. He came after me screaming, his teeth bared, but I kept rolling until I was under the shed loading platform.

Then I saw the reason for George's open loop. He had that horse roped and drawn up to his saddle before I got my first full breath. He watched while I brushed off the dust.

"You all right?" he asked.

"Yeh," I said. "Nice roping."

"Would you rather have another horse today and top this one off some time when you feel better?"

I was mad to my toes. "No. If I could ride that black-hearted so-and-so bareback, I can ride him all day. Show me a saddle and bridle. We're gonna get acquainted."

George turned to one of the cowboys. "Shorty, dig out some gear and we'll get Slim and Midnight on the way to getting acquainted."

Well! Now it was "Slim"—not just "Kid." Shorty stepped down from his horse and passed me with a grin. I tried to grin back. He returned with a good double-rigged saddle and bridle. Midnight objected throughout the proceedings but, with George holding his head and Shorty helping, we got it done.

"Want me to hold him while you get set?" George asked.

My left shoulder and arm felt nearly normal. I looked at Midnight: "I don't think so," I said. "Maybe I can make him think it isn't important if I just step into the saddle."

George gave me an honest grin and turned Midnight loose.

Quietly, with the reins in my left hand I took hold of the left cheek strap of his bridle, put my right hand on the saddle horn, pulled him towards me, and as he started to turn I went into the saddle. Strangely enough, Midnight didn't seem to think it was important.

Then the foreman gave us orders for the day. We were to comb a certain area and bring in everything, particularly every longhorn we found. The boss had an offer from a film company for all the longhorns he could supply. There weren't many, perhaps a truck-load, but he wanted them rounded up.

So we went to work. Midnight fought his head continually, but he was sure-footed and quick. We had brought quite a few cattle down the canyons when suddenly I saw sticking up from the brush the longest pair of horns I had ever seen. As we closed in, the steer made a fast break up a knoll. Now, a longhorn can run like a deer, and my respect for Midnight went up several notches when he turned that steer and kept him going through the live oaks and the greasewood beyond.

But suddenly the steer rose up and leapt over something. We were going too fast to stop: either hit the obstacle or jump. I gave Midnight my heels and lifted the reins. That beautiful, obstinate son of Satan chose that moment to fight the bit and blundered straight into a patch of cactus that the steer had jumped over.

By the time I brought Midnight to a halt on an open sandy spot, my right knee felt as though it was on fire from the cactus spines in it. I had a notion I had ruined my horse. Luckily, I was wearing buckskin gloves and could pick the spines out of my knee; they work deeper if you move about. Then I got out of the saddle. Midnight was a mess from his nose to his heels. I knew from the pain in my leg what he must be suffering, but he stood perfectly still, looking at me with a question in his eyes that brought a lump to my throat.

Just then Joe, the foreman, rode up. He looked Midnight over carefully. "We can't get them out without tying him down," he said. "And if we do that they'll just work into him deeper until they kill him. Better take your saddle off, Slim." He drew his revolver.

"No, Joe, wait," I said. "I got him into this, I want to get him out if I can. Just stand by and let me try."

The foreman hesitated. "Okay," he said finally. "But stay out of line with his head, because the first



mean move he makes I'm going to put a bullet in him."

I reached out to Midnight's nose and picked off two strong spines driven in just above and between his nostrils. He flinched and looked startled, but made no move to retaliate.

By the time I got his face and neck clean, his ears had come forward. On down I worked and he never moved a muscle, though his coat was turning grey with sweat. Joe sat his horse quietly, and now and then I heard a gentle cuss word.

Down to Midnight's front hoofs, back on his sides and belly, down his hind legs, and he stood like a statue. I even took a large piece of cactus out of his tail. As I finished each section, I took off my gloves and ran my hands over him to make sure that I had removed all the spines. Finally I stepped round to Midnight's head and looked at Joe. He took a deep breath and put away his gun.

"I'm obliged to you," I said, and I meant it.

"It's the damnedest thing I ever saw," said Joe. He looked at his watch, then over to where the men were moving the cattle to the corrals. "It's time for dinner. Let's go in."

As we rode in he gave me something of Midnight's history. He had been a stallion in a herd of wild horses, and he had never stopped fighting. This morning, Joe said, was the first time he'd seen Midnight use his front hoofs and teeth

on a man, though. "I expect it was that half-hitch you had on his nose that made him so mad."

"I reckon that was it," I replied. "He just doesn't like men."

"No, he don't like men, and if you'd had the same treatment that he's had since he first met men, you wouldn't like them either."

We watered our horses and led them under a covered tie-rack where they would be in the shade.

"No need to tie 'em," Joe said. "They'll stand."

Joe went in to dinner, while I went to the bunkhouse to get out a cactus spine that had broken off under my trousers.

When I entered the cookhouse, I was greeted with a chorus of remarks about my riding and given instructions about the various parts of a saddle and bridle, with explicit directions as to the purpose of the reins. Nothing was said about cactus. But Krimpy, the ranch-house joker, remarked, "If you're gonna follow a steer that close in the brush, ride the steer and give your horse a rest."

They were kidding in a way that let me know I was accepted.

After dinner someone produced a bat, ball and gloves and we started a game of baseball. I was taking a lead off third base and was pleading with Krimpy, who was at bat, to bring me home, when everyone stopped playing and stared at me. Suspecting a trick, I clapped my foot back on third—and received a

push in the back that knocked me off the base.

I turned, and there was Midnight, standing quietly looking at me. He had walked out from the cool shade of the horse rack, trailing his reins.

I said very gently, "Midnight, what are you doing here?"

He came forward two steps and, putting his head against my chest, began to move it up and down slowly. My hands came up and found the soft velvety spots behind his ears. I was aware of the cowboys gathering round and soft oaths of amazement. Midnight had taken out his spite on most of them, and they could not believe their eyes.

George's chuckle broke the quiet. "Well, Slim, it sure looks like you

and Midnight got acquainted."

"Yeah," was all I could say. The lump was back in my throat again.

Joe broke it up with, "Let's go, men." Then, as they turned away, he dropped a final word. "I don't want to see any of you dabbing a rope on Midnight. He's Slim's horse from now on."

I reckon he's still my horse in whatever pasture of Paradise he roams, for he gave me the love of his wild heart as none of the many horses I've known ever could. I am an old man now, and those days are far gone. But the memory of Midnight is still as bright as the day he put his head against my chest to thank me and to say that he was sorry and wanted to be friends.



### *Not Guilty*

A MAN, charged with driving past a stop sign, won a two-day suspended sentence when he explained to the magistrate. "There were two ladies with me, which made the front seat crowded. I was too modest to reach over to change gears."

A MAN, arrested for the theft of a lawn mower, explained "I didn't steal it. I stumbled over it and was too lazy to walk round it—so I just pushed it on."

IN DEFENCE of his speeding, a driver explained to the magistrate. "I have hay fever, and every time I sneezed my foot went down on the accelerator. I couldn't help myself."

THE POLICE asked a man four times convicted of picking pockets how his hand happened to be in the pocket of a man sleeping at a railway station, and he answered: "I was walking about the station when I had a dizzy spell. I grabbed at a seat, but my hand slipped and went into the sleeper's pocket."

Born to great wealth, Larimer Mellon felt he wasn't "going anywhere" Now he is—having dedicated his life to the people of Haiti

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*By Henry La Cossitt*

**W**ILLIAM Larimer Mellon might have been one of the men who control his family's multi-million-dollar industrial empire of oil, aluminium and steel. He was to this privilege born. He is a son of the late co-founder of the Gulf Oil Corporation, he is a great nephew of the late U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew Mellon, who developed the Aluminium Corporation of America. To almost anyone it would be wonderful to be a member of the Mellon family, with the future assured and easy. But Larimer Mellon, now 46, has willed otherwise.

On December 11, 1954, Larry, as everybody calls him, stood on a sunny hillside in Haiti and dedicated himself and his wife to the service of God and mankind. A youthful man with prematurely

The Mellon family is one of the most prominent in the U.S.A. Perhaps its best known member was the late Andrew Mellon for many years the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury and Ambassador in London, who was the founder and benefactor of the National Gallery in Washington.

white hair and a handsome, kindly face, he is a doctor. He was making a speech at the laying of the foundation stone of the new Albert Schweitzer Hospital at Deschappelles, about 90 miles north west of Port au Prince. This 75 bed hospital, which cost Larry \$1,500,000 to build and of which he is in charge, will cost him about \$150,000 a year to operate. It is there to serve the hundreds of thousands of people in the valley of the Artibonite River.

These people have had only the most primitive medical facilities. They have been prey to malaria, yaws, tuberculosis and venereal disease. Malnutrition is shocking. (It is estimated that 10,000 Haitians died of starvation in 1955.) Sanitation is non-existent.

To educate these people in cleanliness and diet, Larry, with his wife and four children, moved to Haiti in the summer of 1955, before the Albert Schweitzer Hospital opened its doors. For nine months while their home was being built they



lived in a small house in malaria-ridden Saint Marc, besieged by rats and cockroaches and with few of the facilities of civilized living.

To some, what Larry Mellon has done seems unbelievable. To one, at least, it is a miracle. This is Doctor Henry Ross, for 22 years a missionary in Africa and the friend of Nobel Prize winner Dr. Schweitzer, whose example as a medical missionary inspired Larry to become one. Dr. Ross also made a speech at the dedication of the hospital that afternoon on the hillside. He told an audience that included Haitian President Paul Magloire and other eminent people that what Larry has done is the kind of thing that profoundly changes the minds and souls of men. Dr. Ross called it the miracle of the redirected spirit.

LARRY MELLON'S boyhood was what you might expect. The family lived in a mansion on Pittsburgh's Squirrel Hill. In summer there was the family lodge in Canada, in winter, the houseboat *Vagabondia* steaming through the Florida keys. There was an elegant 225-foot yacht for longer cruises. There were tutors, private schools and Princeton University — although Larry left Princeton at the end of his first year.

He was then 19. One of his friends says that if Larry had had to work his way through Princeton he might have finished the course. As it was, he felt ill at ease. He was looking for

something, but didn't seem to be going anywhere.

Larry went to work in the Mellon bank and in Gulf Oil. He married, and was soon making something of a name for himself in business. Almost everyone felt that he was at last on his way to assuming his rightful place in the Mellon hierarchy. They were wrong. Six years later his marriage failed because of basic incompatibility. He was 25 when he and his wife separated.

Larry bought a ranch in Arizona, despite the misgivings of his father and mother. Nevertheless, his father later became his partner in the cattle business, and his mother came to love her visits to the nonconformist son.

Mrs. Mellon, who died in 1942, was what Larry calls 'the great spiritual force in my life.' Born in Scotland, the daughter of a seafaring family, she was deeply religious, gentle and modest. Larry recalls having asked her, when he was a child, what was the finest thing in all the world to be. Her reply was something he did not understand — then. She told him: A medical missionary.

When Larry decided to dedicate himself to the service of backward people, his father was at first dubious. He reflected later, however, that his son had a way of succeeding at things he really wanted to do. At the time of Larry's decision, he owned two huge ranches — which he sold for approximately twice as

much as he had put into them.

Larry's father might also have remembered that his son had taught himself Spanish, and had learnt Portuguese while teaching English to a Brazilian schoolmate. Larry's linguistic ability got him a job with the U.S. State Department in the Second World War and this work might have led to a distinguished diplomatic career. But to Larry this had no more appeal than a career in the Mellon offices.

In February, 1946 Larry married Gwen Rawson, whom he had met earlier in Arizona, where she had come to get a divorce. Blue-eyed and pretty, Gwen took ranch life in her stride. She could work with the stock and could even survey. She had a part in planning their handsome new home complete with swimming pool. For Gwen—who appreciates the good things of this world more than Larry does—life was sweet indeed.

Then one day Larry said: "Gwen, I'd like to study medicine. I want to become a doctor and then a medical missionary." He handed her a copy of *Life* magazine.

In it was a story about Albert Schweitzer entitled "The Greatest Man in the World." It described his forest hospital at Lambaréné in French Equatorial Africa, and how Dr. Schweitzer, although famous as philosopher, theologian, musicologist and organist, had, in keeping with the teachings of Christ, decided to become a doctor and

dedicate his life to the people of Lambaréné. The example of a few men like himself, Dr. Schweitzer said, might inspire others to think more on matters spiritual and thus stop civilization's materialistic drive to ruin.

"The picture of an old gentleman musing on a log in the jungle," Larry says, "was a novel concept of greatness. It set me thinking."

It set Gwen thinking, too. At first she was heartsick at the idea of giving up their pleasant life. But she realized that the ranches had ceased to be a challenge to Larry. Now that he had made them a success, they had become, in a way, as meaningless as the Mellon empire had been.

Gwen thought also of the nature of her husband. He is a reserved man but he cannot hide his love for people and for everything that lives. His eyes fill when he tells you of Lambaréné which he and Gwen visited in 1951, and where they worked among the lepers. Larry's concern for God's creatures is such that he cannot shoot or fish because he believes so strongly in Dr. Schweitzer's principle of "reverence for life."

Thinking of these things, Gwen realized that what Larry proposed was right for him—and what was right for him was right for her. With her blessing Larry wrote to Dr. Schweitzer.

He received a nine-page reply. Dr. Schweitzer was deeply moved. "May God help and bless you in the

path you have chosen," he wrote. Then he gave some hard advice: "Do not hide from yourself the fact that the path will be difficult. One of the most serious difficulties is your age. It is harder to assimilate knowledge when one is older." But Dr. Schweitzer expressed confidence, and advised Larry on what to study.

That winter Gwen and Larry went to the wilderness of eastern Peru to look for a site where the hospital they proposed to build would do the most good. They found no place they thought suitable, but returned by way of New Orleans, where Larry talked to the faculty at Tulane University's medical school about studying there. To a man, the faculty discouraged him. He was too old, they said; he had no pre-medical training; he wouldn't be able to get on with his classmates because of the difference in age.

What they could not know was that once Larry had made up his mind he was a formidable force. He entered Tulane in the summer of 1948. Seven years later he had received his medical degree, served his term as a houseman and completed a one-year fellowship at the famous Ochsner clinic. Gwen, meanwhile, had kept pace with him by training as a medical technician.

At the end of his first year at the medical school Larry and Gwen went to Haiti to gather material for a thesis on tropical ulcer. As they drove over the country, they were

not thinking of a site for the hospital. But when they saw the valley of the Artibonite they knew that was it. They acquired 100 acres.

Larry told President Magloire of Haiti about his plan, and the President agreed to it in principle. Later, the agreement between the Haitian Government and the Grant Foundation (Gwen's maiden name is Grant), which Larry set up to finance the hospital, was approved by Haiti's Congress.

Meanwhile, Larry had seen the man he reveres above all others, and had gathered strength and courage from him. When Dr. Schweitzer was in New York in 1949, he and Larry spent an afternoon walking through the streets, while the great man talked of Lambaréné and of his life and beliefs, and of what Larry might expect to encounter. "He was so absorbed," says Larry, "that I had to guide him. He did not seem to see traffic lights or traffic. He wanted me to know and to understand everything he had done."

Even before Larry had finished his term as a houseman, he and Gwen began recruiting the staff for their hospital. They are now satisfied that they have enough doctors to carry on the hospital's immediate work.

The building is a sprawling, one-storey structure of poured concrete, built by Haitian labourers. Its equipment matches that of the most modern hospitals in the world, and includes a dental clinic, a pathology

laboratory and air-conditioned operating theatres. Eventually, Larry hopes to attach a veterinary clinic for the donkeys, goats and other animals precious to the country people. Following old customs, they will probably bring these with them when they come for treatment.

Larry has also acquired a 100-acre farm which should make the hospital almost self-sufficient. Besides vegetables, maize and rice, the farm grows beef cattle, sheep, goats, chickens, turkeys and pigeons. There are also citrus fruits and bananas. Milk is imported in powdered form from the United States, since there are no pasteurization facilities.

Thus the Mellons begin their great adventure. There have been discouragements. Sometimes people failed to carry out agreements and caused annoying delays. Now and then politics and jealousy harassed their progress.

But there have been touching and heartwarming experiences. Haitian volunteers built the road from the nearby highway to the hospital area, and a Haitian citizen paid the cost of oiling it. President Magloire and Minister of Health Elie Villard have been steadfast in their support.

In the valley peasants bring the Mellons gifts of rock lobster, ducks, chickens, bananas and vegetables. They often appear out of the inky darkness at the edge of the lamplight and stand there, smiling and shy, offering these things. To many of

them Larry and Gwen are sources of advice and comfort on everything from domestic troubles to education.

Larry wants the people of the valley to feel that the hospital is theirs. Because of this he will ask payment for services, even if it is only one mango. "Anything will do," he says. "Just so long as they satisfy their pride in themselves." He wants the hospital to be "a place where American doctors can share their knowledge and skill with their Haitian colleagues." Some day he hopes, this will make it possible for the Haitians to take over.

Should that happen, Larry and Gwen will move on. "There are other places where we might be useful," he says. One of these, he believes, may be at the headwaters of the Amazon River in Brazil or Peru. But that is for the future, if at all. Right now there is the Albert Schweitzer Hospital.

"Hospitals," Larry said in his speech dedicating the place, "require food and medicine administered with insight and love. To this task my wife and I humbly dedicate ourselves. May the spark of 'reverence for life' continue to burn until it has consumed us with real and deep concern for every living creature."

Larry Mellon is no longer looking for something. He has found it. "If we are able to alleviate suffering and make people feel more kindly towards one another," he says, "our work is well done."

# How to Farm With a Geiger Counter

*By Harland Manchester*

THE NUCLEAR age has opened a fascinating new toolbox for agricultural scientists. They are working in laboratories with uncanny atomic tools which promise larger crops, victories over insect pests, longer preservation of food and a dozen other achievements.

One kit of tools — marked atoms or radioactive isotopes — is rapidly rebuilding the science of plant nutrition. The isotopes are made by bombarding normal atoms with neutrons. Some of the bombarded atoms become unstable; they emit tell tale radiations, running down like tiny alarm clocks until they finally change to some other element. The scientists can pass a Geiger counter over the plant and count the ticks.

Atoms of fertilizer, thus rendered identifiable and fed to plants, tell the scientist with a Geiger counter at



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*Scientists armed with 'marked' atoms and gamma rays are laying bare some of agriculture's oldest mysteries*

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what rate the plant uses the fertilizer, how much it uses and exactly where the fertilizer goes in the plant. Indeed, these marked atoms not only tick in the fodder which they nourish but continue to do so in the cow that eats the fodder and in the milk given by the cow. You can time them all the way through and learn important facts about the organisms involved.

It has always been a problem for the farmer to determine how much of the various plant foods his soil already contains and what deficiencies need to be supplied by fertilizers. Now the scientist can mix radioactive phosphorus, say, in a soil



sample, grow some rye grass and, by comparing the amount of radioactive and natural phosphorus taken in by the plant, give the farmer an accurate measure of his soil's phosphorus richness.

At the U.S. Agricultural Research Centre at Beltsville, Maryland, several hundred soil samples from all over the United States are being tested with similar techniques for potassium content. An ultimate goal is a running "fertility map" of the entire country, so that farmers in various areas will know how much soil nutrient they have "in the bank," and when the supply is about to run low.

Another problem is where to place fertilizer to get the best results. The peanut plant, after growing from the root, sends spikes back into the soil which produce the nuts. Does the peanut get its calcium from the root, or does it pick it up near the surface? No one knew until scientists at the University of Florida tried putting "hot" calcium at each place, and found by the ticking of the Geiger counter that the nutrient was taken from the upper level.

Doctor Sterling Hendricks, of Beltsville, says: "Fertilizers represent a large part of a farmer's financial outlay. If we can show him how to get ten per cent more crop from them, over a period of years it might make the difference between solvency and bankruptcy. But with marked atoms we are also trying to find out exactly how a plant takes

up its food and what it does with it. That will be one of the major discoveries of the century."

The effectiveness of weed-killers and growth-regulators is tested by the same method: attaching marked atoms to the chemicals and tracing their progress through the plant. To find new compounds which affect the growth of plants, scientists mark innocuous molecules of various shapes with radioactive isotopes, spray the plants and find out which shapes are most easily absorbed. "In this way we find a key that fits the door of the plant," says Dr. John Mitchell, of Beltsville. "Then we select a chemical which has a molecule about the same shape, and file it, so to speak, to fit the lock."

One of the most controversial agricultural developments of recent years has been "leaf feeding"—the spraying of soluble fertilizers on plants and fruit trees to give them the boost they need during the growing season. Now marked atoms have proved the value of this scheme. Doctors H. B. Tukey and S. H. Wittwer, of Michigan State University, sprayed the foliage of greenhouse plants with radioactive fertilizers, then put them in a dark room and let the radioactive atoms make their own pictures on X-ray films. They found that the leaves lap up the food like blotting paper, and that it spreads in a few hours from tip to root. In many cases, as much as 95 per cent of the food sprayed on the leaves is used immediately

by the plant, where under some conditions the roots take up no more than ten per cent of the same amount placed in the soil.

This method cannot supplant soil fertilization; there is a limit to the amount that can be absorbed through the leaves. But agriculturists expect a widespread use of the scheme. Strawberry, tomato, maize, potato and cucumber plants absorb fertilizers greedily through their leaves. Insecticides and fungicides can be mixed with the plant food and applied in one operation to save labour.

Russian scientists reported recently that thousands of acres of cotton in Central Europe have been sprayed with liquid fertilizers, and that sprays have increased the yield of sugar beets. They suggest that early spring crop-spraying may extend the northern boundary of their farming areas. In the western United States large areas of wheat have been sprayed with fertilizers by plane, and in Baltimore, Buffalo, Cleveland and a number of other cities, thousands of trees, choked by pavements and hard to fertilize normally, retain their vigour with regular foliar feeding. Balanced soluble plant rations are also being made for the home gardener, to perk up shrubs and lawns in dry, hot spells.

The travel and food-hunting habits of insects are being traced with radioactive isotopes. Canadian scientists have attached tiny bits of

active cobalt to crop-destroying wireworms and cutworms, buried them in the earth and with Geiger counters drawn accurate charts of their underground movements. In Georgia, thousands of houseflies "labelled" in this way have been released from farms, and their appearance later in baited fly-traps tells scientists how far they travel—information of value in DDT spraying. In Wyoming, honey-bees are marked with radioactive isotopes to trace the visiting habits of bee disease-carriers to neighbouring colonies.

Big doses of radiation are being used to sterilize or kill insects, parasites and bacteria, and the prospects are exciting. Entomologists have virtually eradicated the vicious screw-worm fly on the island of Curaçao off the north coast of South America.

This fly, common in the Gulf states and Central America, lays its eggs in scratches and wounds of cattle, pigs, sheep and goats, causing severe infection and sometimes death. Until last year it was a serious pest in Curaçao, an island of 173 square miles, so the U.S. Department of Agriculture selected it as a laboratory.

Great quantities of screw-worm egg-masses were reared into pupae, then lowered into a lead block. Slugs of radioactive cobalt-barded and sexually sterile males with gamma rays. The next week, thousands of

## THE READER'S DIGEST

males were dropped on Curaçao from low-flying planes. They mated with native females. But because the female screw-worm fly mates only once in her lifetime, these mated females could lay only sterile eggs. Within a few weeks the screw-worm population dropped towards the vanishing point. At the latest report, no more infected animals have been found on the island. Now other insects are being studied for similar treatment.

At the Fission Products Laboratory of the University of Michigan, Dr. L. E. Brownell and his co-workers have designed a sterilization cave where pork can be irradiated to kill the parasitic trichina worm. This worm often infests pigs fed on raw garbage, and causes in humans the painful, debilitating and all-too-prevalent disease, trichinosis, if infected pork is not well cooked.

Radiation can be used to kill insects in flour and grain moving by conveyor belt. Potatoes can be irradiated to kill their seed eyes so that they will not sprout in storage.

(The potatoes thus treated are still soft and firm after 18 months.) None of these foods become radioactive themselves in the process; the gamma rays pass through, as X-rays pass through the body.

One of the most alluring goals towards which scientists have been working for years is the sterilization of perishable foods to give them indefinite "shelf life." At present, the

best results have been achieved in sterilizing bacon, pork, chicken, codfish cakes and a number of vegetables so that they will keep well outside the refrigerator. Or, using less radiation, fresh beef can be treated so that it will last five times as long as usual under normal refrigeration.

Much work remains to be done, but many scientists believe that this method of food preservation will turn out to be practicable. If they are right, it may fit handily into the atomic-power programme. At present, two major problems of the budding atomic-power industry are: how to make electricity as cheaply as it is made from coal; and how to make a profit out of the radioactive waste to defray the cost of safe ultimate disposal.

The Michigan scientists hope to kill two birds with one stone. They have designed moving-belt radiation chambers, suitable for all manner of crops and packaged foods, which could be built into the power plants themselves. Dr. Brownell calculates that a suitably located atomic plant could get a high fee for these facilities from food-processing firms. Such a dual-purpose plant, he believes, would hasten the advent of economical atomic power and, by greatly extending the range of distribution of perishable foods, would preserve for our use incalculable amounts of food which now go into the dustbin.

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*Kinderlift:* How the American Air Force flies underprivileged children from Berlin to healthy and happy vacations

# Magic Carpet for Europe's Saddest Children

*By George Kent.*

**A** LITTLE over three years ago a social worker arrived in West Berlin to tour the miserable, overcrowded districts where destitute families live. She was to report especially on the children. A case-hardened woman, inured to slum conditions, she thought nothing could surprise her. But after two days there she suddenly burst into tears, murmuring, "The poor kids, the poor kids!" Writing later to an Army chaplain, she said: "Please tell me what I can do—these are the world's unhappiest children."

Until 1953, Berlin's poor children were enough to wring anyone's heart. Living with grown-ups who had been uprooted by war or had fled from Communism, they were children without childishness. Practically all of them were underweight, most of them were anæmic, unhappy and insecure.

Then, in 1953, there appeared the strangest of pædiatricians — the *Kinderlift*. Gathering up the children, the U.S. Air Force gave them

a medicine they needed more than anything else — a holiday among normal people, far from the worries of home. That first year, U.S. Air Force planes flew 1,500 children between the ages of six and 14, to the freedom and comfort of West Germany, where hospitable German and American families put them up



*Condensed from The Rotarian*

## THE READER'S DIGEST

for four or five weeks. Since then a total of 5,000 children have made the trip.

The *Kinderlift* has produced results just short of miraculous. The children come back heavier and healthier, their cheeks aglow, their muscles firmer. But the transformation goes deeper. For they have suddenly become children again. The oldness is gone from their faces, they giggle and take delight in childish things. For several weeks, in whole some surroundings, they have been playing with youngsters of their own age, bickering, laughing, yelling, sharing previously unknown play things.

Sometimes the change is enough to warrant recording as a medical case history—like that of the little boy who stuttered. He had no malformation of tongue or palate, he was just a miserable child. But in his new home, near Wiesbaden, he played in a garden every day and at dusk he watered the flowers, using a watering can with his name painted on it. His foster-mother, an affectionate German housewife, hugged him and kissed him and told him over and over again what a fine fellow he was.

He stopped stuttering without being aware of it. And with his clear speech came self-confidence and a desire to take part in all that was going on. His own mother, listening to him when he came back, was too moved to speak. Mother after mother reported,

with something akin to awe, that her child was cured of the problems that had beset him. Some even complained with pride that their children, once utterly apathetic, had now become mischievous little rogues.

Only those who know the life of the destitute in West Berlin can fully appreciate how great a transformation the *Kinderlift* has wrought in the children. Home for many of them is a barracks-like building swarming with people. There is nowhere to cook family meals, no centre for family life. The atmosphere is one of desperation.

Officials of the North West German Broadcasting Corporation, appalled at this, produced the idea that became the *Kinderlift*. "Look at the poor little devils," one of them said, "locked up in West Berlin with nowhere to play, no hope of a holiday. Many of them can't travel west by train—the Russians would seize them as hostages. What can we do to help them?"

"Why not fly them out?" another suggested. "That's it—we'll make a bridge of aeroplanes right across the Russian Zone!"

Eventually the suggestion came to the desk of Lieutenant-General William Tunner, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Air Force in Europe. During the war he ferried half a million tons of food and equipment over the Himalayas in the so-called Hump Operation. In 1949 he organized the Berlin airlift which broke



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That was the beginning. A trifle self-consciously at first, the woman began studying herself in the looking glass, applying lipstick and creams, tidying her hair and clothes. Now an attractive, cheerful woman with the past well behind her, she ascribes her transformation to her child's summer holiday.

In surrounding Communist territory the effect of the *Kinderlift* (and of an organization called The Friendly Hand which places needy non-refugee children in homes in West Germany) has been watched with intense interest. And last year a battle for the minds of German children got under way. The East Germans appropriated nearly 100 million East German marks to set up de luxe camps with swimming pools, elaborate recreation facilities and food to make the ordinary

Communist child gape with envy. Then the Reds began inviting the children of the West.

A large number went, and not just the children of parents with Communist views. It is hard for a mother and father with children in need of a holiday to refuse a free trip, even if they know that with it goes a heavy dosage of propaganda.

In turn the West Germans are demanding that their compatriots of the East permit their children to come West for a holiday. But the authorities in the Russian Zone refuse to permit their children to travel further than West Berlin. The Communists fear that they will discover the joys of life in a non police state.

Whatever happens in the struggle for the minds of these youngsters, the *Kinderlift* remains in more ways than one a soiling experiment in human relations.

## Women at Work

A 38 YEAR OLD WOMAN lost a job when she gave her correct age on an application form. The next time she was confronted with the question she wrote in the space "I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might eliminate me."

—Contributed by Nell Davis

APPLYING for a position in the London office of an engineering firm, a young woman readily filled in the first questions on the form. But when she reached "Marital Status," she paused for a moment, then wrote "Hopeful."

—Contributed by Ann Voss



# Towards More Picturesque Speech

**U**MBRELIAS plodding slowly along like walking toadstools (Loretta Burroughs in *The American Magazine*) Two dogs came out from the house to wag us in (John McNulty) Old fashioned radiators were clanking like ghosts rattling their chains (Margaret Miller)

**Patter:** He who indulges, bulges (Florence Rydberg in *The Saturday Evening Post*)

Many new books are either erotic neurotic or tommyrotic (John Y. Cobb)

A man finds out what is meant by a spitting image when he tries to feed cornflakes to his infant (Imogene Fay in *The Saturday Evening Post*)

Two can live as cheaply as one, but it takes both of them to earn enough to do it (Frances Rodman quoted by Earl Wilson)

One way to save face is to keep the lower half shut (Toronto *Commercial News and Bulletin*, *etc.*)

Some forgetfulness is due not to absent mindedness but to absentheartedness (The Rev. Isaac Rottenberg)

**First Impressions:** He always knew a good thing when he said it (Edna Ma Bush in *Quote*)

He could speak for an hour without a note, and without a point (Quoted by Colin Coote in *The Daily Telegraph*) Some couplings were loose in her train of thought (Mrs. Raymond Patton)

**All About Eve:** The woman who arranges a match for her daughter may intend to referee it as well (Kenneth Krichbaum in *The Saturday Evening Post*)

Husband, If there's one thing that upsets my wife, it's people dropping in when the house looks the way it always does (William Barker in *Denver Post*)

Whenever there is a household chore to be done, most husbands go far beyond the call of duty (Carol Gabler in *The Saturday Evening Post*)

A wedding ring may not be as tight as a tourniquet, but it certainly stops the wearer's circulation (*Family Circle*)

Some women know their husbands' stories backwards—and tell them that way (Catherine Clark in *The Saturday Evening Post*)

One reason why girls of today are such live-wires is that they wear so little insulation (South Sioux City *Star*)

She has a beautiful ranch house, but she isn't much of a hand on the range (Clyde McCre in *Columbus Ohio State Journal*)

**Enjoying the Signery:** Sign in a hardware store "We've got it—if we can find it" (Ollie James in *Cincinnati Enquirer*)

On one side of a highway notice board is the inscription:

Road closed—do not enter! The other side reads "Welcome back—stupid!" (Ollie James in *Cincinnati Enquirer*)

Contributions giving source and date, should be addressed to Picturesque Speech Editor The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square London, W1. Payment at our usual rates. Rejected contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.





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*The disastrous delusion that  
through Government support  
"everybody can live at the ex-  
pense of everyone else"*

## SPENDING IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION

*By Henry Hazlitt*

**A** GENERAL delusion has taken hold of the overwhelming majority of our rulers. This delusion has been given what seems to me its most appropriate name by the economist Wilhelm Roepke. "When demanding assistance from the state," he wrote, "people forget that it is a demand upon the other citizens merely passed on through the government, but believe they are making a demand upon a sort of Fourth Dimension which is supposed to be able to supply the wants of all and sundry to their hearts' content without any individual person having to bear the burden."

The delusion is really very old. "The state," wrote the French economist, Frédéric Bastiat, a century ago, "is the great fiction through which everyone attempts to live at the expense of everyone else." And in 1842 Macaulay

declared "It is supposed by many that our rulers possess, somewhere or other an inexhaustible storehouse of all the necessities and conveniences of life, and, from mere hardheartedness, refuse to distribute the contents among the poor."

This delusion thrives today as never before. The tacit assumption is made that an increase in Government spending will meet more of our total needs than were met before. But this comes from overlooking the obvious fact that the Government has not a dollar to spend on anybody that it does not take from somebody else. When one section of the population says, "We demand that the Government should pay for us," it is really saying, "We demand that other people should pay for us."

The net result of this process is that, instead of meeting more of the

people's needs than otherwise, we actually meet fewer. For every additional dollar that the Government spends, the taxpayers have one dollar less to spend. The situation is worse than this. Taxation erodes the incentives to produce and earn. It penalizes success. In the end it meets fewer real needs than before. People spend the money they themselves earn on what they themselves really want. The Government

spends money not on what the rest of us want but on what our paternalistic bureaucrats think is good for us. In the process, the dollar you have paid in taxes shrinks considerably because of the excessive costs of governmental administration.

The delusion of an economic Fourth Dimension flourishes not merely through stupidity, but because there is now an enormous vested interest in keeping it alive.

### *The Night Niagara Falls Stopped*

ON THE NIGHT of March 29, 1848, Niagara Falls stopped completely unheliked, unassisted and unbelievably. As the rapids dwindled and the falls disappeared, silence flooded the surrounding countryside so overwhelmingly that it woke sleeping people and brought them to their doors, frightened by a phenomenon they couldn't identify. As the realization came that the falls had stopped, they snatched up clothing and ran to the river. There, the flare of torches showed stretches of mud and boulders gleaming nakedly between scattered pools of black water.

By the next afternoon spectators lined the river banks, exploring the exposed river bed and turning up ancient tomahawks and other implements of Indian warfare. A detachment of cavalry rode across the river bed, and people walked dryshod from shore to shore.

While the matter of fact looked for a scientific explanation for the phenomenon, the superstitious regarded it as an ominous portent. Night fall found most of the churches jammed with people praying or talking in frightened voices about the end of the world. Fear began to assume the proportions of panic.

And then from up the river bed came a low growling, spreading out and reaching forward until the earth and air seemed to tremble and vibrate. In an unbroken wall of water, the torrent of Niagara surged forward to crash over the brink of the falls. Again the familiar roar filled the air, and faces that had been white and strained softened, and fingers clenched in fear relaxed.

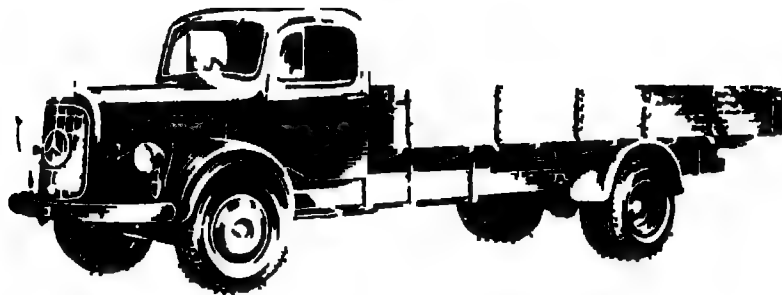
The explanation came later. During the day of March 29 a heavy wind had started the Lake Erie ice field in motion and tons of ice jammed at the river's entrance, damming the river for almost 30 hours till the ice shifted and the dam broke up.

—Edgar Smith in *Maclean's Magazine*

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# Self-Starters:

ALBERT TASKER,  
*father of modern U S advertising*



My first job after I left school in Galveston, Texas, in 1896 was as a reporter on the Galveston *Morning News*. One day

I read in our rival paper that Eugene Debs, a notorious labour agitator who was to become a Socialist candidate for the U.S. Presidency, was in town and staying at a certain boarding house. The rival paper commented that he had refused to allow himself to be interviewed.

I waited until it was dark, then called on a friend of mine who managed the local telegraph office, and borrowed a complete messenger's outfit of hat, coat and receipt book. I then went to the boarding-house and knocked loudly at the front door. When a man opened the door I shouted, hoping the whole house would hear me, "I have a telegram for Mr. Eugene Debs!"

The man said, "Give it to me and I'll sign for it."

I'd seen Debs's picture in the

papers and I knew this man wasn't Debs, so I said, "No, I can deliver this only to Mr. Debs."

Suddenly a door opened just off the entrance, and out stepped Mr. Debs. I delivered the telegram to him, and he read the following:

I AM NOT A MESSENGER BOY. I AM A YOUNG NEWSPAPER REPORTER. YOU HAVE TO GIVE A FIRST INTERVIEW TO SOME BODY. WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT TO ME? IT WILL START ME ON MY CAREER.

That so amused Debs that he gave me the interview. My story in the *News* next morning scooped our rival, and I received a \$200 bonus.

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS,  
*world famous explorer*



FROM EARLY boyhood when I roamed the fields and hills of our southern Wisconsin home I always intended to be a naturalist and explorer. By the time I entered university I had taught myself taxidermy, and I managed to pay most of my way through the course by mounting birds and animals.

My ambition was to join the staff of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and just

before graduation in 1906 I wrote to Doctor Bumpus, the director. He replied that no position in the museum was open, that if I were in New York he would be glad to see me—but, of course, not to come unless I had other business in the city.

That was quite enough for me. A week after graduation I was on my way to New York with \$30 in my pocket and two days' luncheon in a shoebox. And, at 11 o'clock on July 6, 1906, I confronted the majestic façade of the American Museum of Natural History.

I was soon admitted to the director's office. Years later, when I myself sat in that same director's chair and young men and women came to see me, obviously frightened half to death, I remembered with a tug at my heart how I felt that day. But Dr. Bumpus couldn't have been more friendly. We talked for some

time—or rather I did, for he only sat there asking questions. At last he said, regretfully, that there wasn't a position of any kind open in the museum.

My heart dropped into my shoes. But I blurted out: "I'm not asking for a position. I just want to *work* here. You have to have someone to clean the floors. Couldn't I do that?"

"A man with a university education," he said, "usually doesn't want to clean floors."

"No," I said, "not just *any* floors. But the museum floors are different. I'll clean them and love it if you'll let me."

His face lighted with a smile. "If that's the way you feel about it, I'll give you a chance. You can start in the Department of Taxidermy at \$40 a month."

—*Beyond Adventure*  
(Duell, Sloan & Pearce; Little, Brown)

### Deft Definitions

**A**CTOR: a guy who, if you ain't talking about him, he ain't listening (Marlon Brando, quoted in *The Observer*) . . . **Producer**: a man who stands at the back of the theatre on the first night and wishes he were dead (Alfred de Liagre, quoted by Gilbert Millstein in *New York Times Magazine*) . . . **Diet**: a short period of starvation preceding a gain of five pounds (John McHenry) . . . **Nepotism**: putting on heirs (Robert Fitch) . . . **University years**: the only holiday a boy gets between his mother and his wife . . . **Hot dog**: the only animal that feeds the hand that bites it (*Farm Journal & Country Gentleman*) . . . **Modern pioneer**: the mother who manages to get through a rainy Saturday with the television set out of order (Balance Sheet) . . . **Tongue twister**: a phrase that gets your tang all tonguelled up (Fred Allen, quoted by Bennett Cerf) . . . **Confusion** is one woman plus one right turn; **excitement** is two women plus one secret; **bedlam** is three women plus one bargain; **chaos** is four women plus one luncheon bill (*Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine*).

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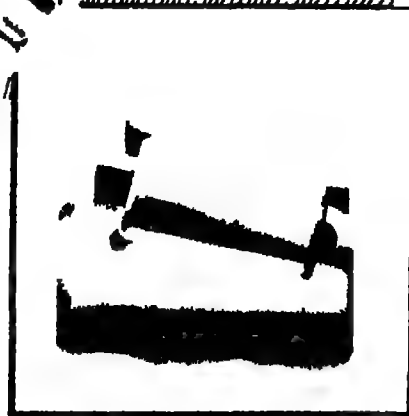
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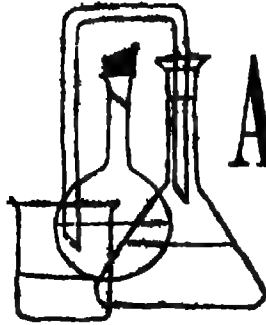
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## *Dr. Meister's "Beautiful School"*

By William Dutton



**A** NEWSPAPER once spoke slightly of the ageing brick building, a relic of horseless-carriage days, that houses the High School of Science in New York's Bronx. Next day this letter was in the editor's post:

"No, we haven't a gorgeous gym, Mr. Editor, or magnificent grounds. But we have the best principal in the United States, the best-liked teaching staff in the city and a spirit that no school can beat. If we had to choose between 'Science' with its broken-down walls and the school with the finest building, our answer without any hesitation would be 'Science,' here we come!"

That was ten years ago. Time

has eased none of the old structure's faults. Yet last year when Principal Morris Meister announced that the school would enrol 800 new pupils, four times as many boys and girls applied for admission.

They faced one of the hardest entrance exams imposed by any secondary school. They knew that if accepted they would have to do more schoolwork than the average secondary school demands, and hold their own in a student body of 2,400 which has a median Intelligence Quotient of

137—probably the highest of any secondary school in the United States.

Throughout the United States only one boy or girl in five has an IQ of 116 or higher, and fewer than one half of one per cent exceed 150. The usual curriculum is geared to the learning pace





of IQ 104, which is the average for secondary schools. The superior student has become today's forgotten youngster.

But Doctor Meister has not forgotten him. He has given 40 years to studying above-average youngsters.

"When the average is the norm," he says, "a kid of IQ 200 (we've had them up to IQ 208 at Science) can be just as much a misfit as a moron, and feel far more unwanted. The too-easy lessons sap incentive. Idleness breeds boredom, or worse: contempt for school, teachers and all authority." By neglect of the gifted, he says, America is squandering a priceless potential in future leaders.

Meister joined others in persuading New York City to found the High School of Science in 1938. The plan was to limit admission to students who had shown a bent for science and capabilities for leadership. They were to be volunteers who had recommendations from their former teachers; from the lot the most promising would be selected. With high aptitude the rule, high accomplishment would become the norm.

The teachers in this school would be guides and counsellors, and no ceiling would be placed over any youngster's ambitions. Emphasis would be on the unknowns yet to be explored, on the world's needs rather than its dead past.

The experiment has been successful. Last year the school's students

won some \$580,000 in university scholarships, topping all U.S. high schools. Ninety-six per cent of its graduates have successfully obtained university degrees, as compared to 14 per cent for the average high school. Furthermore, the school has exploded one fallacy after another.

*Fallacy:* "Children with exceptionally high IQ require special teachers." *Fact:* At Science, teachers are assigned as at any other New York City school—from the common pool. But they can give their maximum; they, like the boys and girls, are not held back by slow-learning pupils.

*Fallacy:* "The gifted child must be pampered." *Fact:* Three high schools in turn abandoned the old building in which Science has held forth for 18 years.

*Fallacy:* "Children with high IQ are puny, bespectacled bookworms." *Fact:* Students of the High School of Science are taller and healthier than the average for their ages. Despite being a year or two younger than their rivals, they compete on even terms with the athletic teams of much bigger high schools; in swimming and tennis they rank among the city's top five; in handball they've been city champions.

I asked a dozen youngsters what they see in Science that they don't see in other schools.

"The students come first," said one boy. "We're consulted; the

teachers credit us with having sense "

"Nobody is a stuffed shirt," said another "Any kid can get a hearing any time "

A 16 year-old girl student added "Maybe outsiders call this place an old dump but to us why, it's beautiful"

To Morris Meister, this latter tribute is gratifying, for it attests the success of an experiment which had its inspiration in his own school days in Gocnitz, Poland. When Morris was small his grandfather ran a school that was renowned for high scholarship and rigid discipline (often enforced by a strap or cane). His grandfather died and his uncle took over as schoolmaster. It was spring and the uncle opened the windows to let the world in, he said. The kids packed books, slates and lunches, and classes were adjourned to the wooded shore of a nearby lake.

"About you is your greatest book," said his uncle.

"All nature was coming to life," Meister recalls, "and I came to life as a student. During the next two years I learned that school *can* be beautiful, and that life itself is the master textbook."

Then his father, a hatmaker moved to New York. They lived on the Lower East Side. Up through the shabby state schools there through City College, Columbia University, degrees, honours and several years of university teaching,

Meister dreamed of establishing a school like his uncle's that would excel in scholarship and also be a happy school. Science would dominate it, for Meister sees the sciences as tested roadways to truth in all realms of life. His aim was to send forth graduates aware that above-average ability entails above-average responsibility to find truth and put it to work.

In accordance with Dr. Meister's principle that the pupils themselves should exercise leadership, the Student Council of 65 elected members is autonomous. It administers scores of non class activities, from the Astronomy Club to the students' non profit retail store and it deals with many matters of discipline.

Most of the pupils at Science come from modest homes and they are of many creeds and races. The one over all requirement is that every student must have a serious purpose and the aptitude and will to attain it.

Each pupil must complete a special project. The noted scientist Dr. Irving Langmuir once visited the school and was amazed by a model that a 16-year old boy had built of the Langmuir Lewis atom, based on a theory that was an extremely complicated one.

Another special project resulted in its author's election as a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of London. New York's Botanical Gardens named a bread mould "HSS" in honour of its discovery in a High School of Science class.

One evening not long ago Mariana Mandl, a pretty 16-year-old pupil, heard her father, a physician, say that outer garments made of nylon, even stockings, are prohibited in a hospital operating room "Nylon produces static electricity," he explained, "which may cause an explosion of the anæsthetic gases."

Mariana wrote to the DuPont Company and others for facts, and learned that the U S Army is keenly concerned about static electricity. Before long she had a project under way to overcome static electricity in nylon, something that chemists had been trying to do ever since nylon was invented.

When I talked with her the project was six months old. Not satisfied with the school's electroscope, by which static electricity is detected, she had built her own. By her tests it is 75 per cent more efficient than the school's instrument. She said she had succeeded in keeping nylon fabrics static-free three to five times longer than the usual commercial processes do. Her findings are now being evaluated by established laboratories.

In the life of a school, 18 years is a brief period in which to prove its

worth, but Principal Meister\* and his staff can now count real returns. Of 1,500 Regents college scholarships offered to New York City by the State of New York last year, Science graduates won 265, far more than any other high school. Among the thousands of contenders in the annual Science Talent Search in the United States they have won 18 major scholarships and 90 honourable mentions. A survey of 1,400 graduates who have been away from Science eight years or more shows that 70 per cent have taken post-graduate work in the scientific professions, two thirds hold honorary awards for scholarship, 25 per cent have published articles or books. Yet half of the careers have been interrupted by military service.

Recently New York City decided that its High School of Science had grown up, and plans are now being made to erect a new building on another site for an estimated seven million dollars. There is to be no change, Meister says, in the character of the student body. And the present aim will live on. "To make each class a laboratory for finding out facts, for testing ideas and for learning by doing."



*T*HE DOCTRINE of human equality reposes on this—that there is no man really clever who has not found that he is stupid. There is no big man who has not felt small. Some men never feel small, but these are the few men who are

—G. K. Chesterton *A Miscellany of Men*

BOOK SECTION

# DELIVER US FROM EVIL

*Condensed from the book*

BY THOMAS DOOLEY

*Lieutenant, Medical Corps, U S Navy*

*Deliver Us From Evil* is the story of an extraordinary rescue operation in turbulent, hostile North Viet Nam. Through the tireless work of Lieutenant Tom Dooley's small U.S. Navy unit in a huge refugee camp, under arduous and challenging circumstances, thousands upon thousands of refugees were helped in their desperate march to freedom. Dooley tells his story with an engaging, unaffected simplicity that is the hallmark of sincerity.

the U.S.S. *Montague* AKA 98, for amphibious exercises. The duty seemed likely to be so brief that I allowed a nurse in Yokosuka to drive my new convertible while I was gone, and told my room-mate he could wear my best civilian suit. When I got back to Japan, 11 months later, there were 20,000 additional miles on the convertible's speedometer. As for the new suit—well, I couldn't have worn it anyway; I had lost four of my former 12 stone.

For a couple of weeks the amphibious exercises had us scrambling down landing nets and storming the sweltering beaches of the Philippines. But on August 12 Task Force 90 was ordered to "proceed to Haiphong, North Viet Nam, anchor in stream and await instructions."

We could only guess the nature of the job before us. Viet Nam, of course, suggested the latest tragedy in the Red engulfment of Asia—the fall of the fortress at Dien Bien Phu, and the partitioning of yet another country.

The *Montague* was the first American ship to glide into the Baie d'Along. Soon other ships dropped anchor behind us. The historic "Passage to Freedom" was getting under way.

Beyond the bay lay the city of Haiphong, chief port on the Tonkin delta and then the last enclave of freedom in North Viet Nam. I stood on deck gazing at the distant, mysterious shoreline, wondering about

our prospective human cargo.

Then I heard a shout, and saw the men pointing to a small craft heading towards us, bobbing like a little cork on the rough waters of the bay. We identified it as a French LCT. Such craft are designed to carry four or five tanks and a few dozen men; but when at last this one pulled alongside the *Montague*, I looked down with horror. Huddled there on the open decks, drenched by the sea and exposed to the cruel sun, were at least 1,000 human beings, many of them babies.

The adults had children on their backs and by the hand, and even the older children were carrying babies. Across their shoulders they carried balance poles with shallow baskets at either end. There they had their meagre belongings—clothing, rice bowls, heirlooms and, invariably, a crucifix.

With the help of a French-speaking priest and the elders (whom we called mandarins), we tried to make the ship's rules known; then we herded the people aboard. As I watched them pass, I had to struggle to control the terrible nausea within me. They were filthy, scabrous or covered with open sores. Many bore the disfigurements of inhuman treatment. From a dimly remembered course in tropical medicine I was able to recognize symptoms that said I had a great deal of work ahead of me.

But what struck me most was the look of fear, terror and hostility in

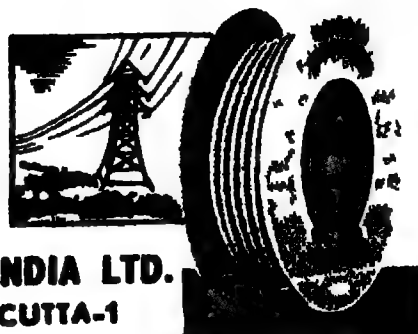


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the eyes of everyone, young and old  
These people were mortally afraid  
—of us!

### Master-Touch of Evil

The LCT brought another load and the embarkation was complete. The 'Ready to Get Under Way' reports went to the skipper and the *Montague* headed south. I immediately organized sick parade. It ran almost continuously thereafter until we reached Saigon three days later.

Doctor Dooley now learned at first hand about diseases that had escaped him at the medical school. On the first day I isolated ten cases of smallpox. I saw yaws, leprosy, beri-beri, elephantiasis, skin syphilis, and one case we mentioned only in a whisper—cholera.

In the *Montague's* sick bay I unearthed the secret behind the fear and hostility in the people's eyes. The priests and the mandarins, who had stood watching me for hours, finally told the story. These people were the victims of a master stroke of Communist evil—a fiendishly clever propaganda barrage.

The Vietnamese in the north had been conditioned to believe that to go south was sheer folly—suicide or even worse. They were told that the Americans—even more than the despised French—were inhuman monsters. The mandarins reached into their sleeves and drew forth the evidence—a number of leaflets that purported to describe what would happen to those refugees who

took the "Passage to Freedom."

There were never more than five or six words on a sheet, but the skilfully drawn pictures conveyed the idea perfectly. One picture showed a group of American sailors squatting round a fire cooking a Vietnamese baby on a spit. Another showed American Naval officers at the foot of a gangplank checking off Vietnamese girls for the brothels of Saigon. There was even a picture of a U.S. Navy doctor vaccinating the people with deadly germs. But the prize was a graphic drawing of an LST type ship that carried its passengers far out to sea, then opened its giant maw and spewed them overboard.

Now the mandarins shook their heads solemnly over the enormity of these lies and apologized that the people had believed them. They promised to work diligently to correct or dispel the groundless fears.

When we reached Saigon we helped the passengers to gather up their babies and bundles and prepare for the next stage of the journey into the unknown. They were still a sad lot, but somehow they seemed cleaner, brighter, braver than when they came aboard. Their bundles were heavier with all the extra rice, bread and flour that the sailors had purloined from the galley. And what a joy it was to see a Vietnamese mother pat a young sailor and say, "Tol Lam"—Very nice.

We had transported 2,061 people. There were two deaths, two burials.

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at sea Dr Dooley had officiated at four births, mothers and babies all doing well—including one little chap who faces life burdened with the name dreamed up by his proud parents Thinh Van Montaguc AKA 98 Ngham

Before turning in, I stood on deck congratulating myself on being a U S Navy doctor Dooley I said, you've seen and done things that are out of this world You'll never have another experience to top this one in your whole life time '

That's what I thought!

### Dr. Dooley "Volunteers"

We returned to Haiphong picked up another load of refugees and made another and no less harrowing round trip—which was to be my last By now the anchorage in the Baie d'Along was filled with ships And one day I was invited aboard a newly arrived transport to give a sanitation briefing While on deck I heard the ship's captain yelling orders in English to a French landing craft alongside The French coxswain obviously knew no English and the situation was beautifully fouled up I speak French, so I decided to go to the bridge and make myself useful

The skipper glared at me "Later, doctor! Can't you see I'm busy?"

I cleared my throat 'Beg pardon, sir, but—'

"But, nothing! I told you—later!"

There was fire in his eye "Captain," I said plaintively, "I speak

French Thought I might help "

"Hell's bells, why didn't you say so?" he roared 'Tell that idiot to pull away and come alongside Chinese fashion "

I shouted the orders in French, and the landing craft came round smoothly with its bow to the transport's stern I got a grateful salute from the Frenchman and a gruff thank you from the skipper But as I left the bridge I noticed the calculating predatory look in his eye

That started it Word got around that young Dooley could speak French like a native Soon I was performing all sorts of extra duties that had nothing to do with the practice of medicine Then I was ordered aboard the flagship to report to Captain James Grindell, Force Medical Officer of Task Force 90

Captain Grindell said he was organizing a Preventive Medicine and Sanitation unit to be based in the port city of Haiphong The place was inundated with refugees, and would soon be infested with all sorts of diseases, including the more exotic tropical varieties The local population would be exposed to plagues and epidemics, but even more serious, there was a strong likelihood of the diseases spreading to the city of Saigon in the south where we were depositing our uprooted humanity

Then Captain Grindell put his cards on the table

"Dr Dooley," he said, "I'm considering attaching you to this unit as

a medical officer and—er— well, as a sort of interpreter, let's say You understand, of course, that this is a voluntary duty Strictly voluntary So make up your own mind "

When a captain who is speaking for the Admiral says that he is considering" a junior lieutenant for something, the lieutenant doesn't have to think too long I volunteered '

Bright and early next morning I went aboard the flagship and met the four officers of the newly minted Preventive Medicine unit to be commanded by Captain Julius Amberson Captain Grindell read the orders, which said among other things, that we were "to provide humanitarian care and medical attention for the refugees as they came within the orbit of our operations ' Even at the time I wondered if we weren't a rather small company for such an ambitious undertaking But I still didn't suspect that the ' humanitarian care and medical attention' of half a million refugees would soon become my responsibility alone

"All right gentlemen, that's it ' Captain Grindell concluded 'Lots of luck to you "

We picked up our light kits (how light, O Lord!) and went ashore

### Haiphong

Haiphong greeted us with heat, faded grandeur and a mélange of odours that smelt like the quintessence of all Asia Unlike most port

cities, it presents its best aspects on the waterfront, with beautiful modern wharves and warehouses But after you pass a block or two of gracious homes and parks, the town degenerates rapidly into bazaars, flea markets and indescribable squalor

Normally, the population was less than 100 000 When we arrived late in August 1954 it had been doubled at least by the grey tides of refugees sweeping into the city They sprawled in the streets, gutters and alleys and covered the park like swarming ant heaps Through this filth and confusion moved detachments of French sailors and Foreign Legionnaires, busily evacuating French military and civilian property from the doomed city

We reconnoitred Haiphong's two hotels, the Paris and the Continental One was as bad as the other, so we settled at the Continental in barnlike rooms furnished with faded upholstery and decrepit beds covered with mosquito netting The place was infested with fighting cockroaches and rats that looked big enough to saddle

Outside the hotel I had my first encounter with the only really engaging thing about Haiphong—the shoeshine boys They were filthy, ragged, amusing little beggars, and accomplished thieves, who travelled through the town in small herds and slept on the street corners at night Somehow we became fast friends On that first day someone swiped a

camera from my room, next morning I merely mentioned it to the shoeshine boys, and by nightfall the camera was returned, as mysteriously as it had disappeared.

While trying to shine my rough combat boots (with a dozen critics telling the shiner how the job should be done), they taught me my first phrases of Vietnamese—a simple, monosyllabic language which I soon spoke fairly well. They tried to pronounce my ridiculous name, but soon gave up. So it was the shoeshine boys who first called me *Bac Sy My* (American Navy Doctor) which henceforth was to be my Vietnamese name.

Later when things got really rough, these ragged urchins became my dependable corps of volunteers, sleeping in the hotel corridor outside my door or fending for themselves in our camp, always ready to do my bidding as scouts, couriers and rascals of mercy. During the last days of Haiphong, one of my friends watched these eager beavers operating and named them the "little dooleys." I felt deeply honoured.

### Building the Camp

Under the terms of the Geneva treaty which ended the Indo-Chinese War six weeks earlier, Viet Nam had been divided at the Seventeenth Parallel into two "temporary zones of political influence" until things could be settled by a national plebiscite which was scheduled for July, 1956. Meanwhile,

the southern half, population ten million, was to be ruled by the national government in Saigon, and the northern half, population 12 million, controlled by the Viet Minh Communists under the leadership of Ho Chi Minh.

An important clause in the cease-fire agreement provided that a crescent-shaped area round Haiphong at the mouth of the Tonkin delta was to remain an "open zone to both parties." This was to serve as a staging area for the evacuation of those people in the north who preferred exile in South Viet Nam to life under the Communists. The agreement was that these people were not only to be *allowed* but *assisted* to move south and a mixed neutral commission, composed of representatives of Canada, Poland and India, was created to supervise the evacuation.

But this small "open zone" round Haiphong was scheduled to shrink gradually, and on specified dates, until in the middle of May, 1955, the entire area, including the city of Haiphong, would be in the hands of the Communists. Obviously, this was a tricky arrangement—just how tricky we would soon learn.

On our second day in Haiphong, Captain Amberson called me in and tossed a sheaf of notes and sketches at me. "Dooley," he said, "your job will be to build refugee camps. That's the general idea. Now get going. And don't bother me about the details." \*



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"Aye, aye, sir," I said. But at that moment I didn't know the difference between a refugee camp and a summer playground for girls.

There was no suitable place in Haiphong for a refugee camp, but I found a reasonably good spot about four miles from town, on the road leading to Hanoi. We rounded up a gang of coolies and had them clear the area and dig drainage ditches to keep the place from floating away in the monsoon season. Then I yelled for tents and supplies.

I committed a few prize boners—which Captain Amberson caught in time—like locating the latrine area on the windward side, and putting the water-purifying machinery too near the paddies the people used for other purposes. But we made amazing headway. Only a few days after we had asked for them, 150 tents were flown from Japan—250 prudently thrown in as spares.

These were U.S. Army 60-man tents, but we made each one accommodate 120 refugees. I set them up in rows of 12, with drainage ditches on all four sides of each tent. The first row I reserved for my hospital area: a tent for sick parade, a "nursery" for newborn babies, several supply tents, and five or six tents for sick patients. I also set aside one tent for the elders, or mandarins, who would act as camp leaders.

Beyond the last row of tents was the latrine area—and 12,000 people can present an enormous problem of daily waste-disposal. In spite of

regular spraying and oil burning, the tents nearest the latrines quickly became uninhabitable. So I devised the system of regularly moving my hospital area forward and shifting the last row of tents to the front of the camp. In this way my camps literally "walked" towards Haiphong. Later, as the Viet Minh perimeter closed in around us, it was always my latrine area that I surrendered to the Communists.

If medals could be awarded to machines, I would recommend the highest honours for our water-purifying equipment. We had to produce 15,000 gallons of drinking water every day; and that brave little unit ran for nearly 300 days with a minimum of faltering. The water was drawn from a rice paddy, passed through a sand filter and two chemical feed tanks, and finally through a chlorination apparatus before passing into the big 3,000-gallon rubber storage tank. The refugees drank this water with obvious distaste. They much preferred the typhoid flavour of the water in the paddies.

I considered the water machinery a mechanical mystery, to be admired from a distance. Whenever something went wrong I gave Boatswain's Mate Baker my jeep and a packet of cigarettes, and in the voice of command I had learned from Captain Amberson I'd say: "Baker, get that damn thing fixed—and don't bother me with the details!"

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Hours later Baker would return with a couple of Legionnaires, all full of cheap brandy and smoking American cigarettes. I never knew where the Frenchmen or the spare parts came from, but the machine always became as good as new.

### **On Being an Eager Beaver**

We processed and evacuated the refugees as quickly as we could. But new refugees kept streaming in, and sometimes we had as many as 14,000. Our primary job was to delouse, vaccinate and inoculate, and to screen out those who had communicable diseases. But there was more to it than that. At the sick-parade tent I was seeing 300 or 400 people desperately in need of medical treatment every day. What was I to do? Leave them in the camp to sicken and die? Send them back behind the Bamboo Curtain?

There is a Service motto which says (approximately) that a man should keep his mouth shut, his internal system in order, and *never* volunteer. Fortunately, this is a rule seldom observed when things get tough. In my own case, the breach is widened by an Irish temperament that makes me stick my neck out.

"Doctor," I said to Captain Amberson, "we've got to do something for these sick people. We can't turn back a woman and child to the Communists just because the kid has, say, smallpox. We've got to treat the disease so that the family can get aboard ship."

He looked at me wearily, but with obvious understanding. As a doctor he agreed with me, but he just felt sorry for a young eager beaver who thought he could overcome every problem in sight.

"All right, Dooley," he said. "Do the best you can."

So we stepped up sick parade, and I even enlarged my hospital tent for surgery. My enlisted men—some, like Baker, without previous training as medical orderlies—learned to spot yaws at ten paces, and they washed hideous sores, changed dressings and slapped on ointments as if they had been doing it all their lives.

I began treating dysentery, cholera, smallpox, typhoid, trachoma, worm infestations, fungus and rat bites. But soon I was almost floored by the surgical problems of traumatic injuries induced by fiendish torture.

For the kind of job I had undertaken I needed drugs and dressings and surgical equipment enough to stock a good-sized hospital. I had no authority to requisition the Navy for my needs, nor did the Navy, in the circumstances, have the authority to supply them. But there's always a way of doing things, and the Dooleys have never been cursed with false pride.

### **With Hat in Hand**

I got what I could from the FOA by the simple expedient of getting the Refugee Committee to make the



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requisition (which was the normal thing) and then turn the supplies over to me. Then we went out to the command ships and transports of Task Force 90 to practise what in the Orient is known as *cumshaw* but in plain English is called scrounging.

Perhaps we played upon the eternal curiosity of men afloat about what goes on ashore. But we had legitimate and hair-raising tales to tell about conditions they were not allowed ashore to see. The result was that each ship gave us what could be spared—a few vials of penicillin, a dozen bottles of vitamin pills, some dressings and bandages. By this means I built up a pretty good pharmacy.

But it still wasn't enough. My needs increased just as the main ships of the task force departed. That's when I stuck my neck out again, and sent Operation Hat-in-Hand back to the United States. I sat down and wrote letters to every pharmaceutical and surgical supply house that had ever sent me circulars or samples. I told them what I was up against, carefully stressing the fact that I was writing as an individual—Tom Dooley, M.D.—and not as an officer of the United States Navy.

Those firms—God bless them!—never paused to investigate. They simply sent me, post haste, what I had asked. One rushed supplies of terramycin, and later sent streptomycin and penicillin. Another sent

me gallons of a liquid vitamin preparation. This was a godsend, for a few drops were enough for a dose. Pan American Airways sent 10,000 bars of soap. I wish I could name all who gave so generously.

### Operation Cockroach

By October Captain Amberson had been recalled to Washington, and Lieutenant-Commander Ed Gleason, a field sanitation expert, and the other officers had finished their duties and departed. Now I was the only remaining officer, with just four enlisted men to help me: Dennis Shepard, Peter Kessey, big Ed Maugre and stout-hearted Norman Baker, who was to be with me to the bitter end.

Daily I expected new brass hats to arrive and take over, but no one came. Much later I learned what had happened. Captain Amberson had said to Rear-Admiral Lorenzo Sabin, the commander of Task Force 90: "The situation in Hai-phong is pretty sticky, and the fewer men we have ashore the better. Young Dooley has the situation well in hand, and can carry on."

Sure enough, in mid-October orders came through designating me "Commander, Task Unit 90.8.6." I was pretty proud of my command until Communications advised us that, for security reasons, we would be known thereafter as Operation Cockroach!

There wasn't time to brood about this affront, however. The refugee

horde pouring into Haiphong was increasing daily, and as the perimeter tightened, the people came through weaker and more diseased, and showing greater evidence of atrocities. The cease-fire guarantee of free and unmolested passage was now clearly a farce.

Still, the refugees didn't come hailing us as their deliverers. They were fearful, suspicious and sometimes hostile. We had to win them over. Sickness and suffering forced them to seek the hospital tents, so that I was kept busy from dawn to long after dark. But it was like operating in an amphitheatre, for crowds gathered and watched every move I made. They wanted to see if I poisoned or mutilated people, as the Communists said.

Baker and I took some beatings at the hands of these misguided and hysterical people. But, remembering the importance of "face" in the Orient, we were always careful to take up where we left off.

One day a woman brought me a baby whose body was covered with ulcers. Yaw ulcers respond miraculously to penicillin. I gave this infant a shot in the buttocks and told the mother to bring it back next day.

A few hours later I heard shouts and curses and saw the woman holding the baby aloft for the people to see. Here was proof that I was an American murderer! The child had reacted to penicillin with an angry-looking—but harmless—case of hives!

The distraught mother was in no mood for explanations. She handed her baby to a bystander, grabbed a pole and called up a dozen sympathizers. When my orderlies rescued me at last, I had three broken ribs, two black eyes and a lot of miscellaneous bruises.

Next day, with the whole camp watching, I went to the woman's tent alone and unarmed. As I expected, the hives had disappeared, and the ulcers were healing nicely. The woman burst into tears and fell at my feet begging forgiveness. She remained in the camp for weeks, serving as one of my helpers at sick parade, always eager to exhibit her nice clean baby. The effect on the other refugees was worth much more than a couple of fractured ribs.

### Wrath of the Godless

As the weeks passed I found myself increasingly puzzled, not only by the growing number but by the *character* of Communist atrocities. They seemed almost to have a religious significance. I was accustomed by now to patching up emaculated men, and women whose breasts had been mutilated, and even little children without fingers or hands. But more and more I was learning that these punishments were linked to the refugees' belief in God.

One night the shoeshine boys came, as they did so often, to inform me that I was needed in a little village near the Bamboo Curtain. We

drove about ten miles in the truck, and then they led me to a straw hut. Inside, by the light from a paraffin lamp, I saw an elderly couple and several children kneeling in prayer.

Then I saw a man lying on a bamboo stretcher, writhing in agony, his lips moving in silent prayer. When I pulled away the dirty blanket I found that his body was a mass of blackened flesh from the shoulders to the knees. The belly was hard and distended, and the scrotum swollen to the size of a football. I gave him a shot of morphine, and inserted a large needle in the scrotum in an attempt to draw off some of the fluid.

The old woman said the man was her brother, a Catholic priest, from a little town now within Communist territory. The Viet Minh had told him he could hold only one Mass daily, at 6 a.m.—the hour when everyone had to gather in the village square for a daily lecture on the "New Life." When he persisted in saying Mass secretly at night, the Communists decided that he needed re-education.

They hung him by his feet from the rafters of the church, so that his hands barely touched the floor, and beat him with bamboo rods, concentrating on the genitalia. How long this went on he couldn't remember. But early the next morning the altar boys found him hanging there and cut him down.

They lashed together an arrangement of bamboo poles that could be carried as a litter and floated as a

raft. They hid the old priest near the river bank. Then, after dark, they swam downstream towing the raft, and carried him to his sister's hut in the still-free zone.

Miraculously, he survived the ordeal and for a time served as a chaplain of our camp.

On another gruesome day there came to my hospital tent seven little boys and an emaciated young man who was barely conscious. The children looked like ghostly apparitions. Thick pus was running from their ears. Two of them still had queer-looking things protruding from their heads, *Chopsticks!*

We pieced together the story. The young man was a schoolteacher. The Communists had caught him leading his class in the Lord's Prayer. They made him repeat it for them, line by line, and made a mockery of the words.

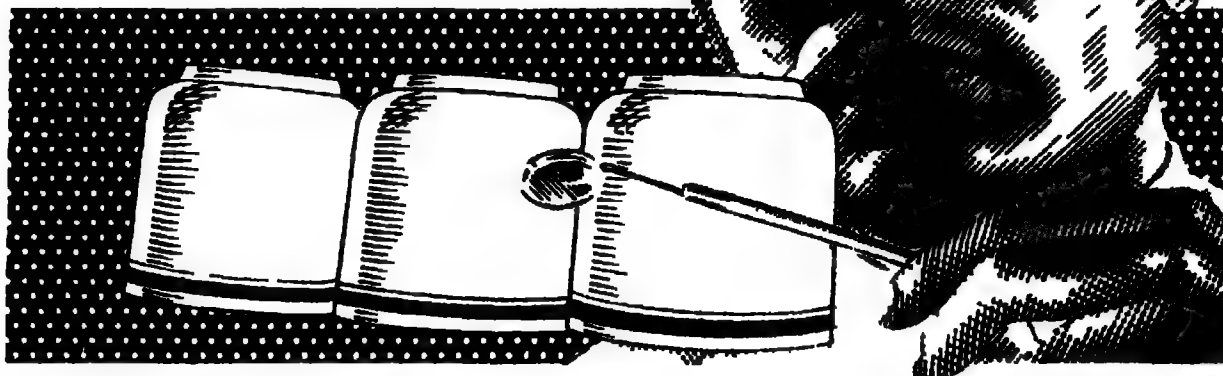
"Give us this day our daily bread . . ." Then they said to the children: "Who gives you bread? God? No! The State!" When the lesson was ended, they led the class into the school yard and taught the pupils a different kind of lesson.

Two Viet Minh guards held a child by the arms, and another grasped his head. Then the leader rammed a chopstick deep into each ear, splitting the canal and shattering the inner ear. When all seven children had been "treated," the guards turned to the teacher. They drew out his tongue with pincers and sawed it off with a blunt bayonet.

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Somehow five of the children had managed to remove the chopsticks from their heads. I had to use an anæsthetic before doing the job on the other two. There was little I could do for them but control the infection. The young teacher presented a greater problem. He had lost a great deal of blood and needed a transfusion, but I hadn't the equipment for it. I was able, however, to draw together the edges of his tongue stump and patch it up. Penicillin and the hand of God took care of the rest.

The eight survived—one young man who would never again pray aloud, and seven children who would hear the Word of God only in their hearts.

### **Mother of a Thousand**

When my spirits were unusually low, I would get into my jeep after sundown and drive into Haiphong to the An Lac (Peace) Orphanage, where there was always laughter

Usually there would be other guests for dinner—the French admiral, a few officers of the Foreign Legion or some Haiphong dignitary. But all observed two rules of the house: (1) you ate what was set before you, always a Vietnamese menu, which might consist of fish heads, bat-wing soup, a paste made of sparrows' eyes, or raw pork mixed in ancient fish oil; and (2) you never mentioned war or politics. The latter rule was rigidly enforced by our hostess, Madame Vu Thi Ngai—

**Mother of a Thousand Children.**

Madame Ngai was one of the most remarkable women I shall ever meet. She must have been in her 60's; but with her jet-black hair (dyed), fine-textured skin, wide-set black eyes and beautiful white teeth, she could easily pass as a fashionable 40. She was a big, beautifully proportioned woman, and her ample bosom seemed always to be shaking with laughter.

I became even more devoted to Madame Ngai when I learned her story. She had been a woman of great wealth, with a beautiful home and much land in Thanh Hoa, in southern Tonkin. But Thanh Hoa was one of the first towns ravaged by the Viet Minh in 1946. Madame Ngai's husband was killed, and her home partially destroyed.

She went through Thanh Hoa gathering up waifs and orphans, and brought them to her home—the nucleus of the An Lac Orphanage. When the Viet Minh came a second time, Madame Ngai gathered up her brood and fled to Nam Dinh, perhaps 50 miles away. She had only her jewellery and some blocks of gold leaf. But she bought another house in Nam Dinh for her orphans by now she had 600!

During the next six years the An Lac Orphanage was to move five times, from town to town, always a few days ahead of the Communists, until Madame Ngai and company reached Haiphong in 1954. By this time the jewellery was gone, and the

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hoard of gold leaf was perilously low; but she acquired a house big enough to accommodate her orphans. The first time I made a count, in the summer of 1954, they numbered 1,089.

### A Leg for Lovely Lia

After dinner, while the Frenchmen regaled their hostess with tall stories, I would take my bag and make the rounds of the An Lac Orphanage. There was enough disease and infirmity among these kids to give a man a complete course in pædiatrics, and my visits were busy ones. But there was always time for play, particularly with a favourite pal of mine, little Nguyen.

No one knew Nguyen's last name: he was an abandoned infant when Madame Ngai plucked him from a roadside, and now he was five. But tuberculosis of the spine had made him one of the most misshapen hunchbacks I've ever seen. He could barely waddle about. He couldn't sit at all, and had to take his meals lying down. Most of the time he just rolled on the floor, but he was always laughing. I once took him aboard a Navy ship, and when I got him ashore I found that he had swiped three sailor caps and five cigarette lighters!

But my special love was reserved for Lia, one of the "older girls." Since she was now seven, Lia took care of the babies for Madame Ngai, and she looked like a solemn little Oriental doll as she went about her

duties in the nursery. Still, that was pretty hard work for a seven-year-old who had to get about on a rough-hewn crutch. Lia's right leg had been blown off by the land mine that killed both her parents.

When I first visited the orphanage in August, 1954, I examined Lia's stump. It was badly healed, with some raw and granulated patches. With a minor operation I got a good secondary closure. Then I asked Lia if she would work with me patiently to make the stump strong, and she said she would because she loved her *Bac Sy My*. So I taught her how to soak, stretch and exercise it daily, and by Christmas we had a good, functional stump.

Meanwhile, I had written to a surgical-supply house in America, describing the case and giving measurements in detail. But Lia was a growing girl, and what she needed was an adjustable limb that could "grow" with her. That company couldn't fill the bill and consulted another firm. Then the two of them got together and found a third company, in New Jersey, that could produce what we needed.

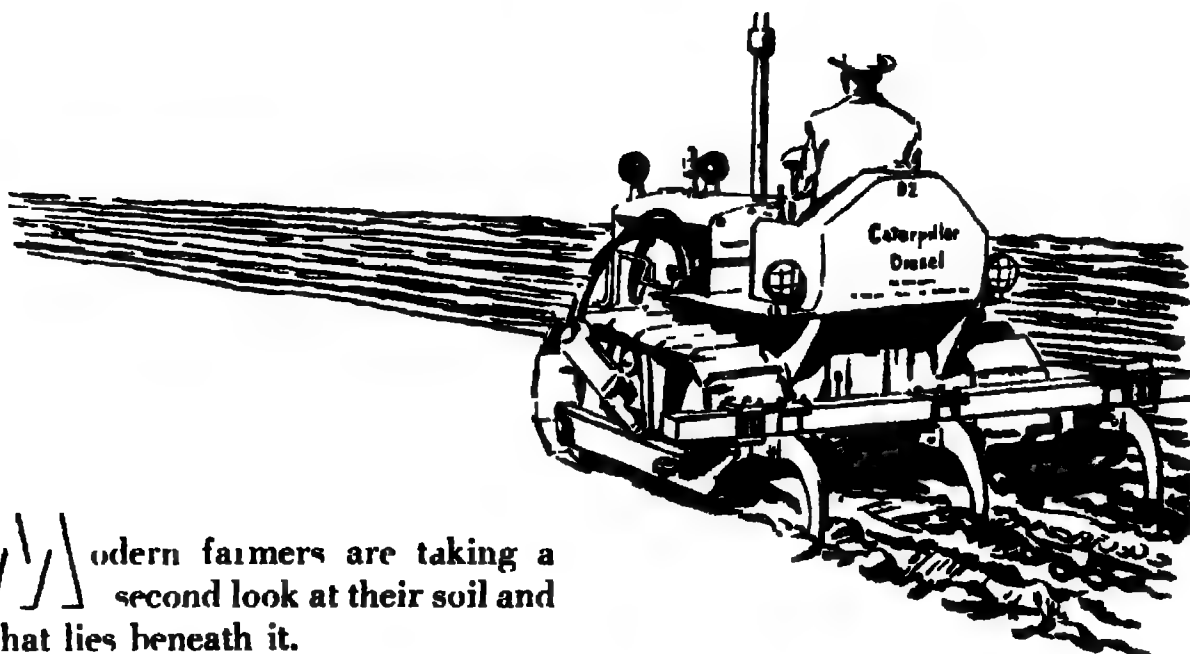
Several months later Lia's American leg arrived in Haiphong. I put it on her and, holding on to my hand, she walked for the first time. She smiled radiantly, and then burst into tears—and Madame Ngai, Boatswain's Mate Baker and I burst into tears too. Everybody was happy.

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And all the time remember the search for more oil is going on for further sources of this most elusive mineral are vital for India's industrial development. All the very latest scientific methods and technical equipment including aeromagnetometers and even helicopters, are being employed. No effort in fact is being spared to reduce India's dependence on oil purchases from abroad.

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wear long black trousers which reach to the ankles; and little Lia was probably the most modest child you could find. But for a week after she got her leg, she refused to wear any pants at all! One night I came to the orphanage late and tiptoed through the rooms to look at two sick children. I found Lia asleep on her bed still wearing the limb.

I woke her. "You must not do this, Lia," I said. "I told you how important it is for you to take care of that stump."

She looked at me with real hurt in her sleepy eyes. "When I sleep," she said, "I do not remove my Vietnamese leg. Why must I take off my American leg?"

Cosmo Invidiato, head of the company which made Lia's leg (free of charge), wrote: "From what I can read between the lines of your letter, conditions must be horrible for the people of that faraway country. It is difficult for us here to understand the sacrifices those people are making and the hardships they are undergoing constantly. Some times we fall to musing on our complete uselessness. Perhaps we should all try a little harder. . . ."

We can never repay Mr. Invidiato. But I did send him a little roll of ciné film showing Lia and her new leg. And Lia says she remembers him in her prayers each night.

### **The Days Get Darker**

I seldom made the four-hour boat trip to the ships in the Baie d'Along

any more. With Viet Minh infiltrators itching for trouble, our launches no longer made the trip after dark; and the daylight hours were my busiest. But the lure of a hot bath and a good meal often seemed irresistible. Once I succumbed and, via my walkie-talkie, requested the command ship's helicopter.

When the skipper asked me what was up, I answered boldly, "Sir, I am in desperate need of a hot bath and a decent meal!" He merely chuckled. The whole task force knew about Dooley's bathing difficulties, having heard about the time I went aboard the flagship and was invited to luncheon by Admiral Sabin.

I was wearing my tattered khaki shirt and trousers, my hands were stained red with merthiolate, and I needed a bath. Nevertheless, with all those high-ranking officers present, the Admiral seated me at the end of the long table, directly facing him. I was obviously flattered, but he brought me up short. "Don't get any ideas, doctor," said the Admiral. "You just smell so bad I want you as far away as possible!"

Now the days were getting darker. I was racked by malaria, and had acquired some intestinal parasites that ate more than I did. I was down to skin and bones, and low in spirits. Many times I determined to take up Admiral Sabin on his monthly offer to send someone to replace me. But in my heart I knew I wanted to see this through to the end.

The street was beginning to get muddy and some of them I could not be reconciled to. One day the school boys informed me that Father Lopez at the Philippine Mission in Haiphong needed me at once. O Lord, I thought, another mutilated priest. But whatever it was I had expected. I had underestimated the mendacious imagination of godless men.

Father Lopez let me into a tiny room off the Mission compound lying on a straw mat with a head of moaning in delirium. His head was covered with foul pus. When I washed it away, I counted eight swollen and badly infected wounds encircling his skull. In this instance Communist education had consisted of tying the priest's hands behind his back and hammering nails into his skull to simulate the Crown of Thorns.

The old man had managed to drag himself to a hut, where the peasants had dislodged the nails and then brought him to Haiphong. I gave him injections of tetanus toxoid and huge doses of penicillin drained the pus pockets and dressed the wounds. He made a remarkable recovery.

But one morning I arrived and found his straw pallet unoccupied. The old priest had disappeared in the night. The note he left for Father Lopez merely said that he had to get back to his flock behind the Bamboo Curtain.

And I remember the day they

brought me a number of young boys who had escaped from the town of Bao Loc, near the China border. The Communists had caught them at the perimeter, but had let them pass after tearing an ear off each young head with pincers.

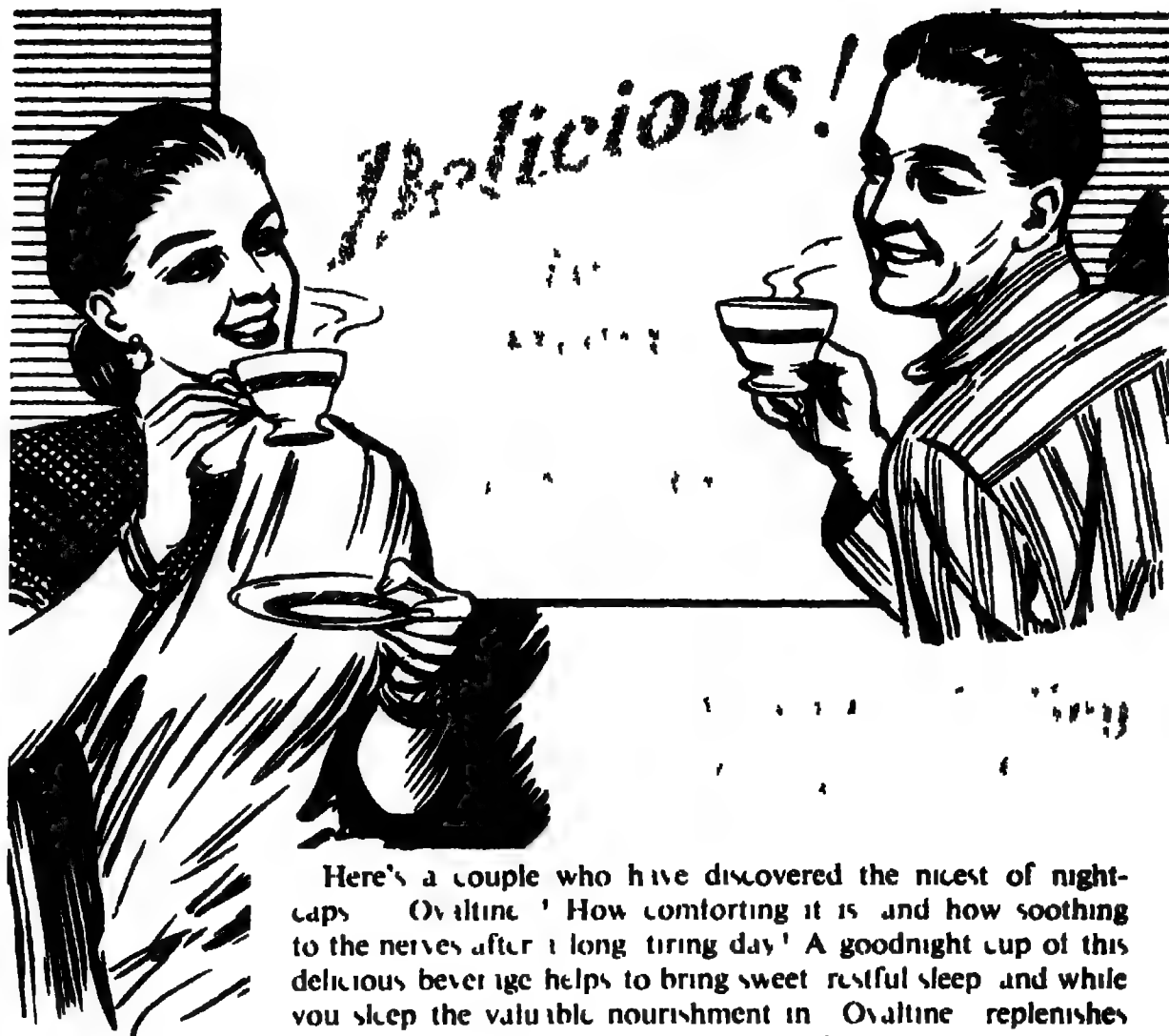
I trimmed the stumps, dissected the surface of the external canal and sutured the skin of the scalp and face. But the tension on the suture line was so great that I knew those ears would always bear hideous scars.

The horror of experiences like these might have been overwhelming but for the fact that there just wasn't time to dwell upon them. All round us things were coming to a slow boil.

### The Little Hero

One morning Captain Jerome Cauvin of the French Navy, who was in charge of patrolling the waters round Haiphong, called to tell me that a seaplane had just sighted several sampans, apparently lashed together, floating mysteriously far out in the Baie d'Along. He was going out on a landing craft. Did I want to go with him?

I joined him on the LSM, and three hours later we reached the sampans. There were 14 of them, and they were adrift under the blinding noon sunlight because none of the 1,000 or more people we found aboard had strength enough left to navigate.



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I clambered from sampan to sampan, examining the most miserable humans I have ever seen. There wasn't much I could do for them just then. They were all green from seasickness, cold and stiff from exposure, their feet and ankles swollen from long immersion, and skin cracked by constant salt spray and blazing sun. We took as many as we could aboard the LSM, and towed the rest back to Haiphong in the sampans.

Captain Cauvin and I found several elders and brought them to the cabin for hot tea. The mandarins told their story in a sad, weary monotone that came to life only when they mentioned the name of Mai Van Thinh, a 12-year-old lad who will always be remembered as the great hero of Cua Lo.

Cua Lo, the old men said, was a little seaside village 300 kilometres south of Haiphong. It had always been a happy place, made fairly prosperous by heavy hauls of fish and good crops from the rich, well-irrigated paddies inland. The people from Cua Lo spoke nostalgically of the French, for, under the French, life had not been so bad.

Then the Communists had taken over Cua Lo, bringing the bright promises of "Viet Minh Nationalism." The mandarins shook their heads sadly. "They gave us land reform, and it brought only famine," an old man said. "They carted away our fish, which we needed for food. They tried to teach us the 'New

Sociology,' which we found meant family denunciations, self-criticism, fear and distrust. Oh, it was very bad."

The people of Cua Lo had only one desire: escape. But the newly appointed Viet Minh commissar was determined to keep them captive, and had acquired a small garrison of Viet Minh guards.

So escape plans were made secretly and passed in whispers. Food and water were smuggled aboard the sampans bit by bit. Finally, a moonless night was set for the departure. There was only one loophole in the plan: someone would have to divert the Viet Minh guards from the waterfront while the people boarded the sampans. That was when little Mai Van Thinh volunteered.

The youngster was the sole survivor of an old Cua Lo family. His mother and father had been killed in the war. His older brother, Cham, denounced by the Viet Minh as the leader of the local Christian Youth Movement, had been tied to a tree, drenched with petrol and burned alive.

Mai offered to remain behind to divert the guards. This was a desperate gamble, but it was Cua Lo's last hope.

On the appointed evening, 1,156 people huddled in the darkness awaiting the signal. Then, on the far side of town, all hell broke loose. Fires started in widely separated places, Mai Van Thinh raced through the village, a screaming



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phantom, with the entire garrison trying to pin him down. And 1,156 men, women and children quietly boarded the sampans and slipped away into the dark. One doesn't like to think about what must have happened to Mai Van Thinh in the end. . . .

The voyage on the open China Sea took five nights and five days. Without navigation instruments, and most of the time without food or water, it was a miracle that these refugees ever reached the waters off Haiphong. But now, down in the well deck of the LSM, there were signs of life. The people were softly singing a hymn. One of the mandarins repeated the words for us: "O Lord, we love the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwells. Provide that our days may be spent in peace with Thee."

### **Evidence from Phat Diem**

As the Communist perimeter closed in round Haiphong, there was no longer any doubt that it was being heavily policed. The only people who reached the evacuation zone were those who *escaped* into it at their peril. The less fortunate were being held captive behind the Bamboo Curtain. All this, of course, was in flagrant violation of the Geneva agreements.

The International Control Commission (known, from its French title, as CIC) was supposed to see that the Geneva terms were carried out. The CIC was genuinely feared

by the Communists. While it had no enforcement powers, it could report violations to Geneva and call upon world opinion. Also, it had mobile teams that could go anywhere, freely and secretly, to investigate conditions. What, then, was wrong?

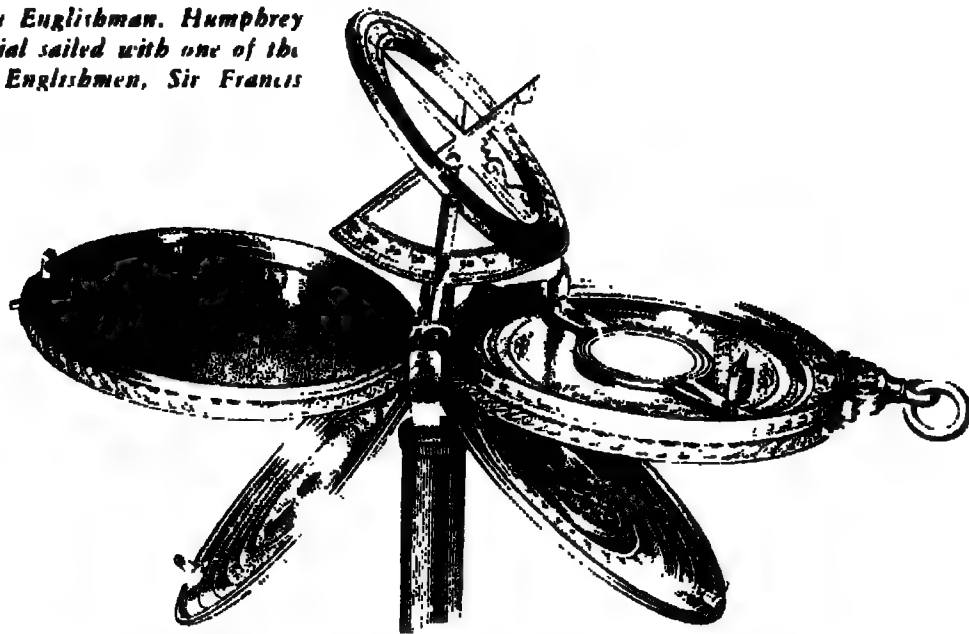
You must remember that the CIC was a "mixed neutral" commission. Canada worked valiantly, but at great disadvantage. India was painfully neutral. Poland, of course, was Communist. And the Poles were past masters of obfuscation.

Many times I sent atrocity cases before the CIC in Haiphong. After hours of wrangling, the hapless refugees would be sent back to camp. The Polish member always demanded impossible proof that the people who committed the atrocities were Communists.

For example, we knew that things were pretty bad in Thai Binh, one of the larger towns of the Tonkin. The CIC mobile team went there, secretly. But somehow a deception was contrived. The team held hearings, and the people gave testimony — under the eyes of their Viet Minh masters. So CIC reported back that all was well in Thai Binh! The people were happy and prosperous, and no one had the slightest interest in the "Passage to Freedom."

Captain Cauvin planned a test case and asked our help. We chose the town of Phat Diem, about 50 miles south of Haiphong, because some of my refugees insisted that at

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least 30,000 people there wanted to escape and couldn't. A few of the strongest, bravest men and women agreed to go back to Phat Diem with this message: "If you want to escape, gather in the churchyard on November 1, the Feast of All Saints. The International Control Commission will visit you there. You will be able to make your declaration, and perhaps gain your freedom."

Meanwhile, Admiral Jean Marie Querville, of the French Navy, Admiral Sabin, of Task Force 90, powerful General "Iron Mike" O'Daniel in Saigon and many French and Vietnamese dignitaries used their influence to ensure that the CIC would be on hand in Phat Diem on the appointed date. But, as always, something went wrong.

People from all over the canton flocked to the church on November 1. But the CIC team just couldn't get there. Admiral Querville offered them his helicopter, although they had two planes of their own. But they couldn't leave that day, nor the next, nor the next.

In Phat Diem the Viet Minh became suspicious of this prolonged mass observance of the holy day. They ordered the people to go home, but the people refused. So the Viet Minh locked the gates, stationed guards and allowed no food or water to be passed into the churchyard.

The siege went on for three days, six, then nine! The people in the church and churchyard grew weaker, the wailing of starving children

pierced the nights. Hunger, thirst, dysentery and worse diseases cut the people down. Finally, on the tenth day, the CIC team arrived in Phat Diem.

A Canadian told me later that even the Poles were appalled by the horror and filth. The CIC took thousands of declarations, and registered a strong protest with the Viet Minh government in Hanoi. The Viet Minh relented—but how!

They set up four offices, capable of processing only a hundred people a day. The first office issued passports. The second sold (!) bus tickets to Haiphong at exorbitant prices. And so it went. Not until November 15 did the first small group leave Phat Diem. The Viet Minh chose a circuitous route to Haiphong. En route the buses "broke down." During the delays lecturers told the people that they were going to French and American atrocity camps.

Some of the people were transferred to sampans and taken up river to Hanoi, the Red capital, there to wait until they could be taken by truck or train to Haiphong. And, more often than not, they learned that their exit permits had "expired" during these interminable delays.

By our final count, about 5,000 people from Phat Diem gained their freedom—out of 35,000 who made the attempt. Yet those 5,000 people owe a debt of gratitude to Captain Cauvin, the gallant Frenchman who

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had the courage and determination to toss the Big Lie back into Communist teeth.

### Goodbye, Little Dooleys

April came, and Haiphong was dying street by street. The tightening Communist perimeter had pushed us almost into the heart of the city. The French troops had left, riots were breaking out and one fear began to haunt us all: that Ho Chi Minh, the Viet Minh leader, might take Haiphong before the appointed hour. The time had come to evacuate the An Lac Orphanage.

Madame Ngai perked up perceptibly when we told her that the American Wives' Club in Saigon had assured the future of the orphanage there. Of course, we fibbed a bit—for there was no assurance of anything in Saigon's future; but the American wives *had* found a building for the children, and we just had to pray that they and their friends at home would somehow make up for the resources Madame Ngai no longer possessed.

So we packed up the orphanage *in toto*—cots, beds, bedding, medicine and toys—and trucked it down to the landing. The children filed aboard the French LSM that would take them out to the U.S.S. *General Brewster*—the babies in the arms of the older girls, under the vigilant eyes of the little mother, Lia; and my carefree pal Nguyen, wearing his white cap cocked over one eye, in the arms of an American sailor.

Madame Ngai was leaving her beloved Tonkin for the first time, forsaking cherished roots and a way of life she would probably never see again. But hope springs eternal. "We Tonkinese are a brave and militant people," she said. "We know the day will come when our country will be liberated from the Viet Minh."

Farewell, noble lady! With women such as you to keep the flame alive, no nation can die; surely there will be a new birth of freedom!

We stood there watching until the LSM was only a dot on the horizon. I have never felt so abysmally alone.

I had one more difficult task to perform. The shoeshine boys had to go. For months they had resisted every argument I put in favour of Saigon. I warned them that the Communists were just as hard on thieves as on honest men, and that life under the Viet Minh would be impossible. They only leered at me, as if to say that, after all this time, I still didn't appreciate their skill as artful dodgers.

What convinced them finally, I think, was the matter of shoes. The idea came to me in a flash one day. "Well," I said, "you might as well throw those kits away. There'll be no more shoeshining when the Viet Minh arrive. Or do you think you can make a shine on canvas shoes?"

It was a telling argument. They looked at each other in dismay. From their frequent forays behind the Bamboo Curtain, they knew that

canvas shoes were standard equipment among the Viet Minh. They let me vaccinate them then, and one April morning Baker and I gave the little dooleys a loaf of bread each and a final delousing, and watched them shoulder their shoeshine kits and sullenly file aboard the landing raft.

### **The Conquerors Come**

The advance guard of the Viet Minh arrived on May 4, according to schedule. It was a "committee of experts," 480 strong! They came in brand-new, Russian-made Molotova trucks, and were impeccably dressed in high-collared grey uniforms, pith helmets and canvas shoes.

The French-speaking leaders were extremely polite and respectful. They urged me to stay on and treat the "true people of Viet Nam." I replied that my job was just about over, and that I expected to be leaving soon.

They sent a delegation out to the camp and gave me a bit of "dialectical materialism."

"When you treat sick people in America," the leader asked, "do you make any distinction between Democrats and Republicans?"

"Certainly not."

"Very well," he said, "there must be no distinction here between capitalistic dupes and the loyal people of Viet Nam."

Then the cheeky so-and-so ordered his men to divide up my pharmaceuticals and surgical supplies—

half for me, and half for the "Democratic Republic" of Viet Nam. And there wasn't a thing I could do about it!

We took down the tents of our camp and moved the last of our refugees into empty buildings in the heart of Haiphong. May 12 was to be our last loading day, which would bring the total number of evacuees above 600,000. On that morning I had my last grisly experience in Haiphong.

A rickshaw driver rushed up with a teen-age boy he had picked up in an alley. Viet Minh guards had seized the lad as he was crossing the line of the demilitarized zone, and stamped their rifle butts on his bare feet. I had no X-ray equipment, but it was obvious that the damage was beyond repair. The feet and ankles felt like moist bags of marbles, and were already gangrenous. I had only a few instruments left, and a little procaine and penicillin. I did the best I could by disarticulating the ankles where they connect with the lower leg. Someone would have to do a more thorough amputation later.

That was my last surgical operation in Haiphong. We got the boy aboard a boat. Then we turned to the job of loading the landing craft with our last 3,600 refugees. They weren't really the last, of course. There were still several million behind the Bamboo Curtain who never had a chance. But we had done the best we could.

On the morning of May 18 we stood by solemnly as General René Cogny hauled down the French flag from the standard where it had flown for nearly a hundred years. Thus an era ended. Haiphong was dead, and awaiting the Red vultures. Operation Cockroach was forgotten in the shambles of Asia.

### A Very Important Person

When we arrived in Saigon, Captain Harry Day, chief of the Navy section of the Military Assistance Advisory Group there, provided me with a hot tub and a tall gin-and-tonic, and gave me all the news from Task Force 90.

Then he said: "We must find you a clean uniform. You're due at the palace tomorrow morning."

Next day the Premier (now President of the Republic), Ngo Dinh Diem, decorated me with the medal of Officier de l'Ordre National de Viet Nam.

I went aboard ship and to sick bay now—this time as a patient. My monthly bout with malaria was on, and I had a temperature of 104. When I reached the hospital in Japan, my colleagues ("Where have you been, Dooley?") were less interested in my medal than in my intestinal parasites, which they said were the most interesting they'd ever seen.

The U.S. Navy awarded me the Legion of Merit, and, after I had been patched up, told me to report to Washington. When I stopped at

Pearl Harbour en route I was taken to the headquarters of Admiral Felix Stump, U.S. Commander in Chief in the Pacific, and asked to brief his staff on my experiences in Viet Nam. Although I had never seen so many brass hats assembled before, I talked for an hour. Then, at the insistence of one of the admirals, I spoke for 30 minutes more about the constructive things we might do in the remaining free areas of South-East Asia. My words may have been brash, but they came from the heart. And I knew they couldn't bust a medical officer any lower than lieutenant, junior grade!

Afterwards, a very spit-and-polish young officer, Ensign Potts (I've changed his name), introduced himself as my "aide." "The Admiral has ordered VIP treatment for you while you're in Pearl Harbour, sir," he said. "I'm supposed to see that you get it."

Ensign Potts baffled me. He saluted me every time I turned round. When we got into "my" staff car, I would invite him to sit with me. "Thank you, sir," he'd say—and climb in with the driver.

Well, if I was a VIP, I would use my VIP privileges. "Mr. Potts," I said, "there's a sailor somewhere in this yard—Norman Baker. I think he's aboard the *Philippine Sea*. Have him in the lobby of the Royal Hawaiian in the morning. Don't mention my name—just 'the Admiral's orders'." Potts gave me an icy stare and said, "Aye, aye, sir."

# FLIT

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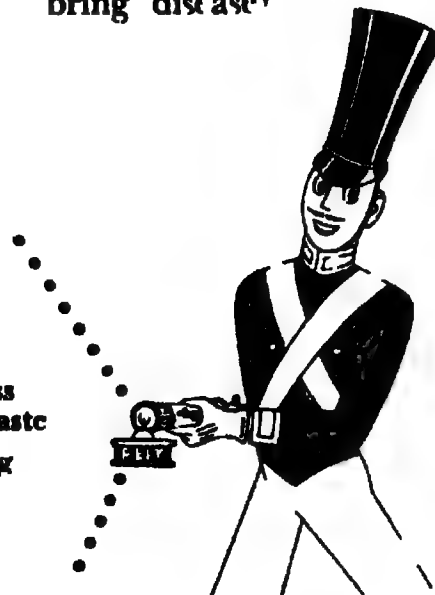
## **Some tips on using FLIT**

**PAY** special attention to corners and crevices where insects lurk — spray generously with FLIT

**KEEP** FLIT away from food — it's harmless to humans, but you wouldn't like the taste

**CLOSE** doors and windows before spraying with FLIT — this gives it a chance to settle

**SPRAY** cupboards and drawers with FLIT — insects live and breed there



**STANDARD-VACUUM OIL COMPANY** (The Liability of the Members of the Company is Limited)

Next morning I was in the lobby waiting for the fun. A bewildered Baker, looking very smart in clean whites, came through the door. "Over here, sailor!" I called. He looked, and then let out a yell. "Eeyow! . . . Dooley . . . beg pardon, Doctor Tom . . . sir—you sure look like hell!" Then we forgot rank and fell on each other's necks.

We enjoyed the best the Royal Hawaiian had to offer that day, and talked for hours about what seemed like the distant past, and about the shoeshine boys and Madame Ngai and Lia and the kids. Then we raised a final glass to an undying friendship. Good old Baker!

Baker was really assigned to me as an interpreter, but he became an excellent medical orderly. Like so many of the 15,000 officers and sailors of Admiral Sabin's task force, Baker was resourceful, steadfast and never ran out of genuine compassion. Some days my Irish personality would have me wallowing in despair. Baker always pulled me back. He would do any job allotted to him, no matter how distasteful. And he would do it well. His sense of humour got him through, and frequently me too. The success of the operation owes much to that boatswain's-mate-become-medical-orderly, Norman Baker.

But Ensign Potts was getting on my nerves. We were on our way to Hickham Air Force Base to get my number for the flight home. "Mr. Potts, get in the back," I said.

"That's an order." He obeyed stiffly.

"Potts, what the hell's wrong with you—or with me?" I asked. "I get along with most people—but you baffle me. What gives?"

"May I speak frankly, sir?"

"Hell's bells, yes!"

He opened up. "Well, I can't go for this hogwash you're handing out," he said. "All this love and altruism and better understanding among people. That's not the Navy's job. We've got military responsibilities in this cockeyed world. Big responsibilities. We've got to perform our duties without sentiment. That's what we've been trained for. Love and kindness and slobbering over people is a job for preachers and old women."

He said a lot more that made me shudder. But at least he got it off his chest. I think we both felt better.

### Reunion in Hawaii

I got my flight number and was pushing my way back through the crowded airport when I heard a high-pitched voice: "*Chao Ong, Bac Sy My!*" (Hi, American Navy Doctor!) Then a pair of strong arms were around me, and a young Vietnamese was blubbing on my shoulder. About two dozen more gathered round and joined in the chorus. I noticed that they were all wearing the uniform of the Vietnamese Air Force.

"Don't you remember me, *Bac Sy My?*"

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Who could remember one from among those half-million faces? Then I noticed—the boy had no left ear! I looked at the others and recognized the hideous scars wrought by Viet Minh cruelty and my own poor ineptness.

"Of course, I remember!" I said. "You boys come from Bao Lac!" They told me that they were on their way to be trained as mechanics for the new Vietnamese Air Force.

Quite a crowd had been attracted by this highly emotional scene. This was as good a time as any to begin "briefing" my fellow citizens. So I spoke up and told the onlookers what it was all about. I told them where I had come from, a little of what I had seen, and then I satisfied their curiosity as to why some of these air cadets had only one ear apiece. When I finished I was choking back the tears—but there wasn't a dry eye in the crowd.

I turned and looked at Ensign Potts, and saw the tears running unshamedly down his cheeks. "Mr. Potts!" I said. "Pull yourself together, sir!" He came over, grinning through the tears, and wrung my hand. Ensign Potts had discovered the power of love.

I learned that the Vietnamese cadets were caught in the inevitable foul-up. They had been on the field for days with no one to look after them. Since they knew no English, they had never found the mess hall, and they were hungry. I sought out the U.S. Air Force officer in charge;

he just shrugged and told me the lads were due to leave on a flight that night. I told him I wanted to be put aboard the same plane.

"Well, now, wouldn't that be nice, lieutenant?" he sneered. "That way you could get home a bit ahead of time, eh?"

The Irish in me boiled, but it wasn't necessary. Ensign Potts moved in with all guns blazing.

"Sir, Dr. Dooley is Admiral Stump's guest, and I have the authority to speak for the Admiral," he roared. "The doctor can have anything he wants, including the Admiral's own plane. Seems to me the least the Air Force can do is put him on that lousy flight!"

And the Air Force did.

### Old Dr. Dooley Speaks

The big Constellation was filled with soldiers, sailors and Marines, and—apart from the crew—I was the only officer aboard. When we were airborne, I decided to have some fun. I stood up and told the men that they were in for a lecture, and that they'd have to listen because there was no way of getting out of it at 10,000 feet. They all groaned.

I called up my 26 cadets one by one, and asked each to tell his story while I translated. My captive audience was entranced. Then I asked the cadets to sing some of their mountain songs. Tonkinese music is hauntingly beautiful, something like the ancient Hebrew liturgical chants.

The men listened with rapt attention, and afterwards sang songs for the cadets. The Vietnamese loved "Shake, Rattle and Roll" the best. Translate that!

That night, high over the Pacific, new bonds of friendship were formed which surmounted the barriers of language. When we finally came in over the Golden Gate Bridge, in San Francisco, the Americans had given up their seats at the windows to the Vietnamese and were excitedly trying to explain the sights by gestures and sign language. And at Travis Air Force Base I watched them file off the plane, each sailor and Marine with a cadet in tow.

While I was on the West Coast, I decided to visit a school in San Diego. Its senior class had sent my refugees bundles of clothes, and I wanted to thank the various people and organizations who had responded to Operation Hat-in-Hand. Of course, that senior class was gone now. But the headmaster and teachers buzzed round, and I found myself scheduled to address the assembled classes of several San Diego schools.

I looked out over that sea of young faces and felt older than Father Abraham. They were noisy children, dressed in faded blue jeans and leather jackets, some of the gals in full-blown sweaters and many of the boys with those long duckbutt haircuts. When I stepped out on the platform, wearing my uniform and

ribbons, there was a bedlam of wolf-calls, whistles and stamping feet.

They were tough, so I decided to shoot the works. I gave them the whole sordid story of the refugee camps, the Communist atrocities, the "Passage to Freedom" and the perilous future of southern Viet Nam. I talked for an hour. You could have heard a pin drop.

When I finished, they asked questions - earnest, intelligent questions that kept me on my toes. One little girl, who couldn't have been more than 13, had to come out in front in order to be heard. She took a wad of gum from her mouth before asking her question with intense seriousness.

"Dr. Dooley, what can we boys and girls *really* do to help improve the situation in South-East Asia?"

Dear little girl, put back your gum, and don't be ashamed. Your heart's in the right place. I haven't met a single person who hasn't asked something like that after hearing the facts. But it's a tough question to answer.

We all want to help, but we don't know how. I suppose we're all like Ensign Potts more or less: we need only to glimpse the truth, and then the scales fall from our eyes. Only then do we begin to realize the extent of our obligations and opportunities. We lose our inhibitions, and we're no longer afraid to speak of love, compassion, generosity. Christ said it all in His greatest commandment: "Love one another."

## Does advertising raise standards of living?

**I**F we could go back to the past carrying our modern possessions with us, we might find that a Grecian beauty would gladly exchange an Attic vase for a radio-gram, and a Mogul emperor give a silken carpet for a refrigerator. For though beautiful objects make life rich in *any* age, there is something also to be said for the useful things that enrich it with comfort and convenience.

Modern science and industry offer the means of making life better and easier for millions of people — implements and fertilizers that produce more food from the land, machinery that reduces human labour in manufacturing the goods we all need, rapid transport for people, for food, for merchandise. And there are all the little things that make life pleasanter — sun-glasses and soap powders, pocket lighters and safety razors, tinned fruit and fountain pens.

But even by modern methods, many good and useful articles cannot be produced cheaply enough to enable people to buy them, unless they are made in *quantity*, by mass production. That's

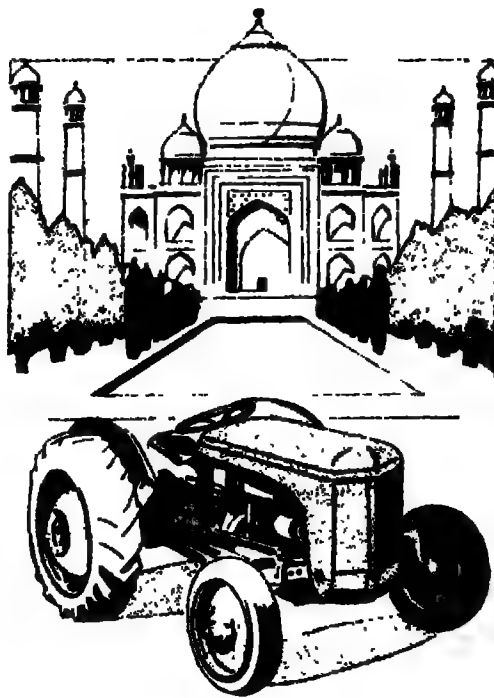
where advertising comes in. It tells everyone about these useful, desirable things : so that more people buy them, knowing that they can trust something

on which a manufacturer openly stakes his reputation ; the production cost is lowered, and prices are reduced as a result. Then still more people can afford to buy these desirable things.

People learn from advertisements about better equipment for their homes, their offices, their farms. Naturally and rightly, they want to raise their living standards. And when the demand is there, business enterprise will seek to supply

it. Thus advertising not only spreads news of better things, but actually helps industry to make them available more cheaply, to more people, so that they can live fuller, pleasanter lives.

So it goes on, an endless chain of cause and effect — benefiting everyone. And, because The Reader's Digest accepts only advertisers of repute, you can place extra reliance on the goods and services featured in its advertisement pages. \*





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Standard Batteries use the 'know-how' and exclusive patents of Messrs A B Tudor of Sweden, one of the most experienced firms of battery makers in the world Choose 'Standard' Batteries for your car or truck Reasonably priced sold and serviced all over the country

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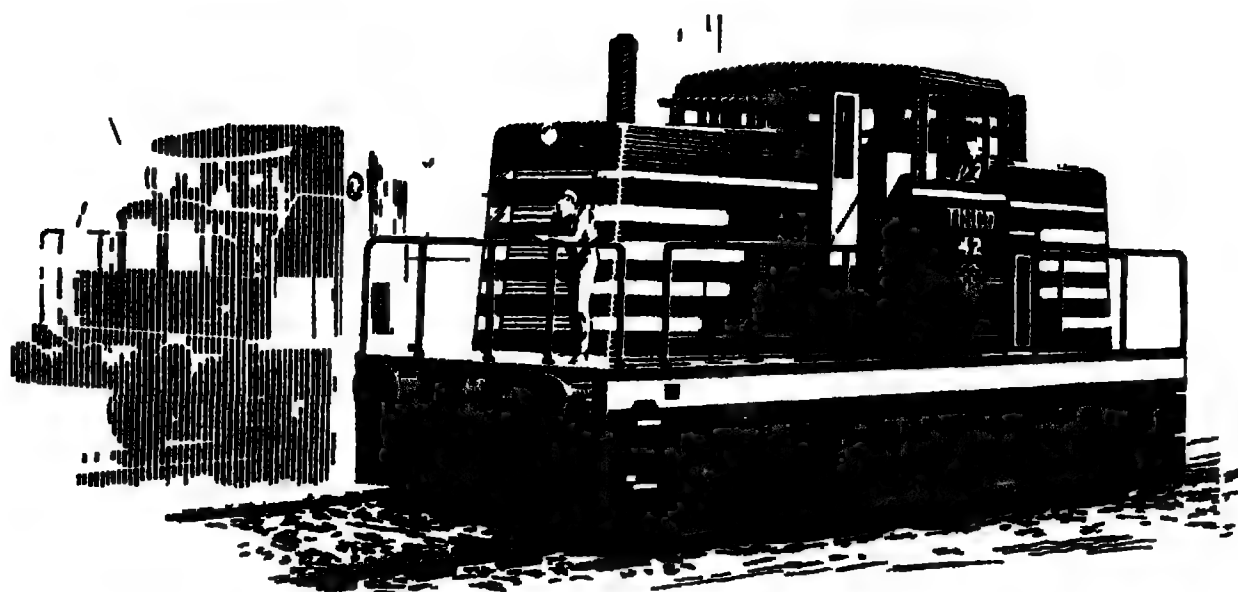
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Tata Iron & Steel Co. Ltd. had the foresight to appreciate the operational advantage of the diesel electric over the steam locomotive for this important operation when in 1934 they ordered a 30 ton GE diesel electric locomotive first of its kind to have been shipped out of the U.S.A.

Usefulness has been proved in service. Tata's Steel experts have signified their confidence in General Electric by putting into service at Jamshedpur last year ten 80 ton three 35 ton and four 25 ton new diesel electric locomotives. These provide motive power for increasing important haulage duty resulting from the programme for the expansion of the steel plant.

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— how vital it is to choose a correct and reliable food for Baby. SO MUCH DEPENDS ON IT, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS in childhood — success at school — success in after life — all these are founded on a sound constitution. There is no better basis on which the Mother can build her child for life than . . .



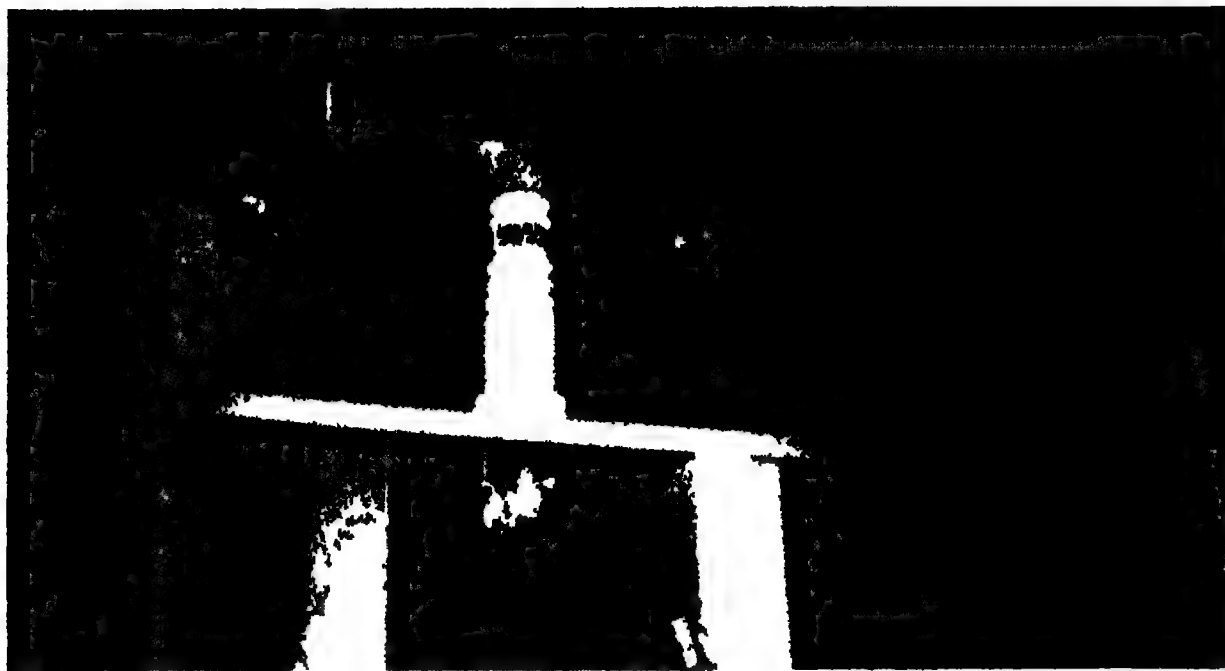
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*The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES*



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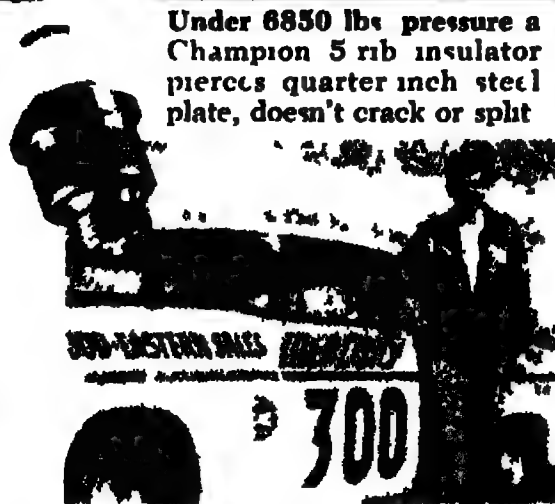
A cracked insulator puts a cylinder out of service — wastes from 12 to 25 percent of your power

Because of its enormous strength, Champion's *exclusive 5-rib insulator* possesses unequalled resistance to cracking or splitting

Don't let a cracked insulator rob your engine of power and waste expensive fuel. Insist on Champion Spark Plugs with the *exclusive 5-rib insulator* . . . whatever make of car you drive.



Under 6850 lbs. pressure a Champion 5 rib insulator pierces quarter inch steel plate, doesn't crack or split



Tim Flock, 1955 Champion U.S. National Association for Stock Car Racing, says "I've given Champions the worst kind of punishment in many stock car races and they have never let me down!"

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***Tuberculosis can usually be cured  
if discovered early enough***



## **How you can protect your family from tuberculosis**

**OVER 2300 years ago, Hippocrates described tuberculosis as the most prevalent fatal disease of his time.**

**Tuberculosis is still prevalent—over 50 million people have tuberculosis. *But today, tuberculosis can be cured—if discovered early enough.* Its most common target is the lung—and mortalities from this form of tuberculosis have declined 50%. And here's why doctors and public health workers now have weapons to help *prevent, detect and combat* this disease.**

**To prevent: B C G—a vaccine to raise resistance to tuberculosis—is believed to give three to five years of**

**immunity against tuberculosis**

**To detect: The tuberculin test determines whether a person has ever had tuberculosis. However, this test does not differentiate between *active* and *inactive* tuberculosis infections.**

**Chest X-rays are even *more* important in the detection of tuberculosis. For X-rays show how much damage the infection has caused, and whether or not it is still active—*often long before outward symptoms of tuberculosis appear.* These symptoms are not obvious—like a rash. A person can have tuberculosis for *months* before suspecting something is wrong. By the time symptoms *do* appear—the disease has**

usually progressed so far that it's more difficult to control. A yearly chest X-ray helps avoid this risk.

**To combat:** Doctors now have new drugs like streptomycin, PAS (para-amino-salicylic acid) and isonicotinic acid hydrazid which help check the spread of tuberculosis germs and localize the disease in certain cases.

Making news, too, is "wedge-resection" surgery which now enables surgeons to cut out little wedge-shaped sections of diseased tissue instead of removing a whole lung, or a great part of it.

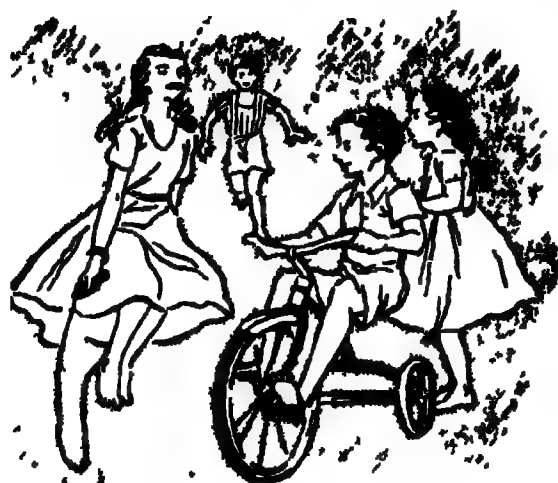
With these medical advances, doctors can now provide better treatment for their tuberculosis patients. Today, early diagnosis and prompt treatment help many patients return to their homes and jobs with renewed health.

**You can help protect your family  
from tuberculosis  
by following simple precautions**

Beware of tuberculosis germs. Tuberculosis is not inherited but it *is* highly contagious. This disease tends to "run in families" because the close contacts of home life make it easy for germs to spread. The coughing and sneezing of a tuberculous person passes on germs to others. Unpasteurized or unprocessed milk; unsterilized dishes and linens used by a tuberculous person can also spread tuberculosis germs.

*If any member of your family shows symptoms of tuberculosis, it is vitally important that he, and the rest of your family, visit a doctor or public health clinic right away.*

Watch out for "carriers." Thousands walk around with tuberculosis *and don't know it*. Such a person is a danger to everyone around him. If you know anyone with symptoms that may indicate tuberculosis, urge him to see a doctor.



Have a regular medical check-up including chest X-rays. Remember, an X-ray can detect the presence of tuberculosis *before* symptoms appear. And when tuberculosis is discovered early enough—it can usually be cured.

*Tuberculosis symptoms* are seldom dramatic. Warning signs like these should be checked:

- a tired, run-down feeling
- chest pains and palpitation
- afternoon fever
- poor appetite, chronic indigestion
- excessive night perspiration
- steady loss of weight
- persistent cough, hoarseness

*The best defence* against tuberculosis is to keep your family healthy. Make sure they eat a variety of essential foods; use pasteurized milk; get adequate fresh air, sunshine, plenty of sleep and rest; have yearly medical examinations, including chest X-rays. Make an appointment with your doctor or public health clinic today.



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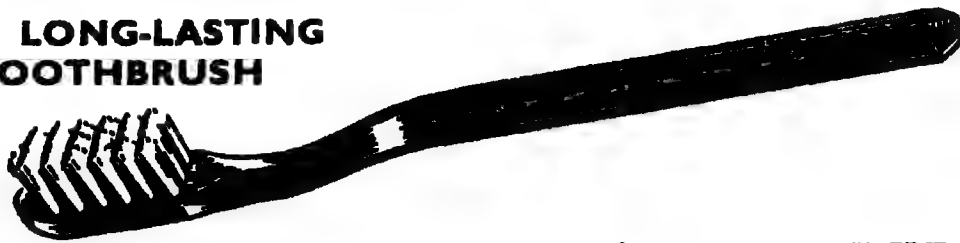
It's really best to have two toothbrushes and use them alternately. In this way you get longer and better service from each one.



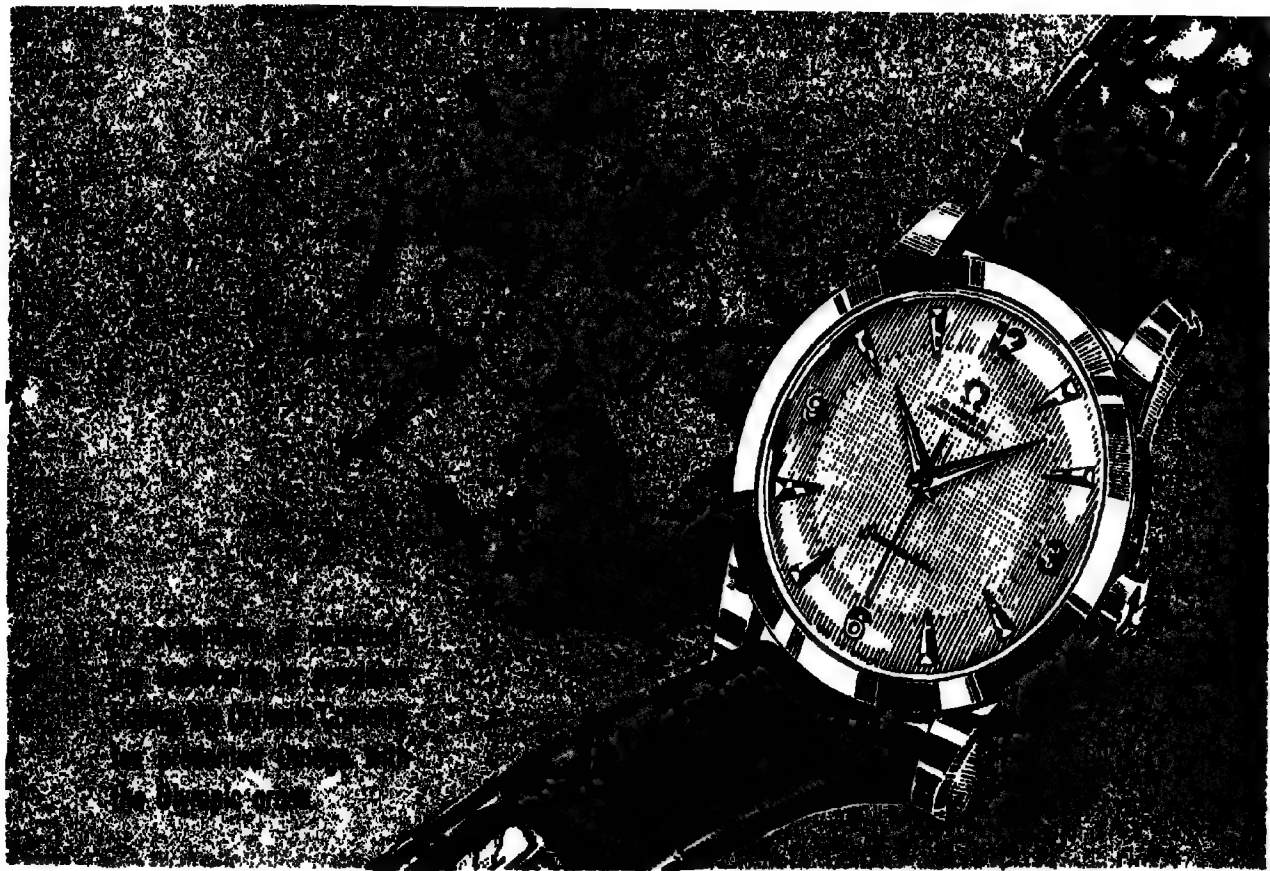
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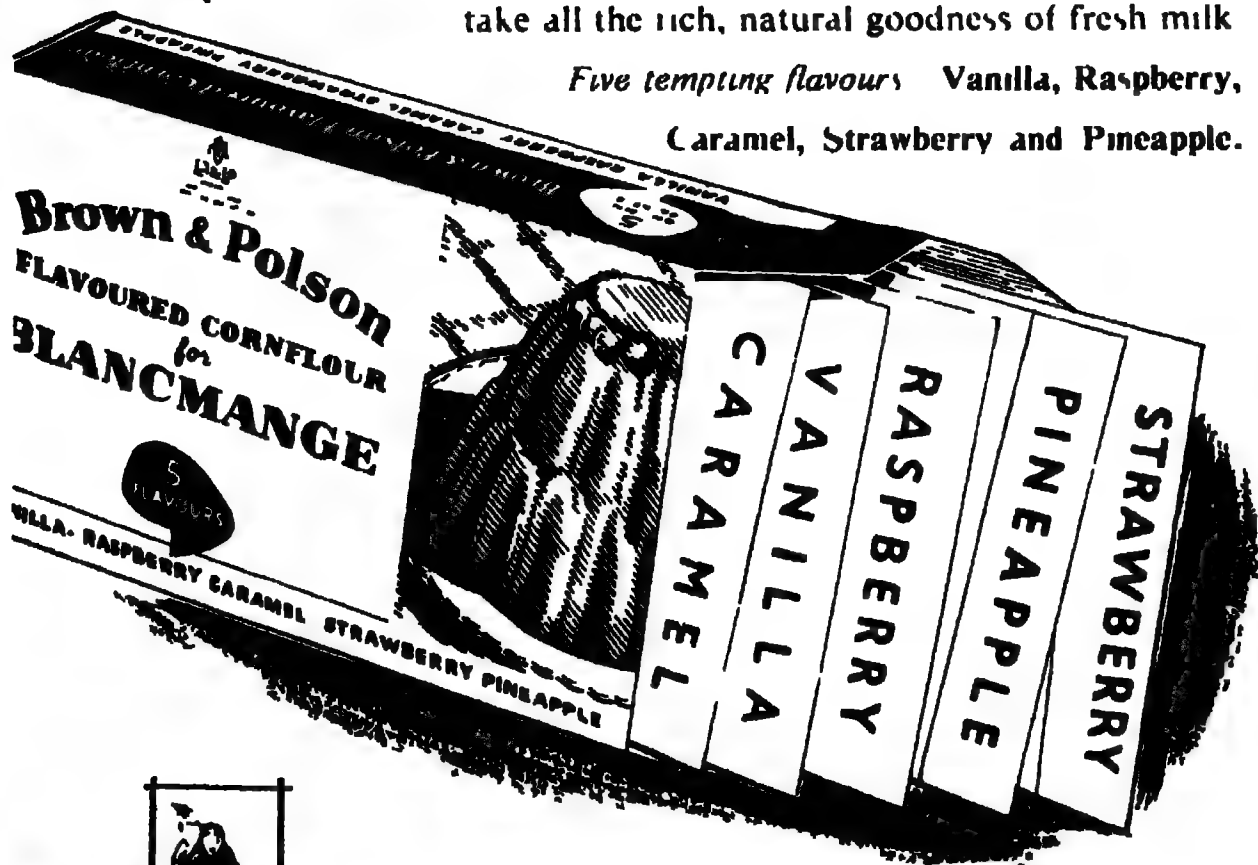


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Flavoured Cornflour—for Blancmange  
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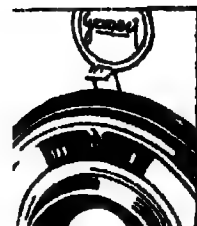
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On sliding open the locking button on the lid the catch of the film holder comes out automatically. Nothing could be simpler. You no longer have to ask your dealer to load your camera for you.



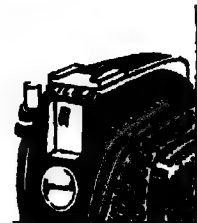
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Shutter speeds of 1/50 and 1/100 second. In addition there is a 'B' setting for time exposures. There is also a tripod bush.



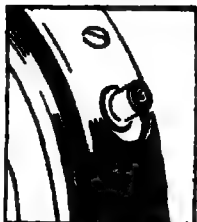
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eye levelled viewfinder which permits upright and horizontal pictures. You can see the subject clearly, and a gentle pressure on the shutter release beside the viewfinder takes your picture. For time exposures you can use a cable release.



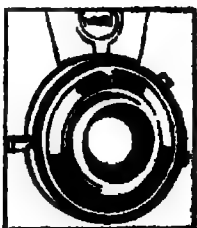
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A regular Optrex eye bath will protect your eyes and keep them clear and healthy. Optrex tones up the tiny eye muscles and acts not only on the eye itself but also on those worry lines *around* the eyes. Make Optrex a habit — your eyes will look and feel so much better.

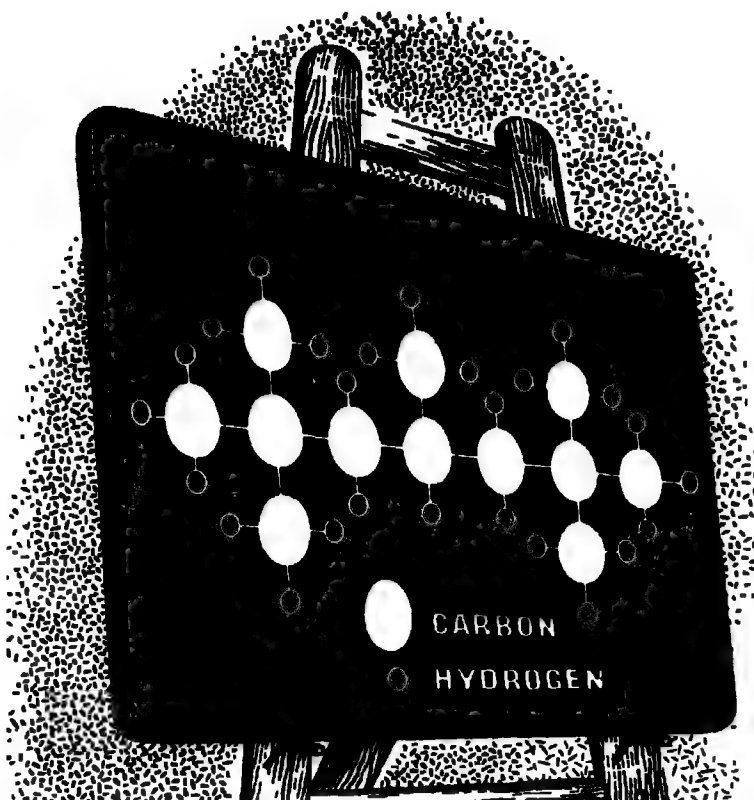
Use the special Optrex eye bath given free with every bottle. It allows Optrex to soothe and massage the entire eye surface and the surrounding tissue.

# Optrex

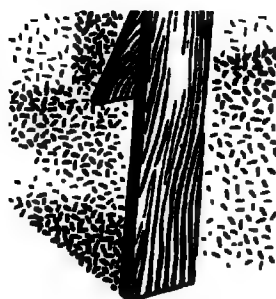
*takes care of your eyes*

**Whether you wear glasses or not, have your eyes examined at intervals by a qualified practitioner.**





## AN EDUCATION IN *Oil*



This is not an abstract design in an Art Class. It is one of the chemist's symbols for the structure of hydrocarbons. And hydrocarbons are the most important ingredients in oil—that vital fluid on which India depends so much for the progress of industry, transport and agriculture.

In the Assam Oil Company, chemists, physicists and geologists are engaged all the time on research, helping to find new sources of oil, devising more efficient and more economical methods of refining oil and discovering new uses for oil.

The results of such research mean that more and more of the oil and oil products which are needed for our expanding economy come direct from India's own oilfields.



A member of the  
Burmah Group  
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ASSAM OIL  
COMPANY

*does  
it  
all*

# BRYLCREEM



MORE FAMILIES USE BRYLCREEM  
THAN ANY OTHER HAIRDRESSING

*The Perfect Hairdressing — now in a smart new jar*

## *The Case of the Chinese Kidnapping*

By Kurt Singer

**T**HE CHINESE are not barbarians, you know," said the urbane gentleman in a mandarin gown. "The proper formalities will be observed: first the trial and then the beheading."

The words were spoken on a Monday morning in October, 1896, to a young student held captive in the Imperial Chinese Legation in London. The young man was not afraid to die. He had known that his acts in his native China were a crime under an absolutist government. But to be trapped ignobly, half a world away, was another matter. Listening to the noises of

the city outside his heavily barred window, he wondered how soon his friends, Dr. and Mrs. Cantlie, would realize that he was missing.

Dr. James Cantlie had formerly been head of the medical college in Hong Kong, where the young man had been his student. The acquaintance was renewed shortly after the student's arrival in London, and at the Cantlie home that evening there had been much to talk about. On hearing of the young man's political activities which had forced him to flee his country, Dr. Cantlie looked grave. "We don't live far from the Imperial Chinese Legation," he said. "You'd better give that place a wide berth."

The newcomer had not taken the warning too seriously. He might be wanted as a political insurgent back

**VIENNA BORN** Kurt Singer, author of 17 books, is an authority on espionage. During the war he edited a newspaper which was smuggled from Sweden into Germany, Norway and Denmark.

in China, but as a student in the great city of London he felt safe. So on a Saturday morning about a week later, on his way to visit the Cantlies, he had been unwary when a Chinese approached and with a polite smile asked what part of China he came from.

"Canton," the student replied.

"That makes us compatriots. I, too, am from Canton," said the other. As they strolled on together, chatting in Cantonese, suddenly two other Chinese joined them and at once all pretext of politeness was dropped. The young man was seized by the arms and steered round the corner to an imposing building where a door opened as though they were expected. He knew without a doubt that he was a captive in the Imperial Chinese Legation.

From a tiny window of the small third-floor room in which he was locked, all he could see were rooftops and fog. Then the door was unbolted and a tall, white-haired Englishman entered. As the prisoner later learned, he was a lawyer serving the Chinese Government. "My dear young man," he began, "you are now on Chinese territory. To all intents and purposes you are in China, under Chinese law. May I have your name?"

The exile gave his name.

The Englishman smiled. "We know better. Your name is Sun Wen. As Sun Wen, in China, you drew up a petition calling for widespread political reform and sent it

to the Emperor. You have displeased your Emperor and your government. We have been ordered to detain you, to await the Emperor's personal wishes."

After the lawyer left, carpenters installed a second lock on the captive's door, and two guards were posted to stand a 24-hour watch. That such an abduction could be carried out so smoothly on a Saturday morning in the heart of London seemed incredible.

The next morning the student had a visit from the man who had first stopped him in the street. He identified himself as Tang, a secretary of the Legation. "All arrangements have been made for your return to China," Tang said.

He seemed not at all averse to discussing the details. "A freighter of the Glen Line is waiting for you at London docks. It will sail a week from tomorrow for Canton, where your execution will take place. We shall have no trouble in pacifying you and transferring you to the ship, where you will be put in chains."

"Without a trial, I suppose," the prisoner said dryly.

It was then that the official had observed urbanely, "First the trial and then the beheading."

As the days went by the young man tried to reach the outside world. He wrote notes on bits of paper and threw them out of the window, hoping that passers-by would find them. But one was spotted by the Legation

guards; wooden boards were then fastened over his windows.

He had one last chance—to appeal to the English servants who appeared daily to clean his room and bring him food. They never addressed him, but one of them, whose name was Edward Cole, had a sympathetic face. So one morning the prisoner spoke to him. "I am a refugee from China. I belong to a political party that wants good government and democratic freedom for all in China, as you have it in England. I am being held here under duress. My life is in your hands. If the proper authorities were informed of my confinement, I would be saved. Otherwise I will be sent to China and beheaded."

With the calm impersonality of the perfect servant, Cole finished sweeping the room and left. But, coming in that evening with a scuttle of coal, he pointed towards it and left. Among the coal was a scrap of paper. It read: "I am willing to take a letter to one of your friends."

With a stub of pencil, on an old visiting card, the prisoner wrote an appeal for help to Dr. Cantlie.

Cole waited until two days later, his

day off, a Saturday, to deliver it. For the Cantlies, the letter came like a thunderbolt. Unversed in kidnappings, Dr. Cantlie nonetheless knew he had to do something quickly. He decided his best course was to go to Scotland Yard. The officers there were polite, but they believed Cantlie to be a crank. They would, they assured him, report the matter to their superiors. That was as far as it went.

Cantlie had learned from Cole that the prisoner was to be shipped home on Tuesday. It was Sunday morning now, and Cantlie realized that left him only 48 hours more in which to act.

In desperation he went straight to the Foreign Office. But the duty clerk regretfully informed him that



no action could be taken on a Sunday. He would report the matter to higher authorities the next morning. This was a delicate matter involving foreign relations, diplomatic immunities and international law.

Dr. Cantlie then tried to round up some private detectives to help him, but their offices were closed. He went back to Scotland Yard and to the local police—all to no avail.

All Dr. Cantlie's efforts had failed. But he persisted. Early the next morning he engaged detectives to watch the Chinese Legation day and night, and to keep watch on every outgoing vessel bound for China. Then he went back to the Foreign Office, where he told his story again. Officials pointed out that the only evidence was the alleged prisoner's own note claiming that he had been kidnapped. If they were to take action it would be most regrettable, diplomatically speaking, if the whole thing turned out to be a hoax. The Foreign Office, however, asked Scotland Yard to investigate whether the Chinese Legation had chartered a ship.

Scotland Yard now worked fast. The answer came promptly. The Glen Line had a charter for a ship due to leave on Tuesday: to transport a mixed cargo to China—and one passenger.

On October 22 a writ of *habeas corpus* was requested on behalf of the unknown prisoner. Fortunately, as it turned out, the Old Bailey judge before whom the application

was made refused to grant it. This brought the Press into the fight. *The Globe* printed Cantlie's story—and that was the turning point.

Reporters turned up at the Chinese Legation, where the urbane Tang assured them that the story was a hoax. But the reporters warned him that if the prisoner were not released within a day thousands of Londoners would storm the Legation and free the hostage. Editorials appeared in many papers, waxing indignant at the uncivilized breach of international law by the Imperial Chinese Government. By the next day, October 23, the incident had reached the highest level; Lord Salisbury, the Foreign Secretary, issued a note of protest to the Chinese Minister demanding the immediate release of the prisoner.

Two hours later Legation guards led the prisoner downstairs into a small reception room. Waiting for him were his good friend Dr. Cantlie, Inspector Jarvis from Scotland Yard and an official from the Foreign Office. As the four men walked out of the Legation, a great cheer went up from the huge crowd which had massed.

After a visit to Scotland Yard and a happy dinner at the Cantlie home, the young Chinese wrote a letter of gratitude to every London newspaper. No editor could know that this letter was written by the man who was later to become the first president of the Republic of China.

The signature was: *Sun Yatsen*.

The amazing story of nature's built-in refrigeration plant

## *Your Body's Wonderful Cooling System*

By Ruth and Edward Brecher



**R**EFRIGERATION engineers are justly proud of the efficient air-conditioning units they have developed. But more amazing still are the cooling units which nature has built into our bodies—units so efficient that a man can survive in a 240° oven that would cook a steak placed beside him.

Summer and winter your body acts as a furnace, burning food to produce energy and heat. This creates a problem in temperature control—how to preserve a balance between heat production and heat loss, in relation to the surrounding atmosphere?

Laboratory experiments show that the average unclothed male, lying relaxed, maintains an effortless heat-balance as long as the external temperature stays between 82° and 88°. Dr. Eugene DuBois,

at the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology, calls this the “masculine comfort zone.” When active and clothed, a man produces more heat and loses less—which explains why his comfort zone is about 70°.

Women have a somewhat wider comfort zone. Most women usually have a thicker layer of fatty insulation than men, and hence are more comfortable in cooler temperatures. And the chemical processes which convert food into heat slow down in most women as the temperature rises into the 80's, hence they remain cooler.

When the outside temperature rises above the comfort zone, remarkable changes occur in the human skin. The changes are made possible by the rich network of blood vessels embedded in and immediately under the skin. In cold weather these blood vessels are contracted and little or no blood flows through them to bring heat to the surface. But as the air becomes



warmer—or as excess heat is generated inside the body—the blood vessels open up and begin to function like the radiator on a car. Warm blood, carrying excess heat from muscles and internal organs, flows through them and is cooled.

Other changes occur. Fluids stored in your organs and tissues seep back into the blood stream, increasing the quantity of blood available for cooling. Your heart beats faster, speeding the circulation of the blood and increasing the efficiency of the blood-skin cooling system.

How does your body know when to make the necessary heating and cooling adjustments? Dr. James Hardy explains it this way: Built into your body are four separate sets of thermometer-like devices, two for measuring heat and two for cold. Two sets are embedded in your skin, where extremely sensitive nerve-endings signal changes in skin temperature as small as a thousandth of a degree. The other sets, located in your brain, react to changes in blood temperature.

Nerves from all four sets of thermometers lead to a regulatory centre near the point where your spinal cord enters the brain. Continuous temperature readings from your skin and brain come to this centre and from it emerge orders demanding changes in your rate of heat production and blood circulation.

The blood-skin system works

when the air is cooler than the skin. When the air is warmer, the body has another means of cooling itself: the evaporation of sweat, which carries off the heat. (Sweat is a scientific term for what polite people call perspiration.) Profuse sweating is a method of cooling peculiar to human beings and horses—even apes and monkeys lack it.

The Russell Sage Institute laboratory studied a boy who was born without sweat glands. Whenever the temperature rose into the 90's, he ran a fever. "He could play active games," Dr. DuBois says, "only if water was sprayed on his shirt. The resulting evaporation cooled him."

The capacity of human sweat glands is almost incredible. You can sweat as much as a quart and a half, per hour, for five or six hours, provided you drink plenty of water. How much sweat is evaporated from your skin depends in part on the relative humidity. Dry or "thirsty" air picks up the moisture from your skin rapidly, and you have little trouble keeping cool. Here a remarkable property of air serves you in good stead: the warmer the air, the more moisture it will hold. Air saturated with water vapour at 70° becomes thirsty again when warmed to 90° or 100°.

Dr. Sid Robinson and his associates at Indiana University have carefully measured the importance of relative humidity in hot weather. They found that when the air was

dry, student volunteers could perform heavy labour for six hours at a stretch at 122°. In humid air the same work quickly exhausted them if the mercury rose above 90°.

When you are working or playing out of doors in the sun during hot spells, a white jersey or tennis shirt is likely to be cooler than no shirt at all. It gets soaking wet, thus distributing the cooling evaporation, and it reflects some of the sun's light and heat away from your body. Thus the tennis player who keeps his shirt on is not only being modest and avoiding severe sunburn, he is also increasing the efficiency of his cooling system.

In temperate climates, few people sweat except during the summer months; thus their sweating mechanism becomes rusty with disuse. That is why the first few days of hot weather are the most uncomfortable. Sweat may pour from the forehead and a few other places, but this "spotty" sweating is inefficient. Later on, sweating becomes more general, and discomfort decreases proportionally.

What is the highest temperature the human body can survive? Dr. Craig Taylor and W. V. Blockley of the University of California at Los Angeles have collected examples which come close to duplicating the experiences of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego who walked in the fiery furnace. One kiln technician stated that he is often exposed for two or three minutes to a tempera-

ture of 250°; on several occasions he weathered exposures of 500°. A plastics engineer spends ten minutes out of every 30 in an oven at 200°. In their own engineering laboratories, Blockley and Taylor subjected two volunteer undergraduates to high temperatures as part of a U.S. Air Force research project. Both students stayed for more than an hour at 140° with no ill effect, and one stayed for 26 minutes at 240°. (A thick steak in an oven at 240° will be ready to eat in 26 minutes.) The students' rectal temperature never rose above 101.1°. Sweating kept them relatively cool inside.

Incidentally, the notion of a temperature of 98.4° as "normal" is a myth, conjured up by early makers of clinical thermometers. "In place of the arrow pointing to 98.4°, thermometers should be redesigned to show a broad 'normal range' from 97.2° to 99.5°," says Dr. DuBois. "Such thermometers would save worried mothers many a sleepless night, and tired doctors many an unnecessary call." (Oral temperatures averaged 1.2° lower than rectal temperatures.)

The body's last line of defence against heat is panting. While panting is a highly efficient cooling system for dogs, it is a danger signal in human beings. If you find yourself panting from heat (not exercise), lie down in the shade and cool off.

How can you help your own body to stay comfortable and healthy when the mercury soars?

(1) Drink plenty of liquids, so that you'll have plenty of moisture for sweating. Don't rely on thirst as a guide; it sometimes lags behind need. Drinks may be either cold or warm.

(2) Increase your salt intake to replace salt lost through sweating.

(3) Relax; the amount of heat you produce depends on your muscular activity.

(4) Use fans to circulate air indoors, but don't sleep with a fan aimed directly at your body. Place the fan, tilted upward, at the foot of the bed.

(5) The sweat glands of babies and small children have limited

capacity; youngsters therefore are more vulnerable to heat exhaustion. In very hot weather, if children are fretful, keep their heads moist by covering them with a wetted cap or handkerchief. (Keeping your own hair wet is a good idea, too.)

(6) Avoid too much exposure to the sun at one time; it can lead to sunstroke. (Older people and those who have been ill should be especially careful about over-exposure.) Be alert for symptoms of approaching heat prostration: dizziness, faintness, weariness and nausea. When these occur, it's time to call a halt. Get out of the sun, relax and sponge yourself with cool water.



### *Critics in the House*

"*Parsifal* is the kind of opera that starts at six o'clock," wrote music critic David Randolph, "and after it has been going three hours you look at your watch and it says 6.20."

—Quoted by Clifton Fadiman,  
*The American Treasury* (Harper)

CLIFTON FADIMAN, reviewing an autobiography: "As far as I can see the book has only one defect—poor choice of subject matter."

GEORGE KAUFMAN characterized a stage personality as "the most pain-giving director in the New York theatre."

—Bennett Cerf

CHRISTOPHER FRY, commenting on an actor's performance in one of his plays: "His pauses are no longer preg-

nant—they're practically in labour."

—Harold Clurman, quoted by Leonard Lyons

IN THE *New York Times*, TV critic Jack Gould reported: "The Kraft Television Theatre presented three thoroughly appetizing specialties last night, and no doubt viewers differed in their preferences.

"Via the facilities of Channel 4, there was offered initially a two-minute spectacle in colour in which the tomatoes and macaroni and cheese were outstanding.

"The second instalment featured cheese slices arranged like the spokes of a wagon wheel.

"For the finale there was de luxe mustard dressing.

"The play? No."

Thanks to modern logging methods, the huge timber forests of America are being conserved and replenished

## WHAT'S NEW IN THE WOODS?

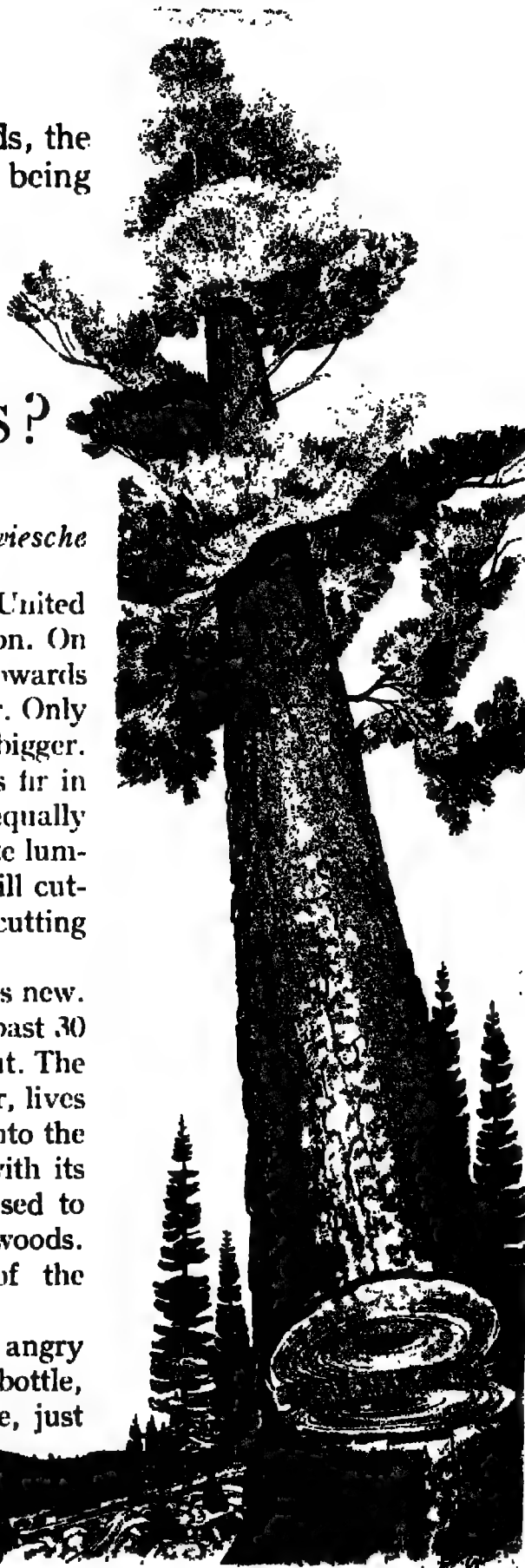
*By Wolfgang Langerwiesche*

THE RICHEST stand of timber in the United States is in Washington and Oregon. On steep mountainsides that slope down towards the Pacific, grows the great Douglas fir. Only the redwood and the giant sequoia are bigger. There are millions of acres of Douglas fir in the north-western states, owned about equally by the U.S. Government and by private lumber and paper companies. They are still cutting virgin forest. And they'll still be cutting virgin forest 60 to 90 years from now!

I went into those woods to see what's new. Logging, I found, has changed in the past 30 years. The lumber camp is on its way out. The mighty lumberjack, now called a logger, lives in town with his wife, and commutes into the forest by bus. Gone is "skid row," with its saloons and dance halls where men used to blow off steam after months in the woods.

Gone is the sound of the mighty axe.

Instead you hear the angry buzz, like a bee in a bottle, of the power saw. Gone, just



about, is the glamorous art of floating logs downriver to the sawmill. Gone is the logging railway. To replace it, the logging companies have built motor roads, a whole vast system running high up the slopes where timber used to be inaccessible.

These roads are not on any maps. During much of the year they are closed to the public. To see the modern woodsmen at work, you get into a van with a logging boss and drive up those roads, right into the clouds. This forest is on the slopes of Mt. St. Helens, a smaller sister of Mt. Rainier. You don't see much per hour, except scenery studded with Christmas trees. Men work in little groups of twos and fours, a mile or ten miles apart. At first I had difficulty in spotting the men, tiny figures dwarfed by outsized trees. Then I saw the glistening of an aluminium helmet, a thin blue bit of smoke from a warming fire.

What logging has lost in brawn, I found, it's gained in brain. Anybody can fell a tree nowadays; with the power saw it doesn't need strength. All you do is cut a notch into one side—the "undercut." Then you start sawing on the other side, and presently the tree goes.

But the trick is—don't break the tree. If it's in one piece, the sawmill can get out the high-priced cuts: long beams, or vertical-grained wood for stairs, or (best of all) deck planking for ships. But if you fell the tree across a log, a ravine or

hummock, it shatters, and some of it is then only good for pulpwood. So the expert woodsman picks the right spot, and lays the tree right on it. (To show off, he will put an empty crate on the ground and smash it with a tree!) The secret of control lies in aligning the undercut exactly. It is the hinge, so to speak, that swings the tree in the right direction.

The fall of trees so tall is slow, majestic, terrible. First you hear the "holding wood" tearing, and it sounds like 500 pistols, shooting almost but not quite at once. Then the tree leans, very little at first. Up in the green ceiling your eye now picks out the victim's crown, moving sideways. Then, as it picks up speed, you hear the rush of twigs and needles through the air, becoming almost a whistle.

The tree's centre of gravity is about one third up from the ground, so the top does not merely fall; it's whiplashed down, and hits with a thundering thump that makes the forest floor quake. For a long time, things keep coming through the air—a twig, a chunk of wood, a branch—lung up again from the ground in the commotion of the crash. Then it is quiet and you experience a feeling of sorrow.

But can the harvester feel sorry for the wheat? "Harvest" is what they call this, in modern forests. They don't have a bad conscience when they cut virgin forest down. A virgin forest is, of course, full of

dying and dead trees. It grows less wood per year than a young, managed forest would. It is less resistant to disease and pests. A forest, they keep telling you, ought to be a tree farm. Industrial foresters would like to "convert" all "old growth" into tree farms immediately, and thereby increase timber growth by 60 per cent.

Loggers out there have begun to operate their forests on "sustained yield": you cut no more each year than grows each year. In this way the big sawmills and pulpmills won't run out of wood, and the communities dependent on the mills don't become ghost towns. Under a special law government-owned forest and private forest are now sometimes pooled, locally. They then work under a joint logging schedule to guarantee the wood supply. So will the virgin forest last into the next century, after that, "farmed" trees, second growth, will carry the load.

The way you cut a forest determines how it will grow back. Seedlings of some trees will grow in their parents' shade. Seedlings of other trees need full sunlight. The Douglas fir won't grow in the shade. To reproduce it, you "clear-cut"; on 100 acres or so, everything goes.

It looks horrible! The amputated stumps, the chunks of waste wood strewn all over the place, the naked soil showing. This land looks finished. But it isn't; in the end, the forest comes back.

After the tree is felled comes "bucking" — cutting it up into transportable length (40 feet is about the longest). Today you do your bucking with the chain saw, a saw-like blade five feet or so in length with a small petrol engine built into its handle. Just hold it against the wood and let it buzz and it melts right through a tree.

Logging is dangerous. The logger needs eyes in the back of his head, plus a lot of judgment, or he gets

At the Fourth World Forestry Congress held at Dehra Dun in September, 1954, Dr. Panjabarao S. Dessimukh, the Minister of Agriculture told delegates that in 1950 India had awakened to the dangers of denuding the country of its tree growth. The inauguration in that year of the Van Mahotsava, or Festival of Trees, had brought an enthusiastic response, and he added "During the last five years no less than 120 million trees have been planted by the people."

A comprehensive National Forest Policy was formed as part of the First Five Year Plan, and the Second Five Year Plan, effective from last April, includes proposals to increase the land under forest from 22 to 33 per cent of the country's area. About 7,000 miles of forest roads are to be constructed or improved, while ten new seasoning plants are to be established with the object of improving lesser known timbers and substituting them, where possible, for the more valuable types of wood.

hurt. Typical accident: A log lies with one end slightly off the ground. A tree falls on that end. The log flips up, flies end-over-end and kills a man who thought he was out of the danger zone. His fault; he should have seen that this might happen.

A logger often works inside a jackstraw puzzle. He pulls on log A, and this moves log B; B nudges C and starts it rolling; C rolls on him. Such dangers might be easy to see in a level factory yard, but these men work on steep slopes where the ground is often slippery with rain and half hidden by litter.

There is no foreman to watch over you and keep you safe. You are on your own. Said a logging boss, "I can pick a man I want to hire by the way he walks in the woods. One man slips and stumbles and gets branches in his face—you don't want him. He will get hurt. Another man moves easily." All loggers I saw had this in common—they moved with great agility and grace. Today the good logger wears a hard hat, aluminium; his trousers are cut off short at the calf with no turn-ups, to keep him from getting his leg caught; and shoes with spikes, for walking on a log when it's wet.

The fellers and buckers leave a mountainside strewn with logs. Next comes the "yarding." A new crew moves in to pull the logs to the road. Their tool: a sort of ski-tow that half lifts, half drags the logs by cable to a landing on the road. The logs slide more easily, and get

stuck less often, if the pull on them is upward as well as forward. To get this upward angle, loggers lop the top off a standing tree, stiffen the trunk with guy wires and string the cable over the top of this mast, called a "spar tree."

Often the man in the cab of the winch can't see the log he is to haul or the men who are hooking it on the cable. He goes by signals, longs and shorts on a whistle in his cab, which a signalman on the other end of the line toots by electrical push-button. And he also goes by judgment and feel—he can sense the tension of the cable by the way it vibrates. Asked how he avoided pulling the wrong rope, a winchman said: "How does a pianist avoid hitting the wrong key?"

At the other end, where the logs lie, the job is tough. To hitch a log to the tow cable they put a "choker" on it, a sling that is self-tightening as the strain increases. Then they scramble out of the way. The log starts moving. It is a strangely exciting sight. The cable itself you hardly see. The log seems to thrash forward under its own power.

Loggers used to pick only the choice trees and leave everything else. It was wasteful, but wood was cheap and plentiful. Now wood has become valuable; you can't afford to leave it. What the sawmill can't use, the pulpmill can. Companies now send chunk inspectors round to see that nothing usable is left on the ground.



At the roadside a giant pair of ice tongs swings the logs on to a lorry. The lorries are monsters; fully loaded they weigh up to 100 tons. They are not allowed on public roads: they would crack the surface. They are also two to four feet broader than the highway code allows. Such a monster, ten-wheeled, comes down the long inclines slowly, trailing a cloud of steam. Its brakes are watercooled; a jet of water plays on each hot brake drum and instantly boils away.

Now that the tree is on its way to the mill, you come back to these roads as the most important new thing in the woods. Apart from their usefulness to logging, they make fire-fighting much more effective: you can now often drive right up to a fire while it is still small and attack it with water, like a city fire brigade. Along one company's roads, huge tank trailers are parked here and there, full of water, ready to move into action. With the help of the logging road, fire has been pushed back to second rank among the enemies of the forest. It now does less damage than insect and fungus pests.

At the bottom end of the forest, several logging roads come together at a railway line. Here, every few minutes, a lorry comes in; a crane lifts the whole load of logs off in one parcel, and sets it down on to a bogie.

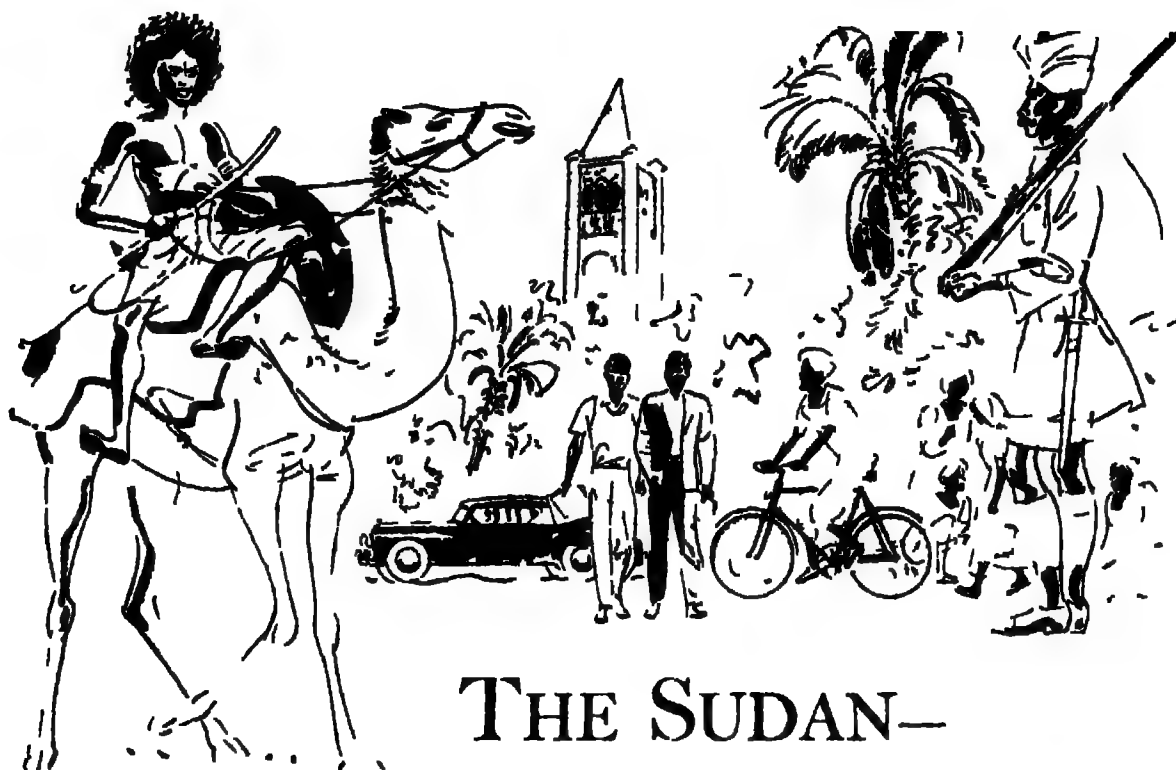
I reminded myself that each load of wood, as it came through here

on its way to the mill, was this very minute being replaced by new growth, up there in the forest. Enough wood is cut in that particular forest *every day* to build 1,000 houses. Enough wood grows back in the rest of the forest area *every day* to replace what's been cut. That is the big news from the forests: when they cut trees now, they are no longer mortgaging the future.

What is described here for the north-western area of the United States is true all over the country. Everywhere logging has come out of the exploitation stage and scientific forestry is being practised, especially by the big pulp and paper companies that depend on the wood supply for survival. For 50 years we have heard about "vanishing forests." Now the lumber companies are growing as much wood as they are cutting.

The evidence is in the trees themselves. New England is going back to forest: New Hampshire was approximately one-third covered with forest 50 years ago and is now two-thirds covered. Pennsylvania, heavily logged in the 70's, and the Great Lakes, last region to be logged under the old "cut-out-and-move" system, seemed ruined at about the turn of the century. Now the second growth has come back everywhere. Wherever trees will thrive at all the forest is on the increase. And more land will go back to timber, as more people discover that it pays to grow trees.





## THE SUDAN—

### *New Nation in Africa*

By John Gunther

**T**HE SUDAN, newest country in the world, sounds a note unlike any other I met on my trip through Africa—a note of animation, of spontaneity and confidence. The country became independent, freed from its old ties to Britain and Egypt, on January 1 of this year. It sparkles with zest to get ahead. I even heard a youthful Sudanese say, "Our country is going to be like the United States; we will try to combine here the best of both Africa and Europe. We want more," he added, "than just good roads, schools and hospitals. We want good films, too!"

Geographically, the Sudan is a kind of viaduct between Mediter-

*A famous American author reviews the effects of Britain's tutelage in the former Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. This huge country, now independent of British and Egyptian control, is eagerly trying its wings*

ranean Africa and African Africa. It is a vast land, almost four times the size of Texas (if anything can be four times the size of Texas), and has a population of ten million. Sudan means "land of blacks," but plenty of Sudanese are not very black. Most are of mixed Arab and Negro blood superimposed

upon an older Hamitic stock.

The distinction is marked between the urban population (about two million) and the tribesmen, largely illiterate, out in the desert and equatorial jungle. The townsmen, with their brittle veneer of Western education, dislike the nomadic tribesmen and call them savages. But as a matter of fact many of these "savages" are superior to the people in the towns. They can be magnificent specimens physically and they have their own highly developed standards of conduct and honour. And they have, by and large, a happy way of life.

Some of the most famous tribes in Africa are Sudanese, like the Fuzzy-Wuzzies, so called by British soldiers because of their mops of unruly hair. There are about 820,000 Dinkas and 350,000 Nuers, elaborately cicatrized with beads of scar tissue adorning their bodies. They have little political consciousness (so far) but immense racial pride. Male Dinkas may occasionally be seen near Khartoum, although their natural habitat is far to the southwest. They are tall men who customarily, even today, go stark naked.

In its desert regions the Sudan is one of the hottest places on the world's surface. Khartoum is the only city I have ever been in where I could feel heat from the street through the soles of my shoes. Other desert lands like Egypt and Libya have unpleasant winds, but nothing

to match the *haboob* of the Sudan, which in June blows desert dust as black as an oil fire over the parched, quivering towns.

The chief line of demarcation in the country is between north and south. The northerners, numbering around seven and a half million, are largely Arabic-speaking, Moslem by religion, and strongly under Egyptian cultural influence. They belong, in a rough manner of putting it, to the world of Europe. The two and a half million southern Sudanese are mostly darker-skinned, pagan (some have become Christianized in this century), and speak their own African languages although many know pidgin Arabic or English.

No country has been more a prisoner of external forces than the Sudan. In 1820 the Egyptian despot Mohammed Ali sent his armies into the country and conquered it. Thereafter Egyptian rule, which was unimaginably rapacious, slothful and corrupt, lasted till the 1880's. About 1881 rose a corrosive prophet and warrior, the Mahdi (messiah), whose correct name was Mohammed Ahmed. He built up an army of dervishes and, in the name of Allah, fought a fierce rebellion against the Egyptians.

Forced to their knees by this inflammatory patriot, the Egyptians turned for help to the British, who from 1882 onward were in military occupation of Egypt. After prolonged vacillation the British Government sent General Charles

George ("Chinese") Gordon to safeguard British interests and to superintend Egyptian withdrawal from the Sudan. Gordon was, however, a cranky character and made his own policy. The Mahdi's forces advanced on Khartoum and, after a long siege, took it in 1885. Gordon was killed by dervish spears on the steps of the palace that is now the seat of the new government, two days before a relief expedition arrived to save him.

Thirteen years later the British took their revenge. In 1898 General Sir Horatio Kitchener (later famous as Lord Kitchener of Khartoum), commanding a mixed British and Egyptian force, wiped out the dervishes once for all at Omdurman. This was a battle in the grandest old style. The Anglo-Egyptians lost 48 killed; the dervishes lost 9,700. One of Kitchener's officers was the youthful Winston Churchill—it is somehow startling to recall that Sir Winston took part in a cavalry charge on the banks of the Nile 58 years ago.

In 1899 joint Anglo-Egyptian rule was set up over the Sudan. This lasted until the early 1950's. But though Egypt had theoretically equal status, the British in effect ran the country and under British rule it was practically a closed area. Even today there are only four towns—in a territory as big as all western Europe—with hotels for Europeans. Khartoum, Wadi Halfa, Port Sudan and Juba.

The trip from Cairo to Khartoum, unless you travel by air, is composed of three stages. The celebrated "white train" (really a dirty cream colour) with its modern sleeping-cars scuffles out of Cairo in the evening and, following the Nile, reaches Luxor, with its majestic and melancholy ruins, early the next day. Here you may watch snake charmers seduce cobras out of hidden niches in the rocks. Then you proceed by train to Shallal, near the Aswan Dam, and board a blunt-nosed scow.

Beyond Aswan the Nile broadens out to become a pellucid lake. Across it is Wadi Halfa. You have left Egypt and entered the Sudan. At Wadi Halfa you board a train again. The run to Khartoum takes 27 hours, first across the desert, then along the Nile. The desert stations have no names, only numbers, and stand 50 miles apart. The most famous stop is No. 6 because it is the only one that has water.

Khartoum—the name means "Elephant's Trunk"—is pivotal to the future of Africa. It is actually three cities—Khartoum itself (population 79,000), largely British and (formerly) governmental; Khartoum North (41,000), an industrial suburb; and Omdurman (128,000), across the river, which is the Arab town.

The city was rebuilt by Kitchener in 1899, after its destruction by the Mahdi, and laid out in the shape of a Union Jack. This served a good

tactical purpose—machine guns could easily command the long slanting streets with their numerous intersections—but it makes for a traffic problem now. Street signs are in scarlet, and the English name is above the Arabic, instead of vice versa as in Egypt. Some streets have signs in a third language—Greek.

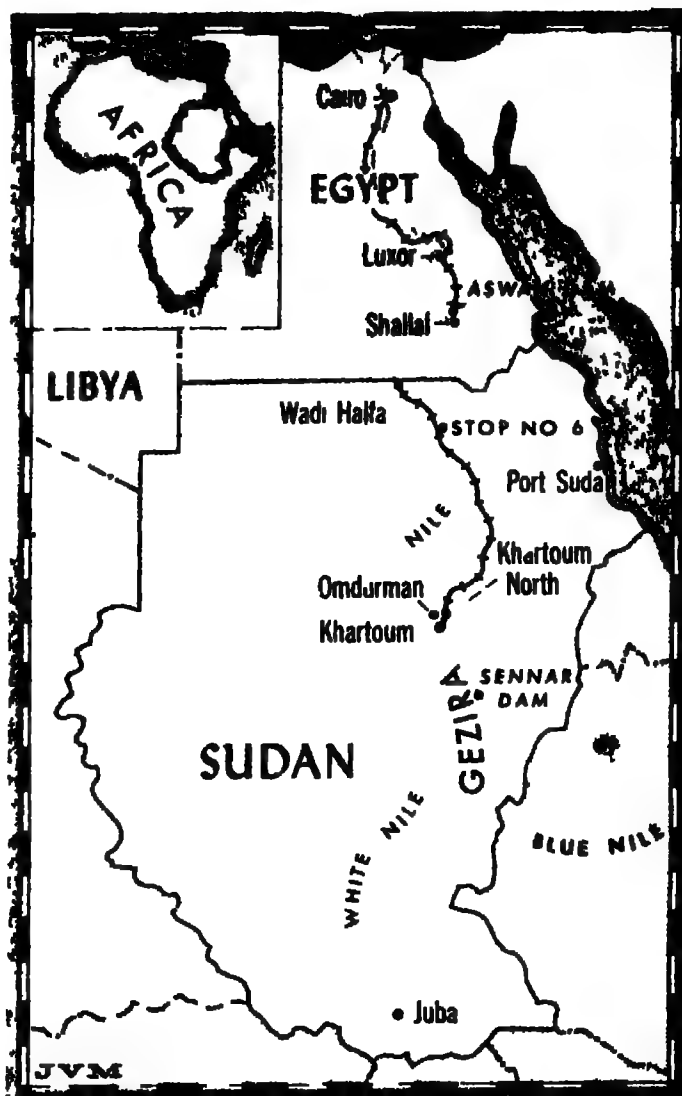
During the Second World War Khartoum was an important stop in the aerial route across Africa. Few people will remember it with relish. It has no sewage system. A few Balkanesque night clubs exist dearly, employing girls of assorted nationalities. For most of them it is the end of the line.

But Khartoum is not entirely bleak. It is the seat of University College, an amalgamation of the Kitchener School of Medicine and one of the most celebrated of all institutions of learning in Africa, Gordon Memorial College. It gives degrees recognized by the University of London. Recently the United Kingdom gave its endowment fund one million pounds in recognition of the Sudanese help in the war.

Here, under British tutelage, the élite of Sudanese youths have for more than a generation received higher education. Without the University College no Sudanese Government would be possible. Ironically, practically all graduates

become flaming nationalists. Egypt's General Naguib is a graduate, as are countless Sudanese men of affairs. By fostering an institution of this kind, Britain planted the seeds of her own doom in the Sudan. But she went ahead regardless.

From Khartoum we drove to the Gezira, which is a narrow triangle between the White Nile and Blue Nile where one million desolate acres have been made to burst with flower and seed. The Gezira enterprise, a scheme to grow long-staple



cotton and other crops by means of irrigation, has 20,000 tenant farmers, and is the best-run and most-productive project of its kind in Africa. It dates from the opening of the Sennar Dam in 1925 and the original capital came from the United Kingdom. It is now nationalized; 40 per cent of the profits go to the Sudanese Government (a substantial share of the country's public revenue), 40 per cent to the tenant farmers, and the rest to the Gezira Board.

For 54 years British administration gave the Sudan education, justice, public order and almost complete political tranquillity, with opportunity for development, even during periods of the most effervescent crisis. There was never a revolt not even disaffection to a military extent. (For this one must pay tribute to the good qualities of the Sudanese as well.) After the Second World War only one British battalion—say 800 men—was stationed in the Sudan, and the Sudanese Defence Force (about 4,500 strong) seldom had more than 30 British officers. All this in a territory that could easily have exploded into

chaos, if administration had ever been arbitrary, selfish or unwise.

Truly, the British have reason to be proud of themselves in the Sudan. They decided to withdraw—peaceably and with honour—when it was clear that the Sudanese, in the full grip of their own nationalist evolution and constantly stimulated by Egypt, would not accept the white man's tutelage or leadership any longer. The British had no choice but to get out, and the Sudanese began creating their own administration. Several individual Britons have stayed on— but as servants, not masters. Recently, because of the acute shortage of officials and trained manpower, the Sudanese have hired Indian technicians—surveyors, educationalists, census officers, railway engineers, entomologists. But the men who run the government are Sudanese. This new nation, having tasted the heady excitement of freedom, does not intend to surrender it to anybody.

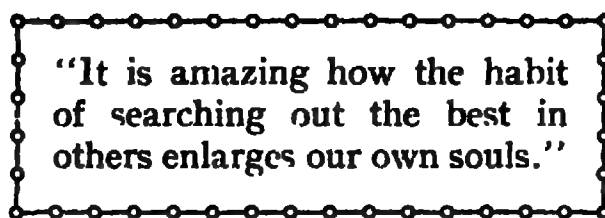
On February 7, the Sudan applied for membership of the United Nations, and her admission was approved unanimously by the Security Council.

### *Pointed Remarks*

*A* FEW helpful tips for anyone who wants to catch a porcupine were offered recently by the Lands and Forests Department of Ontario, Canada, in a bulletin reading in part as follows:

"The best way to effect his capture is to wait until he's in the open. Then, watching for his slapping tail, rush in quickly and pop a large washtub over him." The bulletin adds: "Thus you have something to sit on while you figure out the next move."

—Awake!



# The Art of Understanding Other People

By Clarence Hall

ONE OF THE richest hours of my life was spent recently in the company of a woman who had just turned 80. Though she had been buffeted by what seemed more than her share of ill fortune, Miss Emily had created more happiness for herself and her neighbours than anyone else I've known. For years her humble home was a refuge for the troubled in heart. I asked the secret of her serenity and she replied: "I found it when I overcame the bad habit of judging others."

There is no other quirk of human nature so common or so malicious. All of us at one time or another have been guilty of this cruelty. And many of us have been the butt of it.

A prominent minister says, "I have heard people confess to breaking every one of the Ten Commandments except the ninth: 'Thou shalt

not bear false witness against thy neighbour.' Yet this is the one we all break most often."

What irreparable damage has been done to innocent people by thoughtless indulgence in this vice!

When a man asked Mohammed how he might make amends for falsely accusing a friend, he was told to place a goose feather on each doorstep in the village. The next day Mohammed said, "Now go and collect the feathers."

The man protested, "That's impossible—a wind blew all night, and the feathers are scattered beyond recall."

"Exactly," said Mohammed, "and so it is with the reckless words you spoke against your neighbour."

A minor poet wrote: "Stubbornness we deprecate, but firmness we condone; the former is our neighbour's trait, the latter is our own."

Why do we garnish our own traits but tarnish the other fellow's?

The impulse to blame others is a defensive measure so ingrained in our nature that psychologists say that if you want to find a man's weak points, note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others.

A woman who was forever complaining about the untidiness of her neighbour gleefully drew a friend to her window and said, "Look at those clothes on the line, grey and streaked!" The friend replied gently, "If you'll look more closely you'll see that it's your windows, not her clothes, that are dirty."

Lack of compassion in judging others arises from not knowing what lies behind a condemned one's actions. We need to hold in our hearts the Chinese proverb: "Be not disturbed at being misunderstood; be disturbed rather at not being understanding." In our everyday relations with others we constantly risk blackening someone's reputation by failing to look beneath the surface with the eye of compassion.

"A lovely widow with three children moved into our village," a friend told me, "and in a few weeks she was the most talked-about woman in the place. She was too pretty. . . . several men had been seen visiting her. . . . she was a poor housekeeper . . . her children roamed the streets and ate at other people's houses. . . . she was lazy and spent most of her time lying on the sofa, reading.

"One morning our pretty neighbour collapsed in the post office, and the truth soon came out. She was suffering from an incurable disease and couldn't do her housework. She sent the children away when drugs could not control her pain. 'I wanted them to think of me as always happy and gay,' she said. 'I wanted to pass away alone so that they would never know.'

"The men visitors were her old family doctor, the lawyer who looked after her estate, and her husband's brother.

"The village was kind to her for the remaining months of her life, but the gossips never forgave themselves."

We can halt hasty judgment in its tracks by asking ourselves: might I not be as bad, or worse, if I'd been faced with that person's troubles and temptations? The habit of judging others tends to reveal about us that unattractive character flaw, self-righteousness. Our very attitude seems to say: I *must* be good, look at all the bad I'm finding in others. Christ's classic rebuke to self-appointed judges was, "Let him who is without sin among you be the first to throw a stone." I heard of a businessman who keeps on his desk a stone with the word "First" lettered on it—a strong reminder.

A recent census of opinion among clergymen brought out four simple rules for overcoming the habit of judging others.

First: Be sure you know all the facts, so that your evidence is not merely circumstantial.

We share the responsibility of wrong judgments by listening to them. "Whenever I hear a sensational story at someone's expense," says R. V. C. Bodley in his book *In Search of Serenity*, "I try to gauge the mentality and motives of the raconteur, and either discard everything that has been said or try to discover what started the yarn." Do this yourself before hastily judging the subject of gossip.

Second: Remember that, however certain another's guilt may seem, there may be extenuating circumstances. Years ago the Sioux Indians had an impressive ritual. A brave who was about to set forth to visit other tribes would raise his hands towards the sky and pray: "Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins!"

Third: Give your habit of judging others a "reverse twist" by focusing on the graces of people, not their faults. Dr. Walter Moore

tells of a lecturer who began his addresses by taping a square of white paper on the blackboard. Then he made a tiny black spot in the centre. Asked what they saw, all present replied, "A black dot." The speaker said, "Don't any of you see a large square of white?"

Develop the habit of seeing the good in people. Comment on it. Practise the art of good gossip. It is amazing how this habit of searching out the best in others enlarges our own souls. Look in your mirror when you are inclined to pronounce harsh judgment on another and see how crabbed you look. Then speak well of someone, and watch kindness flood your face.

Fourth: Leave all judgments of others' sins to God. Arrogating to ourselves the functions of the Deity is as presumptuous as it is irreverent. Bishop Fulton Sheen, famous in America for his radio and television sermons, says: "The separation of people into sheep and goats will take place only on the Last Day. Until then we are forbidden to make the classification."



### *All the News . . .*

FROM THE *Tacoma News Tribune*: "Members of the Lions Club stretched and strained last Thursday as Swan Johnson, local physical therapist, demonstrated deep-breathing exercises during the club-meeting. There will be no meeting next week."

FROM THE *Greenwich Village, New York, Villager*: "Harper Holt entertained friends from Washington at his New Fane, Vermont, farm. Following a shooting expedition for pheasant and quail, Mr. Holt and his guests enjoyed a roast ham dinner."



# Humour in Uniform

A VERY YOUNG soldier and his bride-to-be came to our church to be married. When my husband concluded the ceremony, instead of kissing each other, the couple just stood shyly

"You may salute your bride now," my husband said. "The ceremony's over."

To our amazement, the soldier turned and gave a very proper military salute—which the startled bride returned.

—MILDRED BEALL

OUR FINANCES were really strained by the arrival of our fourth child. So when I discovered The Reader's Digest was offering cash prizes for "Humour in Uniform," I began urging my husband to think of some anecdote from his war years. But I was completely unsuccessful. "Come now," I finally said, "surely you can

think of *something* short and funny in the Air Force!"

"Well," he remarked dryly, "there was the C.O." — DOROTHY STORR

DURING A recent campaign against careless driving at a large Naval base, a soldier private stopped a jeep for exceeding the speed limit and politely requested the driver, a Navy commander, for his driving licence. The soldier proceeded to take down details of the offence. "Do you know," the commander roared, "who I am? I'm the commander of the naval base and I'm on my way to play golf with your commanding officer. This will undoubtedly make me late"

"I'm sorry, sir," the soldier replied, "but I'm writing as fast as I can."

HARRY BULLOCK

WHILE IN a military hospital at Regensburg, Germany, I was in the same ward as a Private Smith. He was continually firing questions at anyone within range. One morning he asked the doctor one too many.

"In civilian life, were most of your cases accidents, sir?"

"I don't know," replied the surgeon

"How is it that you don't know?" Smith persisted.

"Private Smith," said the captain as he walked away, "I was an obstetrician"

—JOSEPH KROTEC, M.D.

*Readers are invited to send their own contributions to this feature. Stories accepted for publication will be paid for at our usual rates. Contributions, of not more than 300 words, should be typewritten, and cannot be acknowledged or returned. Address: "Humour in Uniform" Editor, The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London, W.1.*

After a generation of research and planning, the telephone companies of three nations lay a storm-proof line under 2,500 miles of ocean

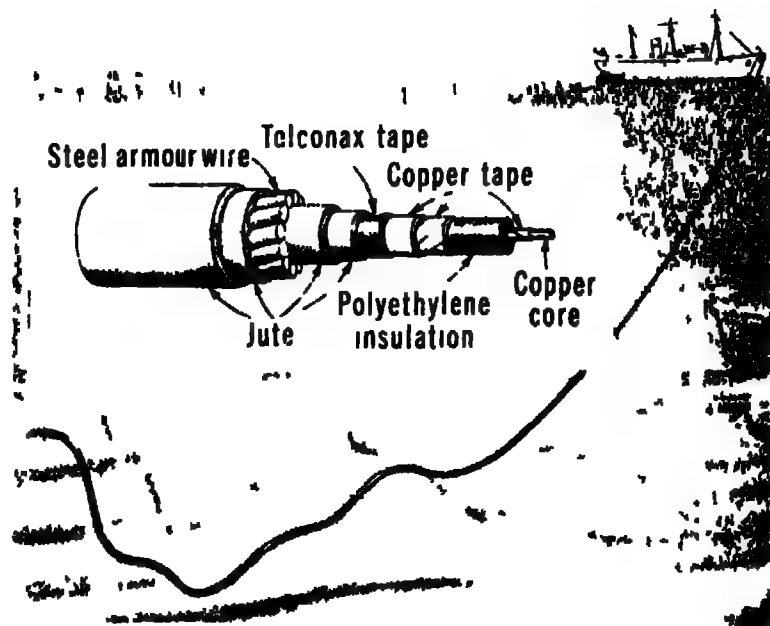
## — VOICES UNDER THE ATLANTIC —

By Frank Taylor

ONE DAY next autumn, a tenacious American Telephone & Telegraph executive, William Glasgow Thompson, will pick up the phone in his New York office and call London. In as little time as it takes him to get his suburban home he will have his number in the British Isles—via a newly completed transatlantic telephone cable, one of today's outstanding electronic and engineering triumphs.

This 2,500-mile underseas cable is the realization of a 30-year dream: Thompson started working on it in 1928. For telephone users it means sure-fire connections across the Atlantic at *any time*, regardless of magnetic disturbances, storms or jamming.

The cable—really twin cables, one eastbound and one westbound—cost 40 million dollars and will



handle 36 conversations simultaneously; it is expected to carry 1,200 a day. It is such a precise piece of construction that communications engineers speak of it almost with awe. Woven into it at 40-mile intervals are 102 Lilliputian booster stations, known as repeaters, each capable of amplifying telephonic voices a millionfold to compensate for loss of volume in transit. At the heart of each of these repeaters are three marvellous electronic tubes tough enough to withstand constant use for 20 years.

One big problem was to fit the tubes and some 60 other components of each booster inside a flexible housing without creating more than a slight bulge in the cable so that it wouldn't jam as it was paid out over the drums of the cable laying ship.

By 1950 the engineering team had the answer: the components of the booster unit were encased in an eight foot long sausage-like string of loosely coupled lucite cartridges an inch in diameter. The string was fitted into a shield of overlapping armour-steel rings stout enough to withstand the 6 800 pounds per square inch pressure at the depths of the Atlantic. Then the whole thing was encased in copper spliced into the cable and protected by armour steel wire and impregnated jute.

With all this armour the repeater was barely 2.8 inches in diameter and so flexible that the unit would bend round the seven foot drum used by the cable ship. This flexibility is all important, for once the ship starts paying out cable it dares not stop, or the cable suspended between ship and sea bed may kink or snap.

The cable itself has a solid one-eighth inch copper core. Thin strands of copper tape are wound round this and covered with polyethylene insulation, which is in turn wrapped with more copper tape and sheathing to keep out marine borers. Then comes a layer of jute, in which are embedded strands of armour

wire capable of withstanding a 26 000-pound pull. Paradoxically, the cable has to be armoured twice as heavily for use on the continental shelf and near each shore, where trawlers' anchors and icebergs are a greater threat than mid-ocean hazards.

In August 1952 Thompson and George Best, vice president of American Telephone and Telegraph, headed for London to make a deal with British experts who had been working on undersea telephone cable and had laid cables to Norway, Holland and France. Britain had also built the world's largest cable laying ship, the 8 000 ton *Monarch*, whose four huge wells could handle 1 600 miles of the new phone cable enough to stretch from the continental shelf off Newfoundland to a submarine plateau known as Rockall Banks, 500 miles west of Scotland.

An agreement was signed, making the G.P.O., the Canadian Overseas Telecommunication Corporation (a Canadian Government corporation) and American Telephone and Telegraph partners in the project. The costs will be shared between the three combines.

One question was the route. Twenty-one telegraph cables already lay on the Atlantic's bottom, and the phone cable's builders didn't want to cross any of them, repair ships grappling for the older cables might damage their delicate repeaters. After surveying the sea

bed, the phone men settled on the great-circle route from Sydney Mines, Cape Breton, to Clarenville, Newfoundland, to Oban, Scotland, far north of existing cables. (From Sydney Mines to Portland, Maine, the transatlantic phone takes to the air via 19 microwave radio relay stations.) The east and west phone cables, each 1,950 nautical miles long, were projected 20 miles apart, to permit repairs to one cable without disturbing the other.

Route and terminals agreed upon, manufacturing the 3,500 miles of deep-sea cable and the 900 miles of extra-heavy armour shallow-sea cable became the immediate task. The cables had to be made beside the sea so that they could flow via rollers from the factory into the wells of the cable ship. For this, a British firm built a new factory on the Thames, and an American company built a factory for the production of the deep-sea repeaters.

The finished repeaters, gently packed in aluminium cases, were sent by road—at ten miles per hour—to another factory producing armoured cable, where they were equipped with 28-foot stubs of cable. From this factory they were flown to England to be spliced every 40 miles into the cable. At this point they became mere bulges in the coiled cable, brightly painted as a warning to the *Monarch's* skipper to slow down from six to three knots as each repeater rolled over the drums and into the sea.

Though the *Monarch's* crew had laid thousands of miles of cable, this lifeline across the Atlantic called for new and more precise techniques. So, early in 1955, the *Monarch* steamed to Gibraltar, where 200 practice miles of the new cable were laid, first in the shallow Bay of Cadiz, then in deep ocean off Casablanca. Not a repeater was damaged in this operation, but it was clearly demonstrated that letting up on the tension caused kinks in the cable; once the *Monarch* started across the Atlantic she would have to keep steaming steadily, come high winds or high waves, until each section of the cable was in place.

On June 28, 1955, the *Monarch* steamed out of Clarenville, Newfoundland, with 200 miles of the cable from the American factory. Making a detour round an iceberg, she paid out this section to the edge of the continental shelf, where the end was marked with a bright yellow-and-red buoy. Then she sailed for England to fill her wells with 1,250 miles of deep-sea cable. Back at the buoy, her "jointers" spliced the cables—a seven-hour task. Then she headed for Scotland, paying out cable day and night. At times her fathometer recorded submarine canyons more than two miles deep; these were avoided so that the cable would not be suspended from cliff to cliff.

At Rockall Banks off Scotland the cable's end was marked with a buoy, and Captain J. P. F. Betson headed

full steam for London, to pick up the last 500 miles of it. When the *Monarch* returned to Rockall Banks, with Bill Thompson aboard to see his dream come true, a 100-m.p.h. wind—contributed by Hurricane Ione—howled where the buoy should have been. After the seas calmed, the *Monarch* began grappling runs for the lost cable. Thirty hours later the grapples hooked on to it four and a half miles from its end. The new cable was spliced on and run in to Scotland.

On September 27, 1955, Thompson listened for the first time to voices boosted along the ocean floor

from North America. Whatever words he had coined for the historic occasion he forgot.

"It works!" he exulted.

With the completion of the west-bound link this autumn, the Atlantic cable will serve all Europe. Seven of its 36 circuits will be extended by relays to Paris, Amsterdam, Frankfurt, Brussels, Copenhagen and Berne. A call will cost the same as one by radiophone—£1 per minute between London and New York. Thompson expects the circuits to work round the clock, and hails the new cable as "another milestone in the art of telephony."



### Cartoon Quips

FRANK chemist to boss. "We can't conform to these specifications. We've combined trillium, chlorophyll, irium, phosphate and X29, but there's no room left for toothpaste!"

—Bernhardt in *The Christian Science Monitor*

BRIDE to groom, going down aisle after ceremony. "There, now—that didn't take long, did it?"

—John Norment in *The American Magazine*

OFFICE secretary, on phone. "He's out to lunch now, but he won't be gone long—nobody took him."

—Tenny Rogers in *Pipe Dreams*

IRAIE WIFE to husband. "I'm *not* trying to start another argument—this is the same one."

—Bernhardt in *The Southern Planter*

TWO MAIRONY ladies to travel agent. "We'd like to get completely away from civilization near some nice shopping district."

—Franklin Folger, *Newspaper Features*

PATIENT to doctor. "When do you think I'll be well enough to eat the things that disagree with me, Doctor?"

Jam in *The American Magazine*

WOMAN to shoe salesman. "If you don't show me everything, how can I see what I don't want?"

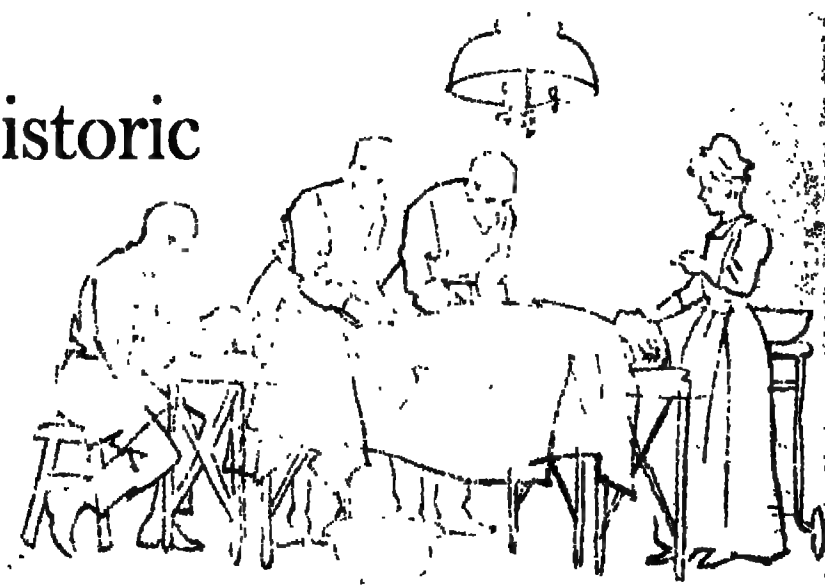
—Jo Fisher, *Chicago Sun Times Syndicate*

DOOR TO-DOOR salesman to housewife. "You should have seen what I saw at your neighbour's. May I step in and tell you about it?"

—John Dempsey in *True The Man's Magazine*

A dramatic episode in medicine's lifesaving annals  
*A Reader's Digest First Person Award*

# I Saw an Historic Blood Transfusion



*By Frank Corrigan, M.D., surgeon and diplomat; former U.S. Minister to Panama, and first U.S. Ambassador to Venezuela*

THE FAMOUS surgeon, George Washington Crile, is remembered for many outstanding medical achievements, but to me his most enduring monument will always be the extraordinary operation he performed one hot August night in 1906.

It heralded a new era in surgical history by showing that blood transfusion was feasible. And it came about almost by accident.

I was house officer on duty at St. Alexis Hospital, in Cleveland, Ohio, when the first-floor night nurse called me. The patient in 106 was sinking fast, she said. When I got to his bedside I found that the nurse had not exaggerated. The patient, Joseph Miller, who had been admitted to the hospital that morning

with a badly bleeding kidney, was a dying man. I felt his pulse—weak and thready; respiration, rapid and shallow; lips, blue. Immediately ordering some stimulation and a saline infusion, I located the St. Alexis staff surgeon, Dr. Crile, who came to the hospital at once.

When he arrived he was dressed in a dinner jacket, and I knew I had interrupted a dinner party. Dr. Crile had a personality that could light up any room and that night he was in exceptionally fine spirits. He examined the patient and found him slightly improved by the stimulation I had administered, but it was clear that Joseph Miller had only a short time to live. Dr. Crile turned to me and said, "Corrigan, I'm going to give him a transfusion."

I was astonished. Although I knew in theory what he was talking about, I had only a vague idea of what he meant to do and how he planned to do it. Doctors had dreamed for centuries of devising a dependable means of putting human blood back into circulation. In the seventeenth century Jean Denys, in France, had injected the blood of a lamb into the veins of a boy, who miraculously survived, although we know today that interspecies transfusion is ineffective and dangerous.

Other efforts included attempts in the nineteenth century to inject blood into the abdominal cavity of women suffering hæmorrhage during childbirth. But such experiments had few practical results and often ended in disaster. One prime obstacle, it was eventually recognized, was the coagulation of the donor's blood when drawn from the body into a receptacle, with the resulting danger of introducing a clot into the recipient's blood stream.

During the first years of the present century, great strides had been made by the brilliant French surgeon and physiologist, Alexis Carrel, later to be awarded a Nobel Prize for his pioneering work in surgery of the blood vessels. Combining his theoretical knowledge of the circulatory system with his remarkable skill as a surgeon, he had succeeded in joining the blood vessels of live dogs.

Dr. Crile now proposed to perform the daring operation on a

human being. He would give Joseph Miller a transfusion by uniting his blood vessels with those of his brother.

Sam Miller was at his dying brother's bedside. Dr. Crile turned to him and asked, "Would you give some of your blood to save your brother's life?"

Sam answered without hesitation, "Yes, of course."

"All right," Crile said to the nurse. "Tell them to get ready in surgery. Prepare the patient's arm from the shoulder down." Then to the healthy brother, "Come along with me, Sam."

In the operating theatre, Sam and Joseph were laid parallel, head to foot, on adjoining tables. A local anæsthetic was administered to each of them. Joseph was by then sinking fast.

It began to appear, however, that the operation might never begin; Dr. Crile announced that all our surgical needles were too large for the delicate work of sewing together the small blood vessels to join the two circulatory systems. Then one of the nuns produced a tiny needle almost hair-thin—which she used in sewing delicate linen.

A second snag arose when it became evident that regular surgical thread was too large. In order to get a thread thin enough, we unravelled the finest silk twist available in the hospital and used one of its three strands.

We then brought together the

wrists of the two men and Dr. Crile made his incisions. He exposed the artery near the surface of Sam's wrist and a vein in the wrist of the patient. Each of these was sealed off with rubber clamps, and then severed. Next, threads were inserted at three points at the mouth of each vessel and drawn taut, changing the normal circular shape of each to a triangle. The mouths of the severed vessels were then brought together, with the interior coating—the intima—of each vessel in direct contact with that of the other. Without perfect contact the blood would clot instead of passing freely through the junction.

Now Dr. Crile could begin sewing the vessels together to form a "watertight" joint. Their triangular shapes gave him three flat surfaces to work with. But they were tiny: each one a third of the circumference of a blood vessel which was no more than an eighth of an inch in diameter. Along each of these minute surfaces he would have to take a dozen stitches.

The intense summer heat had fallen like a pall over the brightly lit operating theatre. Everyone present realized that at any moment there could be a fatal slip in this delicate operation. With his miniature needle and cobweb thread, Crile began the crucial sewing job.

God gives the gift of true surgery to few men; fewer still develop it to the utmost. Joseph Miller was fortunate in having one of those favoured

few operating on him that night. When the two vessels were completely sewn together, we released the clamps, and the blood from Sam's artery began to course into Joseph's vein. With each new spurt of blood, we knew that the union would hold.

The effect of the fresh blood flowing into the dying man's system was like a miracle. He recovered consciousness and his skin became a lovely pink; he opened his eyes and smiled and began to take notice of his surroundings. We were lost in wonder and admiration at the sight of this dying man coming back to life, until the head nurse said, "Doctor, the brother has fainted."

No one had been paying any attention to Sam and he had passed out. He looked almost as pale as his brother had a short while before!

We immediately terminated the operation. The vessels were tied off again to stop the flow of blood, the junction was cut away and the severed ends of Sam's artery and Joseph's vein were rejoined. Then the outer skin was sutured. Although the blood had flowed from Sam's body into Joseph's for only a few minutes, the entire operation had taken over three hours. We were exhausted, but exhilarated by the conviction that we had crossed a new frontier in medicine.

Thanks to later developments, blood transfusion no longer requires such surgery. Today blood is drawn from the donor into a receptacle



containing an anti-coagulant, and the transfusion is administered through direct intravenous injection so easily as to be commonplace.

In 1906, of course, we had no knowledge of blood types and the Rh factor and the many other things we have learned since then. Dr. Crile had used the blood of Joseph Miller's brother in the belief that a brother's blood would be most likely to resemble the general characteristics of the patient's. In Miller's case, two more transfusions were needed before he was firmly on the road to

recovery; for those Dr. Crile used the blood of another brother and a sister.

After Joseph's recovery, Dr. Crile published the data he had collected to demonstrate the feasibility of transfusing human blood safely. It caused a sensation in the medical world. By stimulating renewed interest in transfusion, it made possible the developments which are taken for granted today.

As this is written, Joseph Miller and his brother Sam are still very much alive.



### *Uncalculated Risk*

*"Simeon Stylites" in The Christian Century*

A CARTOON that sticks in the memory pictures the end of a bridge game. A bystander is solemnly reproving the winning couple and saying, "You wouldn't have won if you had played it right."

You can almost elevate that remark to the rank of an axiom that those who have made the greatest achievements of history would not have won if they had "played it right." That is, they would not have won if they had observed all the rules of caution and prudence and made a careful calculation of probabilities.

This is true not only of history but of your own life. Your marriage, for instance. The chances are that if you had played it right, you would not have married when you did. You couldn't afford it while you were getting only £300 a year, with a good chance of getting the sack next month. You were just a couple of babes in the woods. But what lovely woods! And in the end, you won!

The same is true of babies. If a couple waits until the absolutely right time to have a baby, they find there is no convenient time. There never was. The greatest Baby of all was born at a very inconvenient time: the parents were on a journey; there was no room for them in the inn. If parents play it absolutely right, with 100 per cent caution, they never win.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" is the motto of all the cowards in the world. If there is to be any winning there must be risk.

Informal and warmly human, King Frederik IX of Denmark and his family lead a life strikingly like that of their adoring subjects

# DENMARK'S FRIENDLY KING

By  
*Robert Littell*

**D**URING THE Danish Army's autumn manoeuvres, four recruits became bored while guarding a bridge, and started a card game. Suddenly, from the bushes, a group of officers emerged. The soldiers jumped to attention, but one unfortunate fellow, ossified with fright, still held his cards frozen in his fingers. The tallest of the officers walked slowly up to him, pried the cards loose, looked them over carefully, and said: "No harm done—you couldn't have taken many tricks with this hand."

The officer whose tactful wit so mercifully came to the aid of the recruit was none other than his Commander-in-Chief, Frederik the Ninth, by the grace of God King of Denmark, of the Wends and Goths,



Duke of Schleswig, Holstein, Stormarn, Ditsmarsken, Lauenborg and Oldenburg, forty-ninth of the kings who have ruled Denmark in a line unbroken for ten centuries.

King Frederik and Queen Ingrid, who is the daughter of King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden, are living proof that crowned heads can be regal without being over-formal. This happy, handsome pair, so splendidly, gaily regal on parade, lead a life unfettered by royal forms and ceremonies and more normal than that of almost any European sovereigns in recent history.

The setting, of course, favours this. Denmark, with a population of 4,500,000 is small enough (16,575 square miles) for most of its people

to have seen their King, their Queen and the three young princesses in person. The Danes themselves, while they like dignity, have a robust sense of informality. And the royal palace of Amalienborg, on a lovely rococo square tucked into the heart of Copenhagen, is a jewel of elegance so intimate that its tenants find it quite natural to live like other people.

The King, for instance, opens and reads all his own post. Every morning he keeps himself informed of world affairs by reading five or six newspapers. He prefers to do his own telephoning. Often officials lift the receiver to hear his voice say: "Good morning — I'm sorry to bother you, but may I ask a favour?"

The King is driven through Copenhagen without an escort. Sometimes passers-by at the palace see the royal garage attendant bring the car up to the gate, then the King comes down the steps two at a time, jumps into the car and drives away alone. Last autumn, when King Frederik and Queen Ingrid went to Italy on holiday, incognito, the chauffeur spent most of the trip in the back seat. Italians referred to him as "the third person singular."

It is not easy for King Frederik to go anywhere incognito. With his military bearing and great height (six feet four), he is far too impressive a figure, his friendly, sometimes mischievously boyish grin, too easily remembered.

But if Frederik the Ninth is a king in every sense of the word, he is every bit as much a musician. He has played the piano since he was 12; his passion, however, has been conducting. At 16 he led his first orchestra—an amateur group of seven stringed instruments and piano. Later, though he never had formal training, Crown Prince Frederik conducted the Royal Danish Symphony Orchestra in works by Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Tchaikovsky. Since becoming king he has managed to conduct one or two concerts a year.

Three years ago, in honour of the 70th birthday of his father-in-law, King Frederik conducted the Swedish Court Orchestra, in the great Stockholm Opera House, in an entire evening of Wagner. Usually his concerts are private, for the King considers himself an amateur and is diffident about being judged by professional standards. But on this occasion Stockholm music critics were invited, and in print next day gave him sincere applause. One critic remarked that he "made the tough-skinned orchestra play rapturously." In Copenhagen they say that a well-known music teacher, when asked how good a musician the King is, replied: "If he hadn't been of royal blood, he could easily have had a career as a conductor—and made enough money to live like a king."

King Frederik sometimes conducts rehearsals in his shirt-sleeves.

During one rehearsal it was noticed that he wore a sheath-knife hanging from his belt. He has carried it ever since his days as a naval cadet. It is a sort of mascot to him, and he says he feels undressed without it.

Through his great-grandfather, King Christian IX, who was known as "the father-in-law of all Europe," King Frederik is related to most of the crowned heads of Europe, and to the Duke of Edinburgh. King Frederik was born on March 11, 1899, and baptized Christian Frederik Franz Michael Carl Valdemar Georg in the Evangelical Lutheran faith, with water from the River Jordan. With his younger brother Knud he became as boisterous a young prince as ever used spiked ski-sticks for faster roller skating on palace floors (the marks are still visible at Amalienborg). From seven to 18, the two young princes were the only students in the so-called "Amalienborg Preparatory School"—two boys isolated from others of their age by tutors, fencing masters, language teachers, and royal etiquette.

With his parents and brother, young Frederik spent two summers in the royal yacht *Dannebrog*. To keep them out of mischief the skipper, Commodore Kiaer, gave the boys jobs, uniforms and serial numbers. The King still proudly uses his—461—on the number plate of his car.

At 18 he became a naval cadet, and at 28 had his first command—

the torpedo-boat *Sea-hound*. His seamanship, the crew remember, was first-class. Some years ago a fire broke out in the palace. When the firemen arrived, they found the King sloshing water on to the smouldering woodwork with a pail he had fetched from the kitchen. "I'm used to handling buckets," he said to them with a smile. "It's something I learnt when swabbing decks."

The King's feeling for his sea-going days, his shipmates and all Danish seamen is strong. He never talks on the radio without sending a special greeting to his country's seafarers. Numbers of his closest friendships were made in the navy. And among his friends are some of the captains of the steamers which sail from Copenhagen every night for the mainland. For some years, whenever one of these steamers passed the palace on her way out, her skipper would flash a greeting with his signal lamp, and if he was at home the King would acknowledge it by switching off and on again the lights of the room.

Throughout the Second World War the Danish royal family, though they remained in Denmark, could do little to help resistance leaders, for Crown Prince Frederik and his father, King Christian X, were virtually prisoners during the German occupation. Yet through all those dark years the "old King" remained a symbol of hope and courage to his subjects.

When King Frederik succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, King Christian X, in 1947, there was no show of pageantry, such as there is in London when a British monarch is crowned. The Danes gave up coronation ceremonies more than a century ago; the Prime Minister simply proclaimed the new reign from a balcony of the Parliament Building. The King does not even wear a crown.

Like all remaining European monarchs, King Frederik reigns in accordance with a parliamentary constitution. He is the formal head of the army, navy, and church. (The Danish Constitution says, but does not really mean, that he may pardon criminals, coin money, award decorations, dismiss ministers. No high appointment is valid, no measure can become law, without his signature, but in practice he never withholds it.) Every Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock the Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs wait upon the King in Amalienborg Palace and give him a detailed report of his country's affairs. Several times a year King Frederik and his ministers meet as a Council of State, over which he presides.

Each summer the King and his family go cruising in the royal yacht *Dannebrog*, among the innumerable little Danish islands, often going ashore unexpectedly at fishing villages, and talking to the people as one Dane to another. Sometimes

there are speeches and a reception, but the King's informality quickly melts the ice. On one of these visits the streets were so crowded that the official car could make no headway. "It isn't far," said the King, "let's walk." Led by the royal family, the entire population walked to the town hall.

On some 20 Monday mornings a year, the King holds private audience at Christiansborg Castle, to as many as 125 of his subjects at a time, most of whom arrive in morning dress. Sometimes hooded parkas, embroidered blouses, leather trousers and high soft boots of men and women from Greenland add colour to the proceedings. Most of those who are received have come to thank the King for an award, a promotion, a decoration. The King, in his admiral's uniform, greets his visitors, one by one, standing beside his desk. They address him as "Your Majesty."

The Civil List, that part of the nation's budget set aside for the upkeep of the royal household, comes to about 2,300,000 crowns (Rs. 15,20,000) a year, of which a million crowns is for wages, salaries and pensions. The state pays for the outdoor maintenance and repairs of the palaces; the King pays for everything indoors. The Civil List goes up or down 12,000 crowns (Rs. 8,270) for each three-point change in the nation's cost-of-living index. The King pays no income tax on the Civil List, nor any capital tax on his

private fortune. But while he may hunt and shoot in the state forests, he has to pay the state for the game he bags.

The Danish royal family's favourite home, where they spend Christmas and most of the school holidays, is the hunting lodge of Trend in northern Jutland, given to the King and Queen as a wedding present by their subjects. Eighty thousand Danes contributed 430,000 crowns (about Rs. 2,80,000) to build this bungalow with its 1,100 wild acres and rush-fringed lake.

In Copenhagen, despite a ceaseless round of audiences to heads of foreign states and envoys, of fair openings, prize-givings, foundation-stone layings, official good-will tours abroad and other duties, the royal couple's life is otherwise like that of their subjects.

The King often browses among the shelves of a Copenhagen bookshop. Now and then the Queen goes shopping, carrying her own parcels. The opera is the only Copenhagen theatre with a royal box. Elsewhere the King and Queen sit on public seats.

Queen Ingrid devotes much of her time and energies to charity. She personally helps with the sorting of old clothing sent to the palace for the poor.

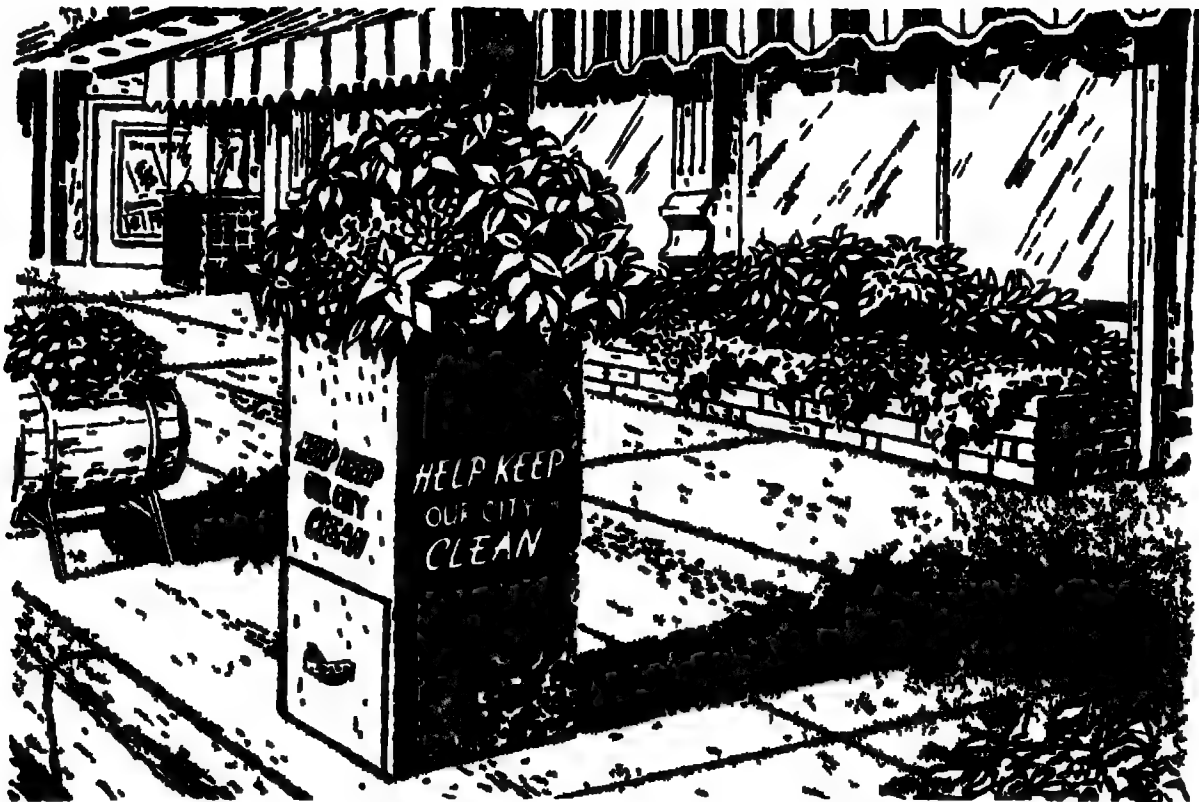
The three Danish princesses—Anne-Marie, 9; Benedikte, 12; and Margrethe Alexandrine Torhildur Ingrid, 16 — are beautiful and spirited. The two younger princesses

go to a large private girls' school where they are treated just like the other pupils. Last Autumn Princess Margrethe was sent to a girls' school in England. Margrethe, by a nationwide referendum which altered the constitution so as to allow the succession to pass to a female child, is now heiress apparent.

Although the two younger princesses are not allowed to be present during state receptions at the palace, they may sit behind the railings of the balcony on condition that they don't make a sound. But they have their own, jollier, parties. A father who arrived at the palace to take his daughter home after one of these, was met at the door of the ballroom by a huge broad-shouldered pirate wearing a turban, a pair of handlebar moustaches and a scimitar stuck in his cummerbund. It was, of course, King Frederik.

A few years ago the Copenhagen radio station took its listeners behind the scenes at Amalienborg for what the King himself called "a peep into our private life. My children have bad habits just like other children," he said. "They are dear children, but sometimes their father feels he wants to strangle them."

A few Danes of an older generation would perhaps prefer their King to be more remote, but for the overwhelming majority the King and Queen are symbols of national unity. "King Frederik," they say, "is a living flag, and like our flag, noble and free and brave in the wind."



*Neosho's waste paper bins bloom with sprightly flowers in summer (geraniums in winter)*

# The Whole Town's Blooming!

*By Daniel Longwell*

"I AM ASTONISHED," said Wiley Emsley ("Squeak") Sims, taking his feet off his desk to emphasize the point, "and you should be, too."

I said I was. Squeak is one of the best gardeners in Neosho and our town's gentlest cynic. When the plan for a flower-box exhibition had first been discussed the previous winter he had prophesied gloomily, "When it gets dry in midsummer, people will be too lazy to water 'em—they'll just go fishing." Now, on

*This town shows what can be done with a handful of flower seeds and a hatful of enthusiasm*

this mellow October day, the luxuriant box stretching across the front of Sims's office was one of the best of more than 3,000 that had brought the town national fame.

Neosho is a pretty town of 6,500 inhabitants in the Ozark foothills of south-western Missouri. I had known it briefly as a boy, and



during a motor trip my wife had taken a liking to it. So when I retired after 35 active years in New York we bought an old grey house and moved here.

My part in the flower-box scheme had merely been to put my fellow townsmen, who wanted a flower show of some sort, in touch with the New York Community Trust, which manages over 100 charity funds dedicated to a variety of public uses. The directors of the fund picked Neosho for a pilot scheme of civic beautification, advised flower boxes for a start and promised \$5,000 for prizes and expenses.

Enthusiasm in small towns is fissionable. Businessmen, service clubs, churches, schools, Scouts and the garden club went into action. The *Neosho Daily News* announced the contest with the first seven-column front-page headline it had used for years. Merchants were persuaded to supplement their usual outside displays of vegetables and flowers. The Chamber of Commerce offered to put out and maintain flower boxes along the main roads, with signs proclaiming "Neosho, the Flower-Box City." There was a final total of 825 entries.

Local timber companies cut planks to standard flower-box sizes at cost, and the Junior Chamber of Commerce formed an assembly line

that built and sold boxes very cheaply. City lorries hauled in rich soil from the country and dumped it where citizens could help themselves. A chemical factory offered fertilizer. The local radio station and the town daily discussed the care and feeding of flower boxes. A firm of seed merchants sold 200,000 window-box plants at wholesale rates.

When the flower boxes began to appear in late April, a curious thing happened. Suddenly the whole town started cleaning up. Lawns were reseeded, rubbish was picked up from roads and lanes. New fronts appeared on buildings, and a lot of painting was done. Sometimes the owner of a neglected vacant site found it cleaned without knowing who did it.

A plumber's shop turned out a square container with a refuse door on the side, bearing the motto "Help Keep Our City Clean," and a flower box on top. The city fathers thought so highly of the flowering refuse bin that they bought eight and placed them round the Square.

A large dairy firm had for years bought old whiskey barrels, sawn off the top third and given the lower part to their farmer-producers for use as milk coolers. The top third of the barrels made fine old-fashioned flower barrels. The dairy firm offered 400 of them free. The people in one street leading into Neosho lined barrels of flowers along the sides of the street to make

DANIEL LONGWELL was one of the founder editors of *Life* and later chairman of its board of editors, from which he retired in 1953.



a bright approach to town. This inspired the people along another approach route to line *that* road.

All small towns have skilled artisans. Ironworker John Wallace made two beautiful wrought-iron boxes for the First National Bank. Filled with geraniums, double petunias, coleus, artillery plant, fern and vinca (periwinkle), they almost caused a traffic jam the day they appeared. Merchants round the Square started to build permanent low boxes of brick, and many of the new houses going up in town were built with window boxes as part of their design.

The contest committee divided the town into sections for prize awards. Churches competed against churches (Neosho has 15); businesses on the ground floor round the Square competed against one another, lawyers in upstairs offices against other upstairs offices, schools against schools, Scout troops against Scout troops; neighbour against neighbour. There were three prize contests—in June, July and early September—with 60 prizes.

As the excitement heightened, employees in the county courthouse put boxes in 64 of the windows. The display was so striking that the townspeople raised money to flood-light the courthouse at night. A hospital put a box outside every patient's window.

Neoshoans took to driving slowly round in the long evenings looking at the bright colours and admiring

the different displays. Mrs. Robert Barnes had a Ferris-wheel arrangement of boxes six feet tall.

Round the Square it was a common sight last spring to see merchants out trimming their boxes, plucking dead blooms from their petunias, cutting back geraniums. Men who a few months earlier could identify only a rose with certainty were comparing the merits of the pink Celestial petunia with the red Fire Chief, and discussing ageratum as a border and the tuberous begonia as a filler.

As the June prize-award date neared, speculation on favourites ran high. The judges, prominent horticulturists from other towns, agreed that they faced a staggering task. Their collective comment, "I've never seen anything like it!" was repeated by many other visitors.

After the prizes were distributed, news of the contest spread throughout the United States and cars with licence plates from every state in the Union started appearing in the Square. The judges went home to urge *their* towns to take up the idea. Enquiries poured in, one all the way from Mossel Bay, South Africa.

No one made any money out of Neosho's competition. The prizes were an incentive, but somewhere along the line they became secondary. Some of the larger prizes, in fact, were given back to the committee for the next contest, for it seems certain that Neosho will be in blossom again

# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

**N**OT MANY words in the "English" language are truly English in origin, but the following 20 words are. First write down your own definitions of those you think you know. Then among the alternatives below tick the one you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| (1) harrowing (hār ō ing)—A unending B crude C distressing D rough           | (11) bestow (bē stō)—A to receive B scatter C bless D present                     |
| (2) lore (lōre)—A sentiment B suspicion C body of traditions D false stories | (12) gruesome (grōō' sum)—A dark B painful C rude D ghastly                       |
| (3) baleful (bale' ful)—A harmful B happy C kind D dark                      | (13) betoken (bē tō' ken)—A to be a sign of B invite C enrich D threaten          |
| (4) hallowed (hal' ōle)—A old B sacred C decayed D mellowed                  | (14) stalk (stawk)—A walk swiftly B limp C walk in a stiff haughty manner D block |
| (5) wean (wen)—A to detach the affections of B strengthen C deceive D weaken | (15) lest (lest)—A unless B for fear that C or D but                              |
| (6) lair (lair)—A landowner B den C evil glance D trap                       | (16) whet (hwet)—A to whittle B stimulate C make hungry D satisfy                 |
| (7) lief (leef)—A lately B tardily C willingly D softly                      | (17) wile (wīle)—A artlessness B whim C beguiling trick D charm                   |
| (8) bridle (brī' dl)—A to bow B show anger C insult D criticize              | (18) sunder (sun' dur)—A to destroy B make a rumbling sound C mix D split         |
| (9) slothful (slōth' ful)—A fat B lazy C stubborn D ignorant                 | (19) well (well)—A to ring out B expand C rise D grow emotional                   |
| (10) shift (shift)—A to manage, get along B slide C shove D drag one's feet  | (20) dole (dōle)—A to delay B distribute C chant D blame                          |

*Answers to*  
**"IT PAYS TO INCREASE  
 YOUR WORD POWER"**

- (1) **harrowing**—C Distressing, heart-rending, as "a *harrowing* experience."
- (2) **lore**—C A body of tales or traditions, as "the *lore* of the Court of King Arthur."
- (3) **baleful**—A. Harmful, evil, as "a *baleful* stare."
- (4) **hallowed**—B Sacred, made holy by association, as "the *hallowed* city of Jerusalem."
- (5) **wean**—A To detach the affections of, to estrange, as "to *wean* nations from an alliance."
- (6) **lair**—B Den, especially of a wild animal, as "the fox's *lair*."
- (7) **lief**—C Willingly, freely, as, "I would as *lief* stay as go."
- (8) **bridle**—B To raise the head and draw in the chin as an expression of anger or resentment, as "to *bridle* at an insult."
- (9) **slothful**—B. Lazy; indolent, sluggish; as "a *slothful* worker."
- (10) **shift**—A To manage; get along (on one's own efforts); as "to *shift* for oneself."
- (11) **bestow**—D: To give or present, as "to *bestow* an award."
- (12) **gruesome**—D. From Middle English *grue*, "to shudder." Hence, causing a kind of horror that makes one shudder, ghastly, as "a *gruesome* accident."
- (13) **betoken**—A To be a sign of, indicate, as, "The dove *betokens* peace."
- (14) **stalk**—C To walk in a stiff, haughty manner, as "to *stalk* out of the room in anger."
- (15) **lest**—B For fear that, as, "He worried *lest* the plane be delayed."
- (16) **whet**—B Stimulate, excite, as "to *whet* one's curiosity."
- (17) **wile**—C A beguiling trick, deception; as, "Men succumb to her *wiles*."
- (18) **sunder**—D. Split or sever; as "to *sunder* a friendship."
- (19) **well**—C: To rise, pour forth, as, "Tears *well* from the eyes."
- (20) **dole**—B: To distribute, especially in small portions; as "to *dole* out money grudgingly."

*Vocabulary Ratings*

20-18 correct ... .. excellent  
 17-15 correct ..... good  
 14-12 correct ..... fair

# A Mental Hospital Unlocks Its Doors

*Revolutionary techniques are curing the mentally ill  
at Warlingham Park*

By Murray Teigh Bloom

**O**N THE morning of November 23, 1954, a key opened the thick brown door of B-2 ward in Warlingham Park Hospital, near Croydon, in England. It was an act without ceremonies, speeches or bunting, yet it symbolized an historic step: the world had its first major public mental hospital without any locked doors.

Dr. Percy Rees, medical superintendent of the 1,121-bed hospital, has introduced so many major innovations that Warlingham is the first stop for many foreign psychiatrists visiting Britain. He lets patients help to decide certain hospital policies and allows them to visit nearby towns once a week on their own. More important, he has developed a method of helping patients cure themselves, by giving them responsibilities to patients who are more seriously ill than they are.

Although it is a public hospital and receives a high ratio of difficult cases, Warlingham Park has an annual discharge rate of 80 per cent,

as against Britain's national average of 70 per cent.

When I visited Warlingham recently, Dr. Rees handed me a large, intricately shaped key.

"This was given me when I took over here in 1935," he said. "It represented the highest authority in the mental hospital. The ordinary nurse here had a key that could single-lock any of our doors. The junior doctors and senior nurses had keys that could double-lock patients and nurses in the wards, and with this magic key I could go round and lock in the whole lot of them. Did you ever hear such nonsense? Presumably what the mental hospitals needed was not good doctors and nurses but crafty locksmiths."

On his first day, Dr. Rees opened the front gate and the big front doors of the main building. They have never been locked since.

Gradually the inside doors were opened, ward by ward, until by 1943, there were only two locked wards. The slow procedure was not

just for the sake of testing the patients' reactions but also those of the doctors and nurses. "The keys gave the staff a feeling of having the patients under their control," Dr. Rees explained. "At first, many were reluctant to give up this power, reluctant to recognize that patients are human beings."

Shortly after the war Dr. Rees gave the high iron railings surrounding the grounds to Croydon to protect its bowling greens in the public parks. "Croydon's need," Dr. Rees says, "was greater than ours."

When only two of Warlingham Park's 23 wards were still locked, Dr. Rees noticed that doctors and nurses assigned to the locked wards were unhappy. When the nurses began to complain about being appointed to the closed wards, Dr. Rees knew that his staff was ready for the final step—unlocking all the doors. When the last key was removed from the last lock, staff morale shot up and the air of tension that pervades most mental hospitals was gone. Self-inflicted injuries among patients in disturbed wards dropped to zero and run-aways decreased abruptly.

Behind the opening of the doors lie some of Dr. Rees's profoundest convictions about what is wrong with most mental hospitals.

He is convinced that in some circumstances a mental hospital can be a remarkably effective device for driving people insane.

"Let us say you are badly depressed and have been sent to a mental hospital to make you feel better. First you are deprived of your belongings—even your wedding ring is taken away. You are not allowed to eat with a knife and fork. You might hurt yourself. A warder restricts your comings and goings. The only time you're allowed outside the building is to go into an airing court and walk round and round. Now, do you think this combination would cure your depression? If you had to endure it long enough you'd surely become a full-blown psychotic case. Patients aren't so wrong when they sometimes exclaim, 'I'll go mad if I stay here any longer!'"

Dr. Rees felt that patients should be treated from the start as individuals, not as shadowy numbers. He believes that, if possible, a patient should feel more cheerful than he would in his own home. Accordingly, he carefully selected the man whose conduct would influence a new patient's first impressions of the hospital: the receptionist. "A good receptionist," he says, "is worth an additional psychiatrist on the staff."

One morning I watched the receptionist, a friendly middle-aged man, receive a new woman patient who had been brought to the hospital by her mother. He took their coats, ordered tea and broke through the wall of nervous tension that surrounded the two women.

Later that day the new patient received an illustrated booklet from the hospital's patient-operated printing shop describing the hospital therapy, and a personal letter of welcome from Dr. Rees which began: "I know how confused and even apprehensive you must be at finding yourself in a hospital of this kind . . . ."

A day or two later the new patient was taken on a guided tour of the hospital and grounds—by another patient. "It's the best way," Dr. Rees explains. "We know patients believe other patients more readily than they will members of the staff."

Once a week Dr. Rees and some of his staff have tea with 30 to 40 new patients, who are encouraged to air complaints and make suggestions. "Why don't we have a phone the patients can use?" an attractive young woman patient asked petulantly.

A portly pipe-smoker answered: "Well, you know what will happen. You'll have patients phoning Scotland Yard and the Prime Minister, asking to be let out."

Believing the pipe-smoker to be a staff doctor, I asked a nurse his name. She smiled. "He's a patient."

"Thank you," said Dr. Rees to the pipe-smoker. Then he turned to the other patient. "As a matter of fact, we're having a phone booth installed this week. I think we should allow a patient at least one fanciful

phone call. Of course if there are too many, we'll have it taken out."

Too often, patients in mental hospitals become docile, vegetative creatures adapted to the secure routine, utterly unfit to resume normal life. At Warlingham Park they make up their own work roster, they divide fairly the chores in the kitchens, gardens, dormitories and halls, and their activity is a valuable part of the therapy. But the Warlingham programme goes much further.

The unhappiest creatures of every mental hospital are the abject, helpless men and women who huddle in dark corners, unable to communicate, or to control their bodily functions. The more advanced Warlingham patients are enlisted to help these sad cases, under direction. Day after day of a rigid schedule helps them to develop regular habits, and in time they too may be given the responsibility of helping a nurse.

One day while I was walking through a women's ward with Dr. M. M. Glatt, one of the senior medical officers at the hospital, he stopped to greet a sullen, attractive 19-year-old girl: "Hello, Jane. I'm glad to hear you're not running away any more."

"Run away? Since they've put me in charge of those six old ladies I've got to see they're washed and dressed and then take them for a walk. By the time we're back, it's just too much bother to run away."

Jane's progress dated largely from the second week she had helped with the women patients.

"Essentially there is only one underlying cause for all mental illness—loneliness," Dr. Rees explained. "Because they cannot live satisfactorily with their fellow men and women the mentally ill turn inward, on themselves.

"What we try to do is to restore the patient's confidence in himself and in other people. The patient wants to feel that he is being trusted or he isn't likely to trust others. You can't achieve that with locks, restraints, barred windows and an imposing list of don'ts."

At Warlingham Park the number of visitors has greatly increased since the prison-like air has vanished. This helps to prevent the patient from losing touch with the world outside. Families are encouraged to take patients out for day-long and even week-end visits to their homes. To prepare them for that step the patients are first

encouraged to make afternoon visits on their own to neighbouring towns whose residents participate through a well-organized Visitors Association.

The methods of treatment at Warlingham Park have influenced such outstanding institutions as Fulbourn Hospital, Cambridge; Hôpital Psychiatrique de Ville-Evrard, Paris; the Boston Psychopathic Hospital; and the Topeka State Hospital in Kansas. After Dr. Rees visited Topeka two years ago and described what he was doing at Warlingham Park, several wards, locked until then, were opened. And Frances McCasland, an occupational therapist at Topeka, decided to work at Warlingham Park for six months.

"Many mental hospitals would be afraid to give patients such freedom and responsibility," she said. "But it works fine. What it all comes down to is that by giving trust to patients they get it in return—many times over."



### *Measure of Affection*

A SMALL BOY invaded the lingerie section of a big department store and shyly presented his problem to a woman assistant. "I want to buy a slip for my mother as a present," he said, "but I don't know what size she wears."

"Is she tall or short, fat or skinny?" asked the saleswoman.

"She's just perfect," beamed the small boy. So the assistant wrapped up a W. size slip for him.

Two days later, mother came to the store herself—and changed it to an O.S.

—Bennett Cerf in *The Saturday Review*



## Man's Best Friend

PUG a bull terrier was my husband's dog exclusively. He let me feed him and treat his wounds if he got hurt in a fight but that was about all. At night, when Pug went to sleep on his pillow in the living room, I often wished he would come upstairs to keep me company, for my husband worked on night shift in a factory.

When the Second World War came, my husband joined the Navy and Pug and I were left alone. The first day, a changed Pug came into being. As I sadly went about my household chores his sturdy little figure was continually at my side. When I went up to bed, he followed me and curled up on the rug beside my bed. That became his nightly routine.

When my husband's Naval service ended, he arrived home unexpectedly at 4 a.m. His welcome from Pug was as tumultuous as mine. But when we went upstairs, no bull terrier followed us. Pug had reinstated himself in the living room. His tour of duty was over too.

—Miriam Davis

WHEN we brought our new son, Michael home from the hospital, our little fox terrier Kicapoo, adopted him immediately. There was just one thing—he couldn't stand hearing the baby cry. When the first wail sounded the dog ran frantically to my wife and watched while she gave him his bottle or a rusk to chew.

After the baby was old enough to be put outside in his playpen, Kicapoo constantly kept guard. We noted that the baby never cried for any length of time when the dog was with him. One morning I heard the baby start to cry and, looking out, I saw Kicapoo hurry to his food dish, pick out a dog biscuit he had nosed aside the night before, and carry it to the small boy who took it and began munching it in contented silence.

Rex Campbell

ONE BLACK night as I was walking home from work, I heard the frantic barking of a dog in the distance. Altering my course to take me to this apparent call for help, I saw a man and the dog standing in the middle of a crossroads. I asked the man if there was anything wrong.

"Yes," he said, "I am blind and have become lost. If you will please tell me where I am and start me off in the right direction I'll be all right."

The dog meanwhile had stopped



barking and was standing patiently by. After the man had received directions and started on his way, the dog trotted off in the opposite direction, with an air of satisfaction in his stride.

—E J Horrell

ONE EVENING as we were watching a television production of *Macbeth*, our intelligent and obedient Dalmatian, Spot, wandered up from his accustomed bed in the cellar and curled up on the floor near the set. A few minutes later Lady Macbeth was launching into her sleep-walking soliloquy—"Out, damned spot! Out, I say!"—whereupon Spot obediently rose and slunk back to the cellar.

—Joan Lebold

WE WERE in the sheep business in Idaho and we bred our own collies for the sheep camps. They were great dogs—strong, intelligent, quick to learn the shepherds' orders and the sign language a sheep dog must know. The finest of them was Bruce.

The spring he was two years old, Bruce set out with our shepherd, Ed, and a flock of young lambs en route to the summer mountain range. They were camped about 20 miles from town across a hot desert stretch when

Ed, cleaning his rifle, somehow accidentally discharged it and mangled his left hand.

Binding his wrist as tightly as he could, Ed waved to Bruce to bring in the sheep. By the time they were penned the shepherd was desperately weak. Calling Bruce to him, he fastened a strip of blood-soaked rag to his collar. He pointed. "Home, Bruce, home! Help! Home!"

Bruce had never had an order like that, but he barked once, turned and ran. When he got to our house in town he was utterly spent. He could only totter in at the door and sink down, feebly lapping the water I put before him.

By the time we reached our shepherd he was unconscious from loss of blood, but he lived and his hand was saved.

—Kathleen Schildman

*Contributions are invited for "Man's Best Friend." Stories must be true and from the contributor's own experience. They should be typewritten and not over 300 words. Each story published will be paid for at our usual rates. Contributions cannot be returned. Address "Man's Best Friend" Editor, The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London, W.1.*



### *Birth of a Star*

AT GREAT expense a major Hollywood film studio imported a young European actress and groomed her for stardom. Finally she was given a leading rôle. When the picture was released, one critic wrote that she was beautiful, charming and poignant. His paper had only been out an hour when the head of the studio phoned. "We put a fortune into that girl," he raged, "and you ruin her with one column. You know she isn't married and you say she's poignant!"

—Contributed by Dan Bennett



## "A Mistake Doesn't Have to be Final"

*By Joseph Phillips*

IT ALL began on March 15, 1955, when 17-year-old Truls Halvorsen's ship, the Norwegian freighter *Fernhill*, was anchored at Hong Kong. Early that morning several Chinese tailors boarded the ship to sell suits to the seamen. Halvorsen needed a suit, but on his pay of \$50 a month he didn't have enough money. He asked a tailor to mend a pair of torn trousers.

On the way to Halvorsen's quarters, the tailor eyed the lad appraisingly. He saw a handsome, well-built six-footer, blond, blue-eyed, with pink cheeks. He also saw a boy who needed money.

Picking up the trousers, the Chinese said, "You want to make \$1,200?"

*The sinister ways of drug smugglers, revealed in a recent dramatic case*

"Sure," Halvorsen replied. "How?"

"Smuggling. Opium. Many seamen do it. Easy."

Taken aback, the young sailor said he'd think it over. The tailor promised to return in three hours.

To Halvorsen, \$1,200 was a lot of money. If other seamen got away with smuggling, why couldn't he? "Opium" conjured up nothing more for him than some dimly-lit den where Orientals lay around puffing pipes.

When the tailor returned, Halvorsen said yes. The tailor wrote out a

## THE READER'S DIGEST

Hong Kong address and told him to be there at 6 p.m.

That evening, in a clean, sparsely furnished room, Halvorsen was greeted by the tailor and his boss, a stout, business-like Chinese. Halvorsen's job, the boss specified, was to hide the opium aboard ship, smuggle it past Customs and deliver it in San Francisco, where he would be paid his fee. The boss opened a cardboard box. It held ten bags of "opium," each weighing about half a pound. The shipment was larger than was customary, the boss said; payment would be \$1,350 instead of \$1,200.

After having Halvorsen photographed so that the San Francisco receiver would recognize him, the boss showed him how to smuggle the narcotics off the ship. He took off his shirt, folded a white silk sash lengthwise, tied it round his waist, then concealed the bags in the fold. He wrote down the San Francisco address for delivery — Lew Gar Kung Saw, 854 Clay St.—then gave Halvorsen half of a carefully torn Chinese coupon. The receiver would have the other half. "Nobody gets caught," he said. "We've done it many times."

Halvorsen knew that smuggling was a crime. But, as he slipped the opium into his locker aboard ship, "being the key man in a real-life mystery story seemed like a big adventure."

The thrill vanished, however, when the *Fernhill* weighed anchor.

Halvorsen's conscience nagged him. This was the first time he had touched trouble. Until the age of 14, when he went to sea, he had been an excellent student. Aboard ship he had worked hard and learned fast. With his intelligence, he could look forward to steady progress in the Norwegian merchant service.

During the long voyage to Suez, Halvorsen began thinking about other people—his parents, who ran a small hotel near Oslo; his girl friend; the Rev. Leif Aagaard, of the Norwegian Seamen's Church in Brooklyn. Halvorsen had met the pastor on his first voyage, and a close friendship had developed.

He began asking shipmates about narcotics, and soon realized that he was deep in a crime far greater than smuggling. If he made delivery, he would be helping to destroy the lives of hundreds of men and women, boys and girls. The enormity of the crime he had agreed to commit overwhelmed him.

"For many days I kept thinking of Pastor Aagaard," he said later, "and finally I could not stand it any longer."

At Suez, Halvorsen sent an air-mail letter to Aagaard. Would the pastor present the entire opium matter to the authorities? Could Halvorsen help, perhaps, in getting the people in San Francisco sent to gaol?

In New York, Pastor Aagaard rushed to the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation with Halvorsen's

letter, then to the Bureau of Customs. On May 7 Aagaard sent Halvorsen a cable: "All in order here."

The *Fernhill* was scheduled to stop at Boston and New York before going on to San Francisco. At Boston, Customs agents boarded her, picked up the narcotics and questioned Halvorsen. "We found him truthful and straightforward," the agents reported. "He took full blame for what he had done, and made no excuses. He kept worrying about the effect of the news on his father."

The heroin in Halvorsen's locker proved to be one of the most valuable illicit shipments known to have entered America in the past ten years. Government chemists determined it 97 per cent pure. Cut and re-cut, it would provide hundreds of thousands of "shots." It would retail on street corners for about three million dollars.

Agents emptied the bags, refilled them with a milk-and-sugar powder, meticulously re-sewed them along the original thread-holes. Then Halvorsen and a Customs agent flew to San Francisco to make delivery. Halvorsen was intensively rehearsed for his role. He would be accompanied by an agent posing as a shipmate. The agent would do no talking, but if any problems arose in the meeting with the criminals, Halvorsen would pick up his cues from the eyes of the agent.

"The boy showed fear," said the agent who worked most closely with

Halvorsen, "but he never hesitated. He felt he had to make amends for what he had done."

At 10 a.m. on May 27, Halvorsen and the agent walked into 854 Clay Street, in the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown. They climbed three dark flights of stairs without encountering anyone. On the fourth-floor landing they met a Chinese to whom Halvorsen showed the paper bearing the words "Lew Gar Kung Saw." The Chinese pointed to a kitchen at the end of the landing. There they were silently greeted by an elderly Chinese who glanced at the paper and made three telephone calls. "Come back 12 o'clock," he told them.

When Halvorsen and the agent returned, the same Chinese arose from a chair. "Five minutes he come," he announced, and left.

Halvorsen was tense. "The boy was in a spot," the agent said later. "If he blew his lines or made a mistake, anything could happen. The room had a big cupboard that could have concealed a member of the gang. We might have been under scrutiny through a peephole. The set-up was dangerous."

After 15 long minutes a thin, well-dressed, middle-aged Chinese, wearing thick-lens glasses and a hearing aid, entered the room. He was later identified as Lew Doo. Halvorsen extended the paper with the address and asked, "Are you this man?"

"Yes, yes," Lew answered.

"Show me the coupon and my picture."

Lew took from his pocket the boy's photograph and a torn piece of coupon. The coupon fitted the piece in Halvorsen's hand.

Nodding towards the agent, Halvorsen explained, "This is the bosun from the *Fernhill*. He helped me. We got our ship's pay in New York, and came here by bus." Halvorsen spoke in an unnaturally loud voice. The agent saw his jaw muscles pulsate. But Lew apparently accepted his nervousness as a sign of inexperience.

"You got the opium with you?"

"No, it's in a locker at the bus station. Have you got the money?"

Lew pulled out a roll of notes.

"You come to my hotel room," Halvorsen said. "We'll pick up the opium and do business there."

Lew got excited. "No, no, no. This place very safe. Do business here all the time. Hotel room no good."

From the government's point of view, the ideal plan was to persuade the receiver to come to the hotel room where a tape recorder could take down the negotiation. But a glance at the agent told Halvorsen to string along with Lew.

When Halvorsen and the agent returned with the "opium," Lew took out three bags, examined them without cutting them open, and counted the remainder. Seeing only eight bags, he exclaimed, "But I

pay in Hong Kong for ten bags."

Halvorsen explained that two bags had got wet in the hiding place in the hold of the ship and had to be thrown over the side. Lew nodded, stuffed the heroin into a brown paper shopping bag.

He refused to pay \$1,350 for only eight bags, however. Halvorsen haggled, then said he'd take \$1,200 plus his bus fare from New York. When Lew counted out the money, the agent casually picked it up, then quickly drew his gun, whirled Lew round and handcuffed his hands behind his back.

Lew Doo, alias Frank Lew, alias Lew Wah, arrested seven times since 1933 but never convicted, was turned over to Customs agents who had deployed round the building. Papers found in Lew's room revealed the names of the Hong Kong leaders and showed that Lew was the direct United States contact for one of the biggest narcotics rings in the world. On August 2 Lew was sentenced to four years in prison. In gratitude to Halvorsen for his co-operation, Customs awarded him \$1,000.

Shortly before he sailed for Norway in mid-July, the boy and his pastor had a last talk.

"You've learned something that all of us need to know," the pastor said. "A mistake doesn't have to be final. When we have conviction, we can change a mistake. It's worth the effort."

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The magnificent U.S. National Gallery of Art owes its existence to the initiative and generosity of one man

U.S. National Gallery of Art

*By Andre and Assia Visson*

**T**HE U.S. National Gallery of Art, in Washington, is an impressive, dome-crowned building of pink-white marble, standing between the Capitol and the Washington Monument. Through its heavy bronze and steel doors, 40 feet high, more than 24 million visitors have passed since the gallery was opened in 1941. Now recognised as one of the world's great art galleries the U.S. National Gallery owes its existence to one man.

When Andrew William Mellon went to Washington as U.S. Secretary of the Treasury in 1921, he was

reputed to be the wealthiest man (banking and steel) ever to hold a U.S. Government job. Mellon wanted Washington to be one of the world's great cultural capitals, but no one suspected that he would use a large portion of his wealth to that end.

One day, in 1927, Mellon disclosed a scheme he had been turning over in his mind. To David Finley, his young Special Assistant at the Treasury, he said: "Washington should have a national gallery to rank with those of London, Paris, Rome and Madrid. Since a grant



from the state is unlikely, I'm willing to put up the building myself and offer it, together with a collection of paintings, to the American people. I want you to organize this gallery."

Finley accepted the appointment, and during the following years helped to plan the bold project.

The millions who visit the U.S. National Gallery today can hardly imagine the effort that went into assembling its treasures. It took most European galleries a long time to gather their priceless collections. They inherited many of their treasures from the established collections of royal and noble patrons, whereas American galleries must depend on donations from private collectors.

Andrew Mellon had started his own collection as a young man. Travelling abroad in 1882, he bought an old painting for \$1,000. His business friends were shocked. How could this astute young industrialist pay so much for a canvas?

Mellon went on buying paintings, however—but only those that appealed to him. He turned down a portrait by Raphael because the sitter had an "evil face." The French eighteenth-century masters were too lavish with their colours and their nudes for the puritanical Mellon. His preference went to pleasant Dutch and English paintings, which he found both inspiring and relaxing.

Soon, as his momentous project got under way, his approach to collecting changed. For the gallery he

wanted nothing short of the best.

He learned that the Soviets were willing to sell a few masterpieces from the Czar's famous collection at the Hermitage Palace. So in 1930 and 1931, Mellon acquired 21 of the paintings at a cost of more than seven million dollars. Among them was Titian's "Venus With a Mirror," a nude which he would not have hung in his own house, but which he knew should have a place in a great gallery, and for which he did not hesitate to pay \$544,000. He gave \$745,000 for Raphael's "St. George and the Dragon," measuring 11 inches by eight inches, and \$838,000 for Botticelli's "Adoration of the Magi." His top payment, \$1,166,000, went for Raphael's famous "Alba Madonna."

When Mellon left the U.S. Government in 1933, after 11 years as Secretary of the Treasury and one year as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, he decided the time had come to push his long-cherished project to completion. He chose architect John Russell Pope to design the gallery. "Never mind the cost," Mellon said. "It will be a building to last for centuries."

Together they selected the finest building materials: pink-white marble for the walls, because it absorbed the sun instead of reflecting it like white marble; Italian dark-green marble for the 24 columns in the central rotunda; green and grey marble, and fumed oak for the floors.

"It will be quite expensive," warned Finley.

"Just so long as it doesn't *look* expensive," answered Mellon, who hated ostentation.

As a result of the constant search for the finest materials and the latest air-conditioning and air-purifying equipment—to protect and increase the life span of the old paintings—Mellon had to raise his building budget from 9 to 15 million dollars. In addition he gave a five-million-dollar endowment for new acquisitions and other expenses. Then, one month before announcing his donation, he suddenly decided that the masterpieces he had gathered during half a century were inadequate. Certain schools were not sufficiently represented.

Laid up with a bad cold, he telephoned David Finley. "Take the first train to New York. Go to Duveen and pick up the best pictures he has been concealing. I know he has bought many masterpieces during these depression years."

Finley spent three days with Duveen and together they brought to Washington 30 paintings and 21 sculptures—masterpieces of the Italian, Flemish and English schools from the fourteenth to the early nineteenth century. Duveen rented an apartment below Mellon's and there placed all his treasures under armed guard. A month later, at the luncheon table, Mellon concluded the greatest single purchase of art treasures ever made. He bought 18

sculptures and 26 of the paintings—for 11 million dollars!

A few days later Andrew Mellon, now 81, sent a letter to President Roosevelt offering the nation his 35-million-dollar collection of 132 paintings and 26 sculptures, together with funds for building the gallery.

He set only two conditions: First, his name was not to be connected with the gallery. A genuinely modest man, he did not want America's National Gallery to be thought of as a memorial to him. Second, the trustees should see to it that all art collections donated later were of the same high quality as his.

The opening of the U.S. National Gallery of Art on March 17, 1941, was a major event. Unfortunately, Andrew Mellon was not there to witness the realization of his dreams. He had died in 1937.

But his hopes were already being fulfilled. In 1939 the gallery had received another great collection: 375 paintings and 18 sculptures of the Italian school from Samuel Kress, another multi-millionaire. It was the most complete collection of Italian art ever brought together by one person. Kress had intended to establish a gallery of Italian art in New York, but Finley persuaded him to bring his collection to Washington. Finley, Mr. Kress and John Walker, a young scholar of Italian art who had been appointed chief curator of the gallery, selected the Kress masterpieces for Washington. With recent additions, Kress paintings



and sculptures now form the largest collection in the gallery.

A third highly important donation came from Joseph Widener who presented his collection of 100 paintings to the gallery in 1942. Among them were fourteen Rembrandts, two of the rarest Vermeers, eight Van Dycks, one Raphael and two El Greecos. And with them came magnificent Italian Renaissance sculptures and an invaluable assemblage of rare furniture, small bronzes, tapestries, prints and Chinese porcelains.

Another important collection is that of Chester Dale, now president of the gallery's board of trustees. A New York investment banker, Dale began in the 1920's to "invest" several million dollars in great French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists including Renoir, Degas and Cézanne.

The U.S. National Gallery also brought together an important collection of 763 American paintings. Covering two centuries of U.S. art, it contains works by America's best painters—from Gilbert Stuart and John Copley to Winslow Homer, James Whistler, Mary Cassatt and Childe Hassam.

On its opening night the U.S. National Gallery had on view 555 paintings and 61 sculptures. Today, it offers its visitors 960 paintings, 209 sculptures, a collection of 1,306 small bronzes, as well as antique furniture, tapestries and china. Moreover, it has in storage about 800 additional valuable paintings.

And its print collection, thanks largely to a gift from Lessing Rosenwald, has jumped from 399 items in 1941 to 21,618 in 1956.

The setting in which these collections are placed is impressive. Entering the 100-foot-wide rotunda of the central hall, with its sixteenth-century Italian bronze fountain and 24 massive marble columns, visitors hush their voices as if in a cathedral. Right and left from the rotunda run two long halls with French and Italian sculptures. These open into two garden courts which feature seventeenth-century French lead fountains that once stood in the gardens of Versailles. Round the halls and garden courts are 90 exhibition rooms. On Sunday nights the gallery's orchestra gives a free concert in one of the garden courts to audiences of as many as 1,000 people.

Many art students from other countries now go to Washington to study old masters of their native lands.

A question frequently asked by visitors—"How much are the collections worth?"—is not an easy one to answer. Masterpieces are priceless, because they cannot be replaced. But the market value of the collections is estimated to be about 300 million dollars. To reproduce the building itself would cost more than 50 million dollars today.

But the educational and spiritual value of the U.S. National Gallery is infinitely greater. The permanent collection as well as the exhibitions

on loan from French, German, Austrian, Italian, Japanese and Spanish galleries have offered millions of people an opportunity to become acquainted with the world's cultural past.

### *The Touch of the Master*

JOHN GRIMSHAW WILKINSON, blind botanist, lost his sight when he was 23, but he learned to distinguish flowers by touching them with the tip of his tongue. He could name instantly each of 5,000 specimens.

ONE AFTERNOON Sir Arthur Sullivan, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, set out with a companion for a house where he had been only once before, and on reaching the proper street, could not remember the number.

"Never mind," he said, "I'll find it." He walked up to each door in turn and gave its boot scraper a gentle kick. "Here we are," he said at length. "Listen E flat."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

WHEN RAPHAEL called upon a friend and found him out, he left neither his name nor a card, but instead drew a circle on a piece of paper. His friends knew that only Raphael could draw a perfect circle free hand.

— Robert McLaughlin, *Fishing for Fish Not in the Pond*

VISITORS to Houdini's home had glimpses of his infinite capacity for taking pains. Seated with friends, he would absently take a pack of cards from his pocket, and for an hour would exercise his fingers in manipulation, making certain cards appear at the top of the pack when they seemed hopelessly shuffled, all the time conversing on a wide range of subjects and paying not the least attention to the cards or his sensitive fingers. "I have to keep in practice to do things like this mechanically, like walking or breathing," he explained once to a friend. On other occasions he would take a length of string from his pocket, tie it in various sorts of knots, and drop it on the floor. Presently his visitors might observe that Houdini had unobtrusively slipped off his shoes and socks, and was untying and retying the knots with his toes, meanwhile never so much as glancing at his own remarkable manipulations.

— Harold Kellock, *Houdini*

GEORGE GREY BARNARD had trained his hands to an eerie degree of separate activity. Holding in each hand a small lump of clay, he swiftly moulded with the left the form of a male, while simultaneously the clay in the right hand assumed the form of the female figure.

—*The North American Review*

# THE KIND OF PREACHING THAT MATTERS

*"Experience has taught me: Just tell the people that Jesus Christ  
can change their lives"*

**By Norman Vincent Peale, D.D.**

EVERYBODY HAS moments he would characterize as his highest and greatest. One of mine is that Sunday morning when I preached my first sermon.

It was in a little Methodist church in Massachusetts. I was a seminary student at the time, and I wanted that sermon to be a gem of scholarly eloquence. So I tried to put into writing it all that I knew of theology and literature. But it just wouldn't come, and I became confused and discouraged.

In despair I telegraphed my father, a Methodist district superintendent, asking for help. He replied: "Just tell the people that Jesus Christ can change their lives. Love, Dad." That message has been en-

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graved in my memory every since.

I arrived early at the little church and went to a room which was bare of everything but an old red couch and a cluttered table. Here I paced up and down, trying to fix my sermon in mind. Then I looked out of the window and saw people beginning to gather. My inadequacy swept over me; my sermon left me. I fell to my knees by the couch, praying frantically for some message that would help those people.

Suddenly I had a great sense of peace, and then a very moving impression of God's presence. It was as if He said to me, "Do not be anxious. Simply tell the people that I will help them if they will give their lives to Me."

This experience was so overpowering that I feel its reality to this day. Exalted and inspired, I then and there vowed to do everything I possibly could to get everybody, everywhere, to know what Christ

could mean in their lives. I rose from my knees and almost ran to the pulpit. It was a short, immature sermon, but everything I had went into it.

When in memory I go back to this little church and its experience of profound dedication, the old excitement comes over me. I know better than anybody else how imperfectly I have kept that vow, but it still stirs my soul and calls me back to the kind of preaching that really matters.

After my first year at the seminary I returned to my home in Ohio for the summer. When my father told me that a country church was without a preacher for the following Sunday, I eagerly offered to supply. I was imbued with everything I had heard in the classroom back at the seminary; we had been studying the atonement. Therefore I prepared a ponderous sermon on that topic which I thought I would try out on the country folk.

Sitting on the verandah on Saturday afternoon I read the sermon to my father. He sat with his feet perched on the balustrade, listening patiently. Then he said, "Well, Norman, there are several things I would do with that sermon if I were you. First, I would burn it."

This rather startled me, but he went on to explain. "It's a good thing to write out a sermon, so that your thoughts are organized. But never preach from a manuscript. Get yourself so full of your message

that you can stand before your people and pour it out to them, looking them straight in the eye.

Then he said, "I would simplify it. Scholarship isn't the use of obscure words or high-sounding phrases. True scholarship takes the greatest principles and makes them so simple that a child can understand them. Tell your listeners in simple everyday language that Jesus Christ died for them, that He can save them from themselves and give them joy and peace. Above all, tell them what you personally know."

The sheer common sense of this advice impressed me. I went out the next day with his words ringing in my ears.

I can see that country church as though it were yesterday. It was a still, beautiful Sunday morning. Looking down at the waiting congregation, I was nervous, as usual. But I prayed silently, and an inner voice seemed to say, "Go ahead, tell them about Me." So I rose and began, without fanfare or flourish, to talk about what Jesus Christ had come to mean to me.

Afterwards I went home for lunch with a farm family. My host was a big, heavy-set man, his face weatherbeaten, tanned and strong. While the men were waiting on the verandah for lunch to be served, he put his big hand on my knee and said quietly, "You did all right this morning, son. Your sermon was simple, and everybody could understand it. Stick to that style every

place you go. Just keep telling people that all their failures, their faults, their sorrows and their weaknesses can be lost in Jesus. Just tell them that—the same old message, the old, old story.”

I noticed that there were tears in his eyes. He pulled out a big handkerchief and blew his nose. Then he slapped me on the back and went into the house.

There was a silence on the verandah. Finally one of the men said, “Perhaps you ought to know that that man had a lot of struggles with himself. And he went sort of bad for a while, until one Sunday, in that little church, he was converted. Ever since then he has been quite a remarkable person, as you can see.”

These experiences convinced me that the one great object in preaching should be to enable people to know Jesus Christ, so that the defeats of their lives may be turned into victories. Having done that, the next step is to tell them that they cannot keep this experience unless they give it away, share it with others. *That* is the message that should come from every pulpit in the world, Sunday after Sunday, week after week.

I decided early that I was going to preach evangelistic sermons, aim for a decision, try to get people to accept the Saviour. It was the custom in those days to invite people to come to the altar and accept Christ publicly. (It is still good, I believe, to get people to step out before

their fellows and say, courageously, “This is the way I am going to live!”) So, in my first church, in a mill town, I suddenly decided during an evening service to give the invitation.

Five people came forward and knelt at the altar. Some of these people, I knew, had been struggling against all manner of defeat. I was so excited that I literally did not know what to do. I knelt with them and simply said, “I don’t know much about this, but all you need to do is to say, ‘I give myself to Thee, O Lord,’ and mean it.”

I guess that *was* all that was necessary, for their lives thereafter were changed.

I shall never forget walking home under the stars that clear, cool November night. I walked on air, for I had seen the power of God at work in people’s lives. From then on, I developed an unbounded conviction that there is nobody whose life cannot be changed if he or she will let Christ change it.

A few years after I had graduated from the seminary I came to a church in a university community. The congregation was composed of university professors and their families, businessmen and professional people. Young and inexperienced, I fell into the hands of some of the most wonderful people I have ever known.

On the first Sunday I was introduced by the late Hugh Tilroe, director of the university’s School

of Public Speech. He said to the congregation, "You have a very young man here as your new pastor. You can make him a good pastor, or you can make a very ordinary man of him. It depends on you."

It was a curious kind of introduction, laying the responsibility upon the congregation. They took him seriously, for they gave me wonderful support and advice. It is amazing what the members of a church can do for a minister if they have a mind to, and if he will let them.

Being in a university pulpit, I thought I had to preach a scholarly sermon every Sunday. I read heavy books and quoted learned authority. One day one of the most outstandingly intellectual members of the university staff took me out to lunch. "I would like to make a suggestion," he said. "You think that we, being university professors, want an 'intellectual' sermon. But you must remember that, while we may be experts in *our* fields, you must be an expert in the field of *spirit*. We're just poor sinful people who need and want the Gospel. Preach to us as you would to anybody else." I followed his advice.

We ministers are sometimes accused of being too concerned with full pews. I plead guilty. I freely subscribe to the notion that we must capture the world with Christianity, not just rescue a small remnant. From the pulpit of this magnificent university church I could look up into the balcony and see a huge

ladder lying across the pews. The sexton explained, "Nobody ever sits in those seats. It's the best place to store the ladder."

Every Sunday that ladder annoyed me. I didn't want to preach to a ladder. I wanted to preach to human beings. So I invited a different group from the university to come each Sunday and occupy a reserved section. Soon the groups began to vie with one another to have the largest turnout. The church began to fill up, the balcony too, and the ladder had to go elsewhere.

I had learned this: that if you stand in the pulpit and tell people in plain language that God can help them to overcome their difficulties and make something of their lives, and illustrate it out of life, you will always have listeners who will want to hear that message, no matter how poorly or haltingly it is delivered.

The winning of *men* to the church has been another of my prime concerns. From boyhood, as a preacher's son, I had asked myself why the women far outnumbered the men in the congregation. I decided that perhaps the minister was largely to blame. One could not help noting the attitude of men in the street towards the preacher, or miss the sigh of relief when the servant of God took himself from their midst.

I told the Lord that, if He would guide me, I would make the recruitment of men one of my life's aims. Before long I was offered an opportunity to appear widely, under the

auspices of a lecture agency, before business and industrial conferences. I have continued doing this for a great many years. I am convinced that if we can get men in business, in the professions and in industry to fill their daily occupations with religious zeal and spirit, we can effect a deep religious revival.

In 1932 I became the pastor of Marble Collegiate Church in New York City. At the time America was in the depths of the depression. Men were jumping out of windows, having nervous breakdowns and heart attacks. People were frightened, discouraged and in many cases utterly defeated. The very times compelled me to address myself to human needs, telling broken hearted, frustrated people that there was healing and renewal in the simple principles which Jesus taught.

Now, I have never preached that material success would come to anyone through the practice of the Gospel. But it is a fact that if one conditions his life to right thinking, right doing and right relationships with other people, the old failure tendencies fall away, and there is a new creativeness in his life. And gradually people began to listen to this message. Then they came with personal problems seeking private interviews to learn how they might overcome their difficulties.

Here I realized my own deficiency. I had never been trained in psychological or psychiatric understanding. Therefore I sought out a

man who has since become my great friend and associate, Dr. Smiley Blanton. We began to pool our therapy—the therapy of Christianity and the therapy of psychiatry. And we soon proved that when people begin to live the healthy, wholesome principles of Jesus, feelings of bitterness and frustration and fear fall away.

We worked out a series of simple techniques from the Bible itself, explaining in formula fashion how one could go about overcoming fear, or getting hate out of his system, or defeating an inferiority complex. These principles I outlined simply, in books and sermons, radio talks, TV appearances. I was interested in only one thing: changing people's lives. I merely employed new methods.

The fact that faith-finding has been reduced to a simple formula does not mean that religion has been made "easy." There is no such thing as easy religion. Always it is necessary for the person, in the application of this method, to evaluate scrupulously and honestly his own life and make a definite break with anything in his experience that is wrong and incompatible with the spirit of Christ. Let him try it who thinks it is easy!

It is within every man's nature to want to make the most of himself, to do the very best he can with his life. I have found that by constant daily surrender to God, the Divine Power is available for *my* life. God can work in *every* life.

# ☆ LIFE'S ☆ LIKE ☆ THAT ☆

SEATED COMFORTABLY behind the evening paper, my father was interrupted by a telephone call. We gathered as the conversation went on and on that there had been an accident between the caller's car and my mother's. When my father said, "No, Mrs. Adams has not mentioned a word of this to me," we sensed real drama.

Being a patient man and not easily upset, my father listened to further details. Then he asked, "Did I understand you to just say that my wife *admitted* it was her fault?"

A short pause. "Well, then, my good man," Father stated firmly, "I'm sorry, but you have the wrong Adams!"

HEIDI DE ENIS

MY HUSBAND, a police patrolman, stopped a clergyman for speeding. The clergyman stated that he was in a hurry because he had so many things to attend to. "After all," he said, "I'm on this earth to do God's work."

"That's why I'm here, too," my husband explained. In answer to the clergyman's puzzled expression, he continued: "Remember that part of the Bible which says, 'Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in?'"

—IRENE EGAN

I HAD BROKEN my ankle badly in a college football game and was now lying nervously on the operating

table. A young man entered the room carrying the longest needle I had ever seen. He introduced himself as the anæsthetist and hurriedly began to prepare an injection to knock me out. Sensing my uneasiness, he asked if this was my first operation, and when I nodded, his face broke into a friendly smile and he held out his hand.

"Shake, pal," he said, "this is my first one too!"

—CARI KAHN

ONE SUNDAY, as we walked past the beautifully decorated graves in the cemetery, we came suddenly upon a bare, unmarked plot where a boy in his teens was kneeling. He struck a match and put it to a crumpled wad of paper. After it was burnt completely, he got up.

"I hope to have a proper headstone and some flowers here next year," he said to us shyly. "My father died four years ago. Mother and I have worked hard to take care of the children and pay for the house father bought. I've just burnt the mortgage papers."

My husband said, "I think your father is the most highly honoured of all those who sleep here."

—WILLA GOFRINGER

DISCUSSING the lands we had been studying in geography, my class was listing the names of the people whose economy depended on specific animals.



"The Lapps depend on reindeer," one pupil said. And another added, "The people of the Sahara depend on camels."

The list grew, and then little Gene raised his hand and declared emphatically, "The people of America depend on cows."

"Explain your answer," I said.

"If it wasn't for cows," he replied, "there wouldn't be cowboys. And if it wasn't for cowboys, most of the people in the films and TV wouldn't have no way to make a living—and the rest of us wouldn't have nothing to live for."

DAMARIS OUZIS

*Readers are invited to submit their own contributions to this feature Stories, which should be from your own experience of everyday life, should reveal humorous or attractive facets of human nature. Only typewritten contributions can be considered. Address: "Life's Like That" Editor, The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Payment will be made at our usual rates. Rejected manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.*

### *Magnificent Deceptions*

FOR THE last five months of her life, actress Marie Dressler's illness let her be up for a few days, then down again—slipping discouragingly all the time. Every week, no matter how busy, Louis B. Mayer, of Metro Goldwyn-Mayer, took a brief-case full of stories and went to the northern part of California to see Miss Dressler. Illness was never mentioned, Mayer merely discussed stories and plans for her future, exactly as if she were in the studio. Right through to the last week of her life, Miss Dressler remained cheerful and happy.

A BEAUTIFUL act of consideration was told, after the war, of a boy whose throat had been practically shot away. During his convalescence he had learned to make beaded bags, and one day he sold one of these bags to a visitor. His face was radiant with happiness as he tried to tell the nurse of his good fortune. It was his first attempt at speech. Nothing but a series of the most horrible guttural sounds came from the boy: not a word could be understood. The nurse could not find it in her heart to tell him the truth. With eyes full of tears she placed her hands on the boy's shoulders and said: "I am so sorry. I cannot understand a word you say to me. You evidently do not know that I am totally deaf. Won't you write what you want to tell me?"

A look of deepest compassion swept the boy's face. "To think that one could be so afflicted, and yet always so tender and so cheerful," he wrote.

—The Americanization of Edward Bok

# Wonderland of Ants



Soldiers, acrobats, thieves, slave-drivers, farmers—all living  
in the amazing world beneath our feet

*By Donald Culross Peattie*

"Go to the ant," said Solomon,  
and so we may—to find a  
society as industrious as our own.  
For under our feet, unaware of hu-  
man ways, ant tribes pursue occupa-  
tions startlingly like mankind's.

I found this out when I lived in  
the sub-tropics in a house with a  
large garden. Ants really owned the  
place, I merely paid the rent. Living  
among the magnolias and mimosas,  
there were four of us in the human  
family, of ants there were several

million. With a magnifying glass I  
watched their ways of peace and  
their wars, when they fell upon each  
other's. Ninevehs and Tyres and  
smote their foes with a great  
slaughter.

Some were the big, stiffly moving  
carpenter ants, which get into the  
woodwork of a house and, like ter-  
mites, riddle it with their galleries.  
Some were harvester ants which  
live on the seeds they gather and  
store for winter. Some species were



cow-herds, and pastured their "cattle"—aphids that suck the sap of plants—upon trees and bushes; these ants bring their kine out each morning and "milk" them for the sweet juice they secrete. There were thief ants and acrobat ants and kidnapper ants, which hide in the walls of the nests of other species and steal their babies.

In the Mexican tropics I have seen the famous army ants, fierce nomads that move about in a compact herd, carrying their babies and their queen with them; they can divide columns and flank to the right and left to encircle their prey—yet they are wholly blind and have to smell and tap their way.

All over the world there are steamship ants, which invade ships as stowaways and so travel to distant ports, where some take permanent shore leave. There are big, ferocious slave-raiding ants which tear open the nests of other tribes and seize the hapless young to carry away and raise as slaves. In certain species, they send forth these slaves to do their raiding for them. Some slave-owning ants, indeed, have become so effete that, despite their warrior look, they cannot even feed themselves but have slaves to put the food in their very mouths.

Sluggards indeed are these. But of all ants the most fascinatingly industrious are the parasol ants, so-called because they may be seen in processions, each one bearing above his head a bit of green leaf. This is

no fashion parade. The leaves will be made into compost, for these ants are farmers, perhaps the only farmers in the animal kingdom besides humans and certain termites. They deliberately sow, manure and prune; they weed, eat and again sow their crops. The crops are different kinds of fungus. Some seem to be related to the mushroom we grow; others are distant kin to bread moulds. But so secret and subterranean are the labours of these little farmers, and so fiercely do they defend their nests, that it has taken scientists nearly 100 years to piece together what is known of them.

All the leaf-cutting ants are found in the western hemisphere, chiefly in the tropics. A tribe of some of the most famous of all farmer ants, the *Atta cephalotes*, is kept at the Bronx Zoo, in New York. In a display box in the Reptile House a living colony of them is at work. It was founded in 1950 when a queen and her court were shipped to the zoo from Trinidad.

These pampered creatures live upon cut roses; about a half dozen are supplied to them every day. Through the glass wall of the exhibit, the ants may be seen emerging each morning from their nest. They set to work stripping the roses of leaves and petals. Pivoting on its legs, each ant snips out with its scissor-like jaws an irregular bit of leaf, and this it bears away over its head with a proud effect of triumph.

By five in the afternoon the rose stems are bare.

No wonder such efficient reapers are feared in the tropics! Their swift depredations on crops and trees can spell ruin. But what they did with their harvest of leaves no one knew until the British naturalist, Thomas Belt, in 1874 published the result of his first investigations in Nicaragua. He discovered that the ants do not eat the cut leaves but hash them up into a compost, on which they sow the spores of certain fungi. And the ant-farmers weed and cultivate these fungi as carefully as a gardener tends his cabbages. The little plants are not permitted to reach the fruiting or "toadstool" stage; instead, the ants constantly prune them back, with a purpose.

The repeatedly pruned fungus forms tiny knots, about the size of a pinhead, called "kohlrabi." These are eaten by the ants. The kohlrabi that we ourselves sometimes eat is really a greatly thickened stalk of cauliflower; it is not seen in the wild plant but is the fruit of human horticulture. The kohlrabi of the ants is just as clear a case of horticultural know-how, dating back millions of years before human society began.

The hard-working ants eat up their kohlrabi about as fast as these come to a head. And it is by rationing the amount of kohlrabi eaten that the ants produce their different castes, four or five in number. Those

fed on minimum amounts never grow up to be more than "minims," tiny workers who tend the fungus garden and feed the larvæ or ant babies. A medium-rich diet develops the "mediæ," workers who do most of the leaf-stripping. More food develops the big fierce soldiers who defend the nest; they can bite so savagely that they draw blood. And a still richer diet produces the idle males and the virgin "princesses," both winged in preparation for the nuptial flight.

For this, on some enchanted evening, they are led out of the nest by the workers. And each princess carries, in a special pouch behind her jaws, a little hoard of fungus spores with which she will begin the economy of a new nest.

Now the princess spreads her fairy wings and takes off into the wide air. The males follow; they have enormous eyes, their wings are built for speed, like a fighter plane's, and eventually the princess is overtaken somewhere high in the warm dusk. Once the mating is done, the life of the males is also finished. They fall to earth and die.

But the female, now sufficiently fertilized for the rest of her life, descends purposefully to earth. And of all the strange sights I have seen in the insect world the oddest is a young queen wrenching off her own iridescent wings—as if an angel had decided to become a woman. Then she runs about nervously, like a cat looking for a place to have kittens;

when she finds a cranny under a stone or log, or a crack in the earth, she scurries in and begins excavating still further. Never again will she see the light of day.

Here in the new nest the queen ejects from her mouth the pellets of fungus spores she has brought from the old. She prunes and weeds the first crop as it grows, and licks it to keep it moist. At the same time she starts to lay her first eggs. As the eggs hatch into little larvæ the queen feeds them on the kohlrabi.

As soon as the first adult ants emerge, they find jobs waiting for them. The fungus gardens must be weeded and pruned; leaves must be brought in for compost. The nest must be guarded, the babies washed and fed, and the new subterranean

quarters enlarged till the dome-like mushroom cellars, connected by a system of corridors as complex as an underground railway system, grow to the size of a man's head.

Now the workers, who are all female-neuters (maiden aunts, you might say), make all the decisions, and give out the rations which will determine the caste of each ant. A precious prisoner in the dark, perpetually pregnant, the queen is just a big egg-laying machine, zealously fed on kohlrabi by the workers who will die in her defence. Thus, forever completing their cycle, the ant society fulfils every law of the blind tyrant instinct. Not for them the light of reason by which we humans make our mistakes and find our freedom!



### *Era of Fabulous Figures*

CONGRESSMAN Lawrence Smith, of Wisconsin, complains that the adding machines supplied to U.S. Congressmen are out of date. They only given totals in the millions and are not equipped to handle today's astronomical figures. Smith said his office staff ran out of figures when it started to add up the interest paid on America's national debt over the past 22 years.

An accountant finally got the answer—about \$79,000,000,000—by tabulating totals as far as the machine would go, then adding them together with pencil and paper. —UP

WHEN THE Ford Foundation grants were announced recently, one chap said to another, "D'you see where Ford gave away \$500,000,000?"

"Yeah?" the other grunted. "What was the question?"

—Joe Harrington in *Boston Post*, quoted by Earl Wilson, Hall Syndicate

An eye-witness account of one of the most  
destructive riots of modern times

## Istanbul's Night of Terror

By Frederic Sondern, Jr.

**O**N THE evening of last September 6 one of the wildest eruptions of mob fury and hysteria in modern times broke out in Turkey's ancient city of Istanbul. In six terrible hours, the frenzied Turkish crowds wrecked 2,000 houses and 4,000 shops, burnt 29 churches to the ground and badly damaged 31 others. Before it was over, 100 million dollars' worth of damage had been done.

At six o'clock on that Tuesday, Taksim Square, the hub of Istanbul, was its normal, cheerfully noisy self. Crowds filled the coffee-houses round the plaza, tramcars clanged, careering taxicabs honked. Along the *Istiklal Caddesi* (Avenue of Independence), the city's main shopping street, strollers looked into show windows. The weather was mild, the sky cloudless.

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ROVING EDITOR Frederic Sondern, Jr., was in Istanbul attending an international police conference when the riot described here occurred. He supplemented his own observations with details from others who were on the scene.

Above the square, on the terrace behind the memorial to Kemal Atatürk, Turkey's first president and national hero, stood a colonel of police. Some university students were staging an anti-Greek demonstration and special police details were on hand to prevent any major disturbance. (Resentment against Greece was running high in Turkey over the question of Cyprus.) The colonel was watchful but unworried. The students were orderly; the atmosphere in the square seemed to hold no menace.

Then the colonel noticed a new activity: newsvendors were hawking the late editions of the evening papers and knots of people were gathering round them. Patrons were spilling out of the coffee-houses into the street. In the colonel's experienced mind alarm bells began to ring.

He sent for a paper. One glance told him there was trouble ahead: GREEK TERRORISTS DEFILE ATA-TÜRK'S BIRTHPLACE, the headline screamed. There followed a lurid

but faked description of an attempt to bomb the house, now a Turkish shrine, where Atatürk was born in Greek Salonika. The colonel reached for a field telephone, but even as he began barking orders he knew he was too late.

Five main streets converge on Taksim Square, and mobs in solid phalanxes were already pouring down each one, jamming into the plaza. "Kill the Greeks!"—the staccato shouts filled the square.

In one corner stood a shanty used to store the tools of a tramcar repair gang. The door was torn off and about 50 angry men armed themselves with crowbars, pickaxes, sledge hammers, sections of rail. Backed by a crowd of several hundred, they made for the Avenue of Independence. When police tried to block the entrance the mob simply bowled them over.

Along the one-mile length of the *Istiklal Caddesi* are some 400 shops, most of them operated by Christian Turks of Greek extraction. As soon as the trouble began, most merchants locked their doors, pulled down their heavy iron shutters and fled. They saved their lives, but they could not save their shops.

One of the first to be assaulted was a little draper's shop. A heavy length of rail in the hands of four powerful men made short work of the iron shutter, the plate-glass window and the door. The crowd surged in. Bolts of cloth were snatched from the shelves and

thrown outside. The mob tore them to shreds. A sewing machine, precious in Turkey, was triumphantly carried into the street and demolished. In ten minutes the shop was empty. The crowd moved on.

Next was an electrical appliance shop. Behind the window, after it had been smashed in, appeared a large refrigerator. To the average Turk a refrigerator is a rare luxury. But it was heaved on to the pavement; its mechanism was ripped out and pounded with sledge hammers into a shapeless mass.

The owners of a grocer's shop, an elderly Greek-Turk and his wife, had pulled down their shutters but had stayed in the shop. The old man had courage. "You filth," he shouted as the first rioters broke in, "my family has lived in Istanbul for six generations. We are as good Turks as you." He was silenced with a blow from a wooden club. In a few minutes his shop was a shambles.

The crowd was tightly packed now, moving like a relentless stream of lava. Suddenly several hundred rioters surged into a side street leading to the beautiful Greek Orthodox Church of the Holy Trinity, the city's largest Christian place of worship. For a moment their pace slowed down; the Koran forbids any attack on churches of other faiths. Then the mob pushed forward. Within seconds the doors caved in, and the crowd streamed inside.

Again there was a pause while the

rioters gawked at the unfamiliar scene—the great, ancient ikons, the crucifix, the fine altar. Suddenly someone screamed, “Tear down the Greek blasphemies!” Two young men with axes jumped on to the altar and the rioters went berserk. Massive oak benches were ripped apart like paper; thick stone slabs were shattered. One group pushed into the vestry and smashed priceless vessels. They ripped magnificent cloths and robes and hammered candlesticks and chalices into junk. Another squad appeared with cans of paraffin.

Meanwhile, in the rest of Istanbul, a city of 1,500,000 people, the frenzy was spreading. In the coffee-houses, on street corners, the orators were at work. “A night of reckoning has come!” shouted one. “Cleanse the fatherland of the infidel!” shrieked another. The ancient cry was echoing from one end of Istanbul to the other.

By nine o'clock, just two hours after the centre of the city had erupted, at least 50,000 frenzied Turks had formed a hundred other lava streams pouring down avenues and streets, tearing and smashing as they went. At ten o'clock, eight sheets of flame shot up into the sky in different parts of the city. Torches flung into the paraffin-drenched interiors of Istanbul's largest Greek churches set them ablaze. This was the signal for gangs to go to work on other Christian places of worship. A count made subsequently

by an international committee of the World Council of Churches established that 60 of Istanbul's 80 Orthodox churches were wrecked or gutted by fire that night.

One group of several hundred men descended on the big Greek Orthodox cemetery of Shishli with torches and tools. For the next two hours they smashed gravestones, prised open crypts, removed recently interred bodies from their coffins and mutilated them.

Forty square miles of densely populated metropolitan and suburban area were out of police control. And now a new sentiment appeared in the crowds. “Down with the rich!” they chanted as they overturned parked cars and set fire to them. Demolition squads attacked factories along the Bosphorus, dumping heavy machinery into the water. A crowd formed near the Istanbul Hilton, Turkey's only big modern hotel. The quick-witted Swiss manager hoisted a Turkish flag and trained a powerful spotlight on it; then he sent men into the crowd to spread the rumour that troops were on the way. The crowd paused.

Istanbul was a city gone mad, and, as usual in such craziness, villainy and valour, tragedy and humour were side by side. One street-corner agitator was talking a crowd into attacking the home of a Greek Orthodox priest. An old Moslem drover who had been listening to the harangue fortunately got



to the priest before the crowd did, stuffed him into a sack which he loaded on his donkey. Drover, donkey and sack made their way through the mob to safety.

One of the most magnificent performances was that of an ex-sergeant of cavalry, the porter of a block of flats occupied largely by non-Moslems. Huge and bearded, this stout son of the Prophet stood in the doorway with a great sabre cradled in his arms. As the crowd built up in front of him, he raised his sword. "Listen to me, you pigs!" the tremendous bass voice boomed. "You are a disgrace to the memory of Ataturk, who wished us all, Moslem, Christian, Jew, to live together in peace. Go home, you vermin, and hide your faces in shame!" The crowd melted.

By 11 o'clock, Adnan Menderes, premier and strong man of Turkey, had arrived in the city. (He had been on a train en route to Ankara, the nation's capital, when he heard of the riot.) He took stock of the catastrophe. Before midnight the tanks and trucks of one armoured brigade and a division of infantry were rumbling into Istanbul. The crowds showed no resistance. As quickly as they had formed, they melted away.

By one o'clock Istanbul was silent, except for the ring of soldiers' boots on the pavement. A curfew and martial law were decreed. Istanbul's night of terror was over.

The responsibility for this mass

madness will probably never be fixed. Premier Menderes announced that it was the work of Communist agitators. To the majority of diplomats and other experienced observers in Istanbul this seems unlikely. Of the more than 5,000 rioters arrested and questioned, only 33 had Communist records. The Greek Orthodox Church accuses the Turkish Government itself of having fomented the outbreak. This seems equally far from the truth. The government may have wanted a demonstration; but it did not want a riot—particularly since the International Bank and Monetary Fund was about to hold a conference in Istanbul. The government's highly efficient secret police organization was taken completely by surprise.

That there was organization in the latter hours of the riot is certain. Lorry loads of crowbars, pickaxes, sledge hammers and lengths of iron pipe filled with cement appeared at strategic points in the city. Agitators armed with lists of non-Moslem houses and shops materialized and led some of the gangs. Some were undoubtedly Communists, most of them were members of the Cyprus-Is-Turkish League. But their activity is not sufficient explanation for the vast surge of human destructiveness, either. The real explanation lies deeper.

Underlying everything is the smouldering hatred between Turk and Greek, one of those international feuds which goes back over

centuries of wars, massacres and mutual abuse. In Istanbul, the problem is in particularly sharp focus. The Christian Greeks, although they have been Turkish citizens and residents for generations, annoy the Moslem Turks by clinging to their church and their language; meanwhile, their business acumen and industriousness inspire resentment and envy. (The Greek community of 100,000 is the backbone of the city's economy and a vital part of the country's economic structure.) All this hatred boiled to the surface on the evening of September 6.

Then there was an unfortunate coincidence. The governor of Istanbul and his chief of police could have suppressed an anti-Greek demonstration in its early stages if it had seemed important to do so. But when the demonstration became a riot, they didn't know what to do. In such a crisis they dared move only on instructions from the premier himself. But, as we have seen, the premier happened to be on a train between Ankara and Istanbul. Thus for two crucial hours the governor wavered. District police headquarters kept pressing for orders. Should they use firearms? No orders were forthcoming. By the time the government finally took control, it was too late.

With this went the phenomenon

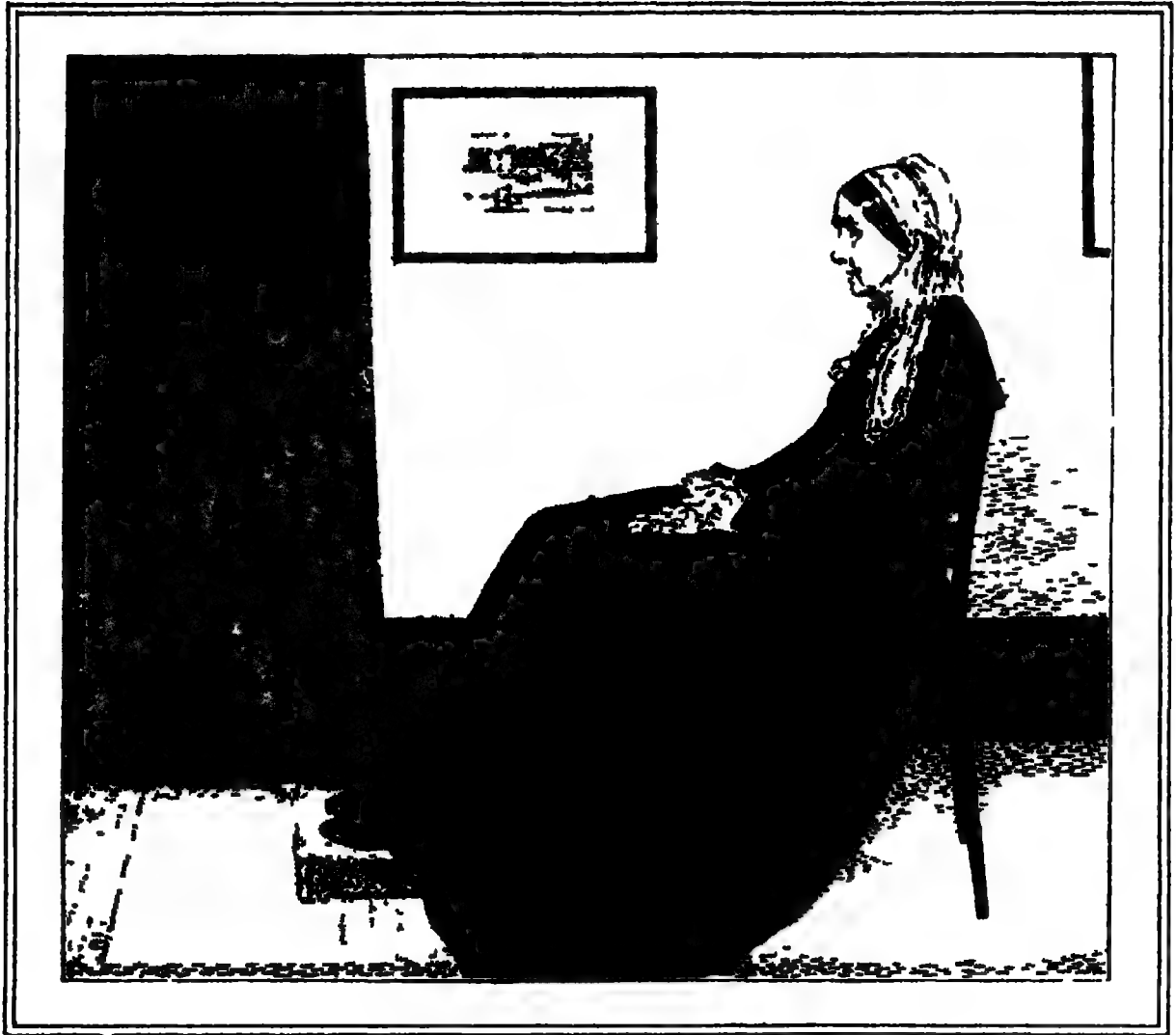
of mob psychology which appears in every riot. "I didn't know what I was doing," said one ashamed young Turk the next morning. "I don't hate the Greeks. I don't hate anybody. But in all the excitement and shouting I suppose I must just have gone crazy."

Most responsible Turks, of all classes and ages, are ashamed. A proud and sensitive people, they bitterly resent the censure they have received from abroad, knowing at the same time that they deserved it. Premier Menderes and his government are doing everything in their power to make restitution to those who suffered. Shattered houses, shops and churches are being repaired or rebuilt with the help of voluntary and government contributions; looted merchants are being indemnified. And Turkish diplomats are doing their utmost to restore friendly relations with Greece.

For the Western World, the Turkish riot was a serious blow. The solidarity of the Greeks and the Turks is an important part of any programme for defence against Communism in the Near East. Both countries are needed, working with the Western alliance, and working together, disciplining their ancient hatreds in the realization that only thus can the freedom of either nation be preserved.

*Holiday-maker after his first experience of underwater exploration:  
You ought to have seen the one I got away from."*

*—Erskine Johnson*



*From Whistler's famous portrait of his mother, courtesy of the Louvre*

## *Whistler: the Immortal Coxcomb*

By Malcolm Vaughan

**I**NCREDBLE as it seems, the now-famous portrait of Whistler's mother was rejected by the Royal Academy when it was first offered for exhibition in London, in 1872, under the title, *Arrangement in Grey and Black*. The Selection Committee called it rude bungling.

*Scornful laughter was the first reward for his genius, but in the end he received world-wide acclaim*

Happily, one member of the Academy Council, Sir William Boxall, thought the picture good enough,

and threatened to resign unless it was accepted. So it was included in the exhibition. Yet almost all who saw the portrait found it so unconventional as to be inartistic, even funny. People stood before it laughing.

But that misfortune was nothing compared with the ordeal this American artist in London, James McNeill Whistler, suffered a few years later. His pictures were so new-fangled that they wouldn't sell, and he was desperately in need of money. His mother was gravely ill; he was losing his house because he couldn't meet the payments; his furniture was about to be seized for debt.

To raise money, he bartered one of his masterpieces for 10 guineas and an overcoat. He pawned his marvellous painting of Thomas Carlyle for 150 guineas and tried in vain to sell, for 100 guineas, the picture that was to become the most popular painting of the early twentieth century—the portrait of his beloved mother. And then he got embroiled in a lawsuit.

John Ruskin, in a vicious review of Whistler's latest exhibition, ridiculed the price of 200 guineas that Whistler wanted for one of his pictures of fireworks. It was a "Nocturne," with flashes of colour as rich as crushed jewels.

"I have heard of cockney impudence before now," wrote Ruskin, "but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a

pot of paint in the public's face."

This wasn't legitimate criticism. This was libel, and Whistler proceeded to sue.

The trial, one of the most notorious in the annals of art, was conducted as if in jest. Whistler was treated as a mountebank, and the courtroom rang with laughter. But the embattled artist handled his case skilfully, often turning the tables on his detractors. When Ruskin's counsel demanded how long it took to paint the "Nocturne," Whistler described it as an inspiration, finished in less than two days.

"You ask 200 guineas for the labour of two days?" counsel sneered.

"No," said Whistler. "I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime."

At the end, the trial did render justice. The jury found that Ruskin had libelled Whistler. However, so little was thought of Whistler as an artist that he was awarded damages of one farthing.

Now his creditors, learning that his art was so lightly regarded, decided that he'd never succeed and pressed him for immediate payment. Whistler was pushed into bankruptcy; even some of his paintings were seized. He had to borrow the money to visit his mother who was lying ill in the country and pretend to her that all was going well.

A lesser man would have bowed his head in despair. Not Whistler. Slowly, from this dark pit of troubles, he climbed up to brighter

fortune. He worked at smaller pictures—etchings, pastels, drawings—and gradually began to make a living. He gave an impressive public lecture, pointing out that his pictures of night revealed a beauty seldom discerned by dwellers along the Thames. He summed it up in a few glowing words:

"The evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil; the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us. . . ."

Whistler's life was filled with uncommon incidents and events. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, he spent his boyhood in Russia, where his father built the first Russian railway. In his teens he entered the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, but was "bounced" three years later because he was too busy "dawdling" at art to work.

His mother, a strict Presbyterian, hoped he would be a parson, but finally consented to his studying painting. After a period as a denizen of art-student Bohemia in Paris, he settled down in London. Here, despite financial difficulties, he was surrounded by beautiful women and

a circle of celebrities such as Swinburne and Rossetti. People manoeuvred for invitations to his Sunday breakfasts. The whole town talked about Whistler—his conspicuous dress and his quick wit.

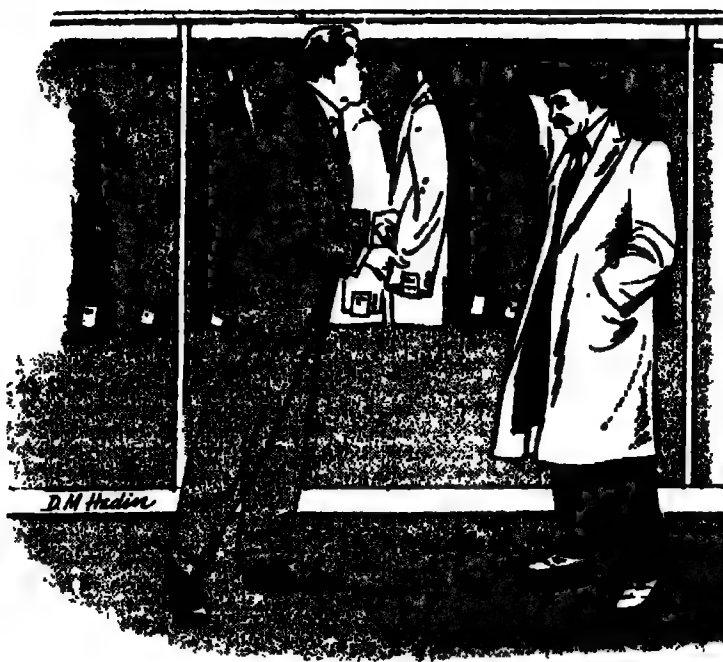
It was Clemenceau, then only a young political genius, who gave him his first big boost. Perceiving that Whistler was an extraordinary artist, Clemenceau advised the French Director of Fine Arts to buy the "Portrait of the Artist's Mother" for France's national museum, the Luxembourg.

The Director wrote, delicately enquiring if Whistler would part with the portrait for the small sum France could pay—4,000 francs. Whistler didn't answer that this was the largest sum he'd ever been offered; he gratefully accepted the money and the honour. France shortly added a further award by promoting Whistler to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honour.

That same year Glasgow purchased Whistler's portrait of Carlyle for 1,000 guineas. Then galleries and art collectors, one after another, began to buy his paintings. The result was that the last dozen years of his life were spent in financial ease and ever-growing fame.

*W*OMEN have a passion for mathematics. They divide their ages by two, double the price of their dresses, treble their husbands' salaries and add five years to the ages of their best friends.

—Marcel Achard, quoted in the *Daily Express*



## Shopping for Courtesy

By Will Oursler

**I**N A department store an assistant made a caustic comment to a customer who couldn't make up her mind which hat she wanted. The customer turned to a woman standing near her and said, "Nobody cares about the public—the customer is always wrong."

That might have ended the episode, but in this case the customer was talking to an incognito "shopper" for the Merit Protective Service, which checks on the honesty, efficiency and courtesy of employees in shops and restaurants in the United States.

Within 24 hours the managing director of the store had a report on the hat episode. The assistant, who had been reported by Merit's agents for several similar incidents, was called in and she admitted that she had been rude. The interview had a salutary effect, and the young lady

*The job of these unusual detectives is to see that customers are politely served in shops and restaurants*

gained a better understanding of courtesy. Result: better business in the hat department.

Merit's network of investigating agencies has 500 agents at work in some 15,000 stores, restaurants, hotels and similar businesses in the United States. Its courtesy survey covers everything about a business—from the condition of the pavement in front, to the manner, appearance and language of personnel. Merit agents note whether assistants converse or straighten stock while customers wait. Are there arguments among assistants or between assistants and customers? Are male assistants clean-shaven? Are assistants

using objectionable language? Are they neatly and cleanly dressed?

Several years ago sales dipped sharply in the Chicago branch of a men's-clothing chain store. Merit sent in an agent in a frayed suit and a battered hat. The ragged intruder was given a "sleeve survey": an assistant pulled out a few sleeves to show him without taking the coats off the rack. "Then," reported the agent, "I drew out a large roll of currency notes, and suits began coming at me from all sides. I was overwhelmed with attention." A new manager was sent to this branch and a new attitude introduced: all customers were to receive courteous service whether they wore dungarees or grey flannels. Sales began to go up.

Merit agents represent a cross-section of the American public—grandmothers, businessmen, housewives, young men and girls of university age. They work in teams of four, usually two men and two women, plus a crew chief who keeps a record of firms surveyed and purchases made by the shoppers. Although they are frequently shifted from one area to another, veteran shoppers are so skilled in playing their parts that they can usually go into the same shop many times without being remembered.

Actually, 75 per cent of workers give honest, efficient, courteous service. Typical Merit reports praise

assistants for going out of their way to help customers, and for their cheerful politeness under difficult conditions. Most outright discourtesy comes from young untrained employees. M. H. Hament, president and founder of Merit, says, "The public can be extremely difficult and exasperating, particularly for the inexperienced employee. And all of us, including salespeople, have off days. We need four or five reports at least before we can see a clear pattern. And we never try to taunt or trap an employee into a blunder or an argument. We're conscious that we're dealing with human beings, not machines."

The factors behind poor service and lack of courtesy are often found to be complex. The morale of employees may be low because of a poor manager, department head or maitre d'hôtel. The staff may be undermanned. There may be no incentive programme, so that employees feel they have no chance for progress. The most glaring examples of discourtesy, however, are usually found where there are large crowds and a fast turnover of customers. Because of the rush and lack of supervision, courtesy is forgotten.

Basic in Merit's concept is that a customer in a shop, department store, restaurant or hotel, expects and deserves the same politeness that he would receive as a guest in the owner's home.



# The Best Advice I Ever Had



*By Roy Chapman Andrews*

*Noted explorer, author and lecturer*

WAS 24 years old when I gave my first public lecture at the American Museum of Natural History. The subject was "Whale Hunting With Gun and Camera."

William Glass, manager of a lecture bureau, was present. I had a "good audience"—one that reacted spontaneously and gave me inspiration—and Glass signed me up as a regular staff lecturer.

Two months later he listened to me again. This time the audience was "dead." I felt it the moment I started to speak. They just sat there. After a few minutes I lost my grip completely and my lecture was as lifeless as the audience.

You certainly gave a rotten lecture tonight," Mr. Glass said later.

What could you do with an audience like that?" I replied. "They were hopeless."

"That's no excuse. It was a compliment to you that they came. They gave their time, money and interest, and they were entitled to the best you are capable of giving. They didn't get it. When a difficult audience confronts you, you've got to work that much harder. *You can't quit just because the going is tough.* If at the end of every lecture you know you gave your best all of the time, your conscience is clear. You're the one who knows whether



you've done all that you could."

All through my life since then I have examined every job I did by that criterion which Will Glass gave me. If I failed, excuses were easy to find; but I could never fool myself. I knew the reason was that I hadn't gone all out all the time.

Twelve years and six expeditions after that first lecture, I was confronted with the most important job of my life—to organize and finance a great scientific expedition to explore the Gobi Desert of Mongolia. I had to raise a quarter of a million dollars. It was a dream on which I felt rested the success or failure of my entire life as an explorer.

When I visualized \$250,000 it seemed like an unclimbable mountain. But I decided not to think of the task as a whole; giving the best I had of enthusiasm and thought each day, I would just nibble away at the colossus bit by bit.

The problem was with me day and night. At times I was so exhausted that it seemed I couldn't possibly face another lecture audience, or maintain high-pitch enthusiasm at another dinner, or try to inspire another possible contributor. So I would ease off a little, and always the cheques stopped coming in!

Then I'd think of what Will Glass said. "You've got to give your best *all the time*. You can't quit just because it's tough going." So I'd start again.

By the end of the year the money

was raised. It put the Central Asiatic Expeditions in the field for a decade of important exploration.

On the first expedition, in 1922, we found in a fantastic red-sandstone basin a single small skull that solved the age-old mystery of where a great group of American horned dinosaurs had originated. It was a discovery of profound scientific importance.

We had named the place "the Flaming Cliffs." It lay 400 miles to the west of the Valley of the Jewels, where the expedition was encamped in 1923. Our instructions now from the president of the American Museum of Natural History were to return and make a thorough survey of the area. But since we had left the place a year before there had not been a drop of rain, and the 400 miles that lay between us and the Flaming Cliffs was a land of desolation.

We held a conference. Every man of the Central Asiatic Expedition staff advised against the venture. Our camels would die, we would be left without petrol or food. It would mean the failure of the expedition. Other unexplored regions to the east might yield good results. The Museum and our contributors would understand if we all agreed that it was impossible to reach the Flaming Cliffs that year.

I thought about it most of the night. Will Glass's words were continually in my mind. If we didn't accept the desert's challenge, I

would know in my own mind that I hadn't done all I could.

Next morning the staff agreed to my decision and we entered a dead world. The scanty vegetation lay brown and shrivelled; white rims of alkali showed the margins of former ponds; the desert swam in a maddening, dancing mirage that mirrored reedy lakes and cool forested islets where we knew there was only sand. Not a living thing did we see save scurrying spotted lizards and wraith-like gazelles. The way was marked by the bleaching bones of camels, sheep and horses. Sometimes a human skeleton lay beside

the circular sign of a Mongol *yurt*.

But 16 of our 75 camels survived, and at last we reached the Flaming Cliffs. There we discovered: the first dinosaur eggs ever found; 14 skeletons and 75 skulls of ancestral dinosaurs; traces of the oldest known mammals that lived at the end of the Age of Reptiles; and evidence of a human culture we named "the Dune Dwellers." No other spot has given more to our knowledge of the very ancient life upon this earth.

For that discovery I can thank the advice that Will Glass gave me many years ago—*You can't quit just because the going is tough.*



### *Leave It to the Girls*

DRIVING across country to meet her husband, a housewife found she would have to negotiate a hazardous mountain road with hairpin curves. She decided to spend the night at an hotel before attempting the perilous last lap of her journey. But she couldn't sleep for worrying about it.

Finally, she got up, dressed, and drove serenely towards her goal. It was so dark, she says, that she couldn't see enough to be afraid.

—Lydel Sims in *Memphis Commercial Appeal*

A YOUNG wife had a set of loose covers made to order and paid a good price for them because they were guaranteed not to shrink. But they did shrink the first time she had them cleaned, and even though this was several years later, back she went to demand a refund, which she got.

Passing through the soft furnishing department a few days later, she discovered her former property offered on the bargain counter for £5. She bought the set, of course, later explaining to her mystified husband, "Well, they weren't *that* shrunk."

—*Maclean's Magazine*

ATTENDING her first Women's Institute gathering, a young mother sat silently through a two-hour discussion on international trade. Afterwards, she thanked the women to whose spirited pros and cons she had listened. "I'm awfully glad I came," she said, "because I was so terribly confused about international trade. Of course," she confessed, "I'm still confused, but on a much higher plane."

—Warner Olivier in *The Saturday Evening Post*

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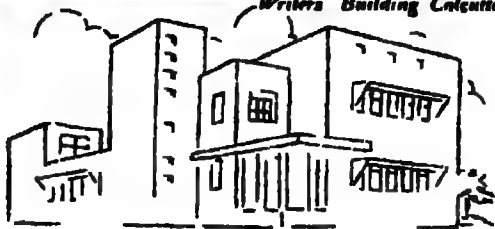
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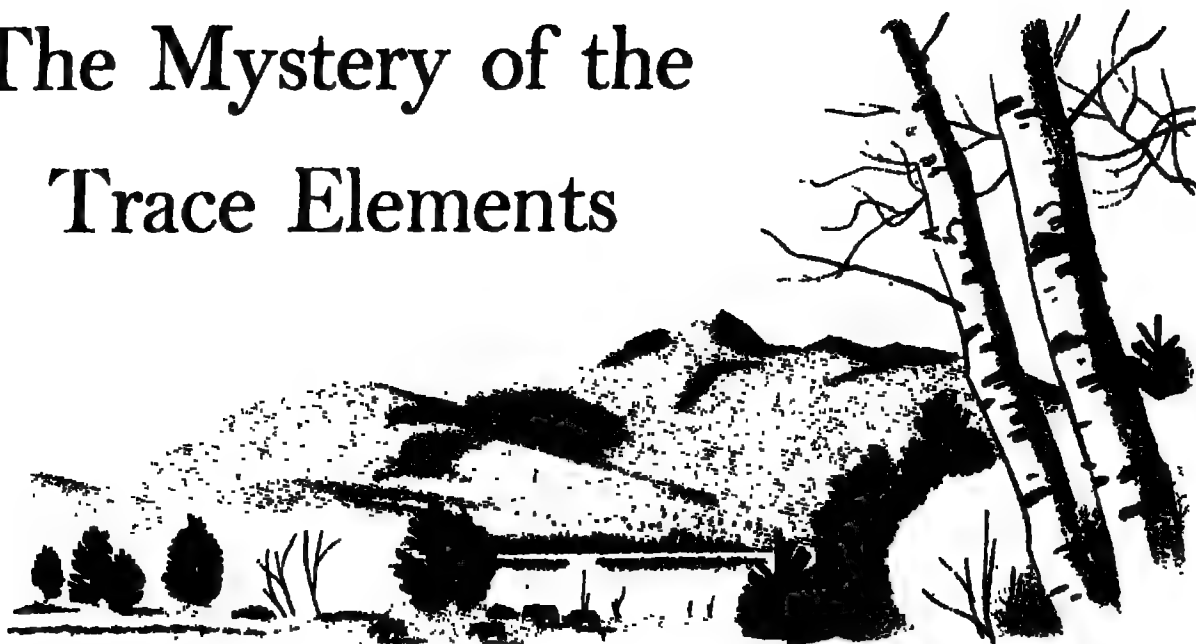
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# The Mystery of the Trace Elements



*By Harland Manchester*

IN SEVERAL farming areas of the world cattle breeders have encountered a peculiar disease among their stock. It is characterized by stunted growth, poor appetite, rough coats and sunken eyes.

In Scotland it was called "daising"; in Australia, the "Denmark wasting disease"; in northern Michigan, "grand traverse"; in New Zealand, "bush sickness" or "Morton Mains disease."

In New Hampshire, U.S.A., there was a local legend to explain the disease. It suggests that old Chief Chocorua of the Pequawkets had a son who visited a white family, ate something poisonous and died. The chief, believing his son had been murdered, tomahawked the settler's family and pronounced a curse on all settlers and their cattle for ever.

*How soil scientists solved an ancient "curse" and discovered hidden sources of vitality.*

Wherever the disease occurred, it seemed to be connected with some mineral deficiency in the soil. In Australia they tried a little iron salts on the sick sheep and the sheep improved rapidly. The scientists



thought they had found the answer; then discovered that *pure* iron salts wouldn't work. Obviously the curative agent was some impurity in the salts. About 20 years ago they traced the cure to a dash of cobalt, which, in minute quantities, was apparently essential to ruminants.

News of this discovery spread. Forage samples from the New Hampshire valley were analyzed and found to be deficient in cobalt. When sick cattle in the Chocorua region were fed small amounts of the mineral, they recovered almost immediately.

So the ghost of old Chocorua was laid at last. Now cobalt - given in one-half part per million in the feed — is curing pining cattle in deficient soil areas throughout the world. Its precise function is not yet known, but new light was thrown on the matter last year, when the structure of the new "growth vitamin," B<sub>12</sub>, was finally determined. At the heart of the giant B<sub>12</sub> molecule scientists found a single atom of cobalt.

Cobalt is one of several "trace elements"—zinc, copper, manganese, boron, iron and iodine—tiny amounts of which are essential to the health of plants or animals. Their value has long been suspected, but many of the key mysteries concerning them have been solved only recently.

Peach growers in California and citrus growers in Florida were once puzzled by a "little leaf" disease which stunted foliage and fruit.

Some experimenters thought the anaemic growth might be caused by a lack of iron, so they treated some test trees with iron sulphate and they recovered. Iron-hunger seemed to be the cause. Other experimenters tried the same medicine and had no luck. In Texas the buckets used in the feeding of the trees were of galvanized iron and it was found that minute traces of zinc from these buckets had cured the trees. Experiments by Dr. W. H. Chandler, of the University of California, confirmed that zinc actually caused the recovery.

About that time a fruit grower alleged that his trees were being blighted by radio waves from a local station. He put fence wire round the trees "to jam the waves," and they recovered miraculously. Scientists suggested that radio waves had nothing to do with it. The soil was deficient in zinc, and the rain had washed enough zinc from the wire to satisfy the trees' hidden hunger.

Experiments soon showed that a variety of trees and plants developed deficiency diseases in soil short of zinc. Now the missing zinc is sprayed on the trees. Or a zinc-covered tack driven into the trunk may do the trick.

Soon after the Second World War, mining companies, anticipating a glut of copper, stimulated research to find new uses for the metal. The surplus never developed, but scientists remembered that when Bordeaux mixture, which

contains copper sulphate, was used to control blight in tomato plants on certain farms, it seemed to prod the plants to bigger yields. Following this clue, Dr. Frank Gilbert added copper sulphate to the fertilizer on 100 farm test plots. His results were dramatic. Plants which got the copper produced as much as 30 per cent more crop than untreated plants. Dr. Gilbert does not suggest the indiscriminate use of copper on all farmlands, but in areas where it is needed a small investment per acre is yielding big dividends. A trace of copper in the feed is also essential to animals, since it aids iron in the production of red blood corpuscles.

Some years ago scientists discovered that absence of boron in the soil could cause spongy brown spots inside apples and "heart rot" in beet. Then it was discovered that if household borax was sprinkled on a sickly alfalfa field there was an amazing increase in yield. One farmer took some horse-radish roots to an agricultural experiment station to find out what caused the black specks in them, and it was suggested that he put a little borax in the soil the coming year. There were no more specks. It has now been established that diseases of celery, tobacco, turnips, cauliflower and other plants are caused by boron deficiency. The mineral is widely used, but with caution, more than one part per million in the soil may be poisonous to the plants.

So far as anyone knows, boron is

of no use to animals, but both plants and animals may have serious trouble without a dash of manganese. Dr. F. V. McCollum, after his famous discoveries of vitamins A, B and D, gave rats a manganese-deficient diet and found that lack of the mineral had a profound effect. The male rats became sterile. The females bore litters, but made no nests and neglected their young until they died. The rats became nervy and frightened, a sudden noise would cause some of them to have fits and die.

Since then it has been found that manganese-hungry chickens develop a crippling deformity called "slipped tendon." After years of investigation it has been found that a number of plant ailments, including "grey speck" in oats, "marsh spot" in peas and reduced vitamin-C content in tomatoes, are caused by manganese deficiency in the soil.

The mineral content of soil varies widely, even in small areas. Some farm land which was originally under the ocean is richly endowed with minerals left by the retreating seas, while other areas were leached of their minerals by melting glaciers. Sandy soils subject to heavy rainfall lose their minerals faster than heavier soils in drier areas. Once, impurities in fertilizers supplied trace elements, now concentrated fertilizers of high purity no longer contribute the necessary elements to the soil in some regions.

In spite of these complexities, the last decade has seen tremendous progress in supplying the infinitesimal bits of missing metal needed for good crops and healthy stock. A "shotgun" dose of trace elements is added to some fertilizers; more often the minerals are sprinkled on the soil or sprayed on the plants.

Many animals now get their minerals by licking coloured salt containing all the necessary trace elements. Thousands of tons of this salt are consumed annually, and trace minerals are also added to formula feeds.

New chemical tricks are being used to make trace elements more effective. A few years ago, about half the citrus trees in Florida suffered from iron-hunger, which caused yellowing leaves and sub-standard crops. When scientists tried putting iron sulphate into the soil, they ran into difficulty. They knew that the trees should need only a dash of iron, but they found they had to put in 72 pounds of it to make a single tree green again. (The trees weren't getting the iron, because the roots couldn't absorb it in the sulphate form.)

So the scientists used an iron "chelate"—a sort of chemical zipper which the other soil ingredients could not open, but to which plants have the key. As little as a third of an ounce of chelated iron in the soil will keep a tree green for a year. The chelated iron has revived ailing trees in a few weeks, bringing bumper yields of oranges in previously barren trees.

Much of the mystery of trace elements has yet to be unravelled. They appear to be vital parts of enzymes—the tiny catalysts which promote essential changes in all living things. In the past, scientists have been hampered by the difficulty of detecting and following such minuscule traces of metal. But atomic science has now made it possible to use "tagged" atoms of the metals which broadcast their presence and enable the scientist to trace them through the organism. Using this method, Dr. C. L. Comar found that cows can't store up cobalt, and need more within a week. Other minerals are being thus traced in plants and animals, with a view to lifting more "ancient curses" off the soil.

### *Spelled Out*

**T**HERE'S AN income-tax payer whose bitterest suspicions about the government's attitude towards its victims have been confirmed. Shortly after his tax had been remitted this citizen received the usual printed acknowledgment, including the request that in case of further correspondence reference should be made to the taxpayer's serial number—SAP 7088.

—*Maclean's Magazine*

BOOK SECTION—I

# I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE



*Is in a photograph of Montgomery himself*

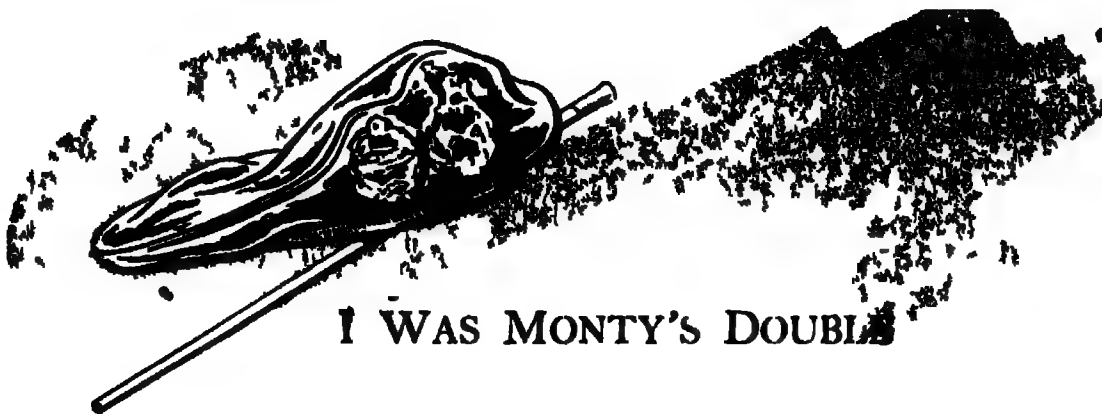
*From a photograph  
of the author  
as Montgomery*



*Condensed from the book by*  
**M E CLINTON JAMES**

**H**ERE is the graphic first-person account of one of the most successful hoaxes of the Second World War, a story that reads like a far-fetched and luridly fictional spy-thriller—yet every word of it is true





## I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE

ONE LATE spring morning in 1944 the phone rang at my desk in the Royal Army Pay Corps office in Leicester. "Lieutenant James?" a pleasant voice said. "This is Colonel Niven of the Army Kinematograph section." I recognized the voice of David Niven, the film star. "Would you be interested in making some Army films?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "I most certainly should."

"Good," Niven said briskly. "See if you can come up to London for a film test."

Slowly I replaced the receiver. Had the Army had a lapse into sanity? I had been an actor for 25 years, so when the war broke out in 1939 I volunteered my services as an entertainer. Instead I was given a commission in the Pay Corps where I was a complete misfit. Now perhaps the mistake was to be corrected.

I went up to London in high spirits. At the Curzon Street address he had given me, David Niven greeted me cordially, then left me

with a man in civilian clothes who introduced himself as Colonel Lester.

"James," he said, "I am a member of MI5,\* and I'm afraid I've got rather a shock for you. You are not going to make any films. You have been chosen to act as a double for General Montgomery."

I knew I looked like "Monty." My friends had often commented on the striking resemblance. And my picture had once appeared in the *News Chronicle*, posed in a beret and captioned "YOU'RE WRONG—HIS NAME IS IT CLIFTON JAMES." But this assignment was a poser.

Colonel Lester studied me silently for some moments. Then he explained the plan.

D-Day was now imminent, he said. We had built up a mighty invasion force which would soon land in France and battle its way to Berlin. It was impossible to conceal this build-up from the Germans, and they could probably guess where we intended to strike. But they did not

\* A branch of the British Military Intelligence service

know the date of the expected attack, nor could they rule out the possibility of a surprise blow on some other front. Hence a plan of deception had been formulated and approved by General Eisenhower. The idea was to pile up evidence that Monty—probable commander of the British invasion force—had left his post in England for a different part of the world. To do this I, after some hasty training for the part, was to *become General Montgomery*.

'You must not breathe a word of this to anyone,' Colonel Lester warned me. "Any questions?"

I shook my head. Either I would have to ask several dozen or none at all.

After the interview I had a nightmarish feeling of stage fright. I had been a private in the last war and still had a schoolboy fear of senior officers. The idea of my impersonating the greatest of them all was grimly comic! From then on, however, I was allowed no time in which to brood.

DURING the next few days I studied newspaper photographs and watched newsreels of Monty. Colonel Lester and two of his junior officers drilled me in hundreds of details of the impersonation. And the need for secrecy was drummed into me so persistently that at first I was afraid of talking to anyone at all. "I want you to look on this as a play we are producing for the benefit of the

enemy," Colonel Lester said. "Our audience is not simple. We have to hoodwink the German High Command."

As further preparation for my rôle it was arranged for me to spend several days on Monty's immediate staff where I could study him at close quarters. To avoid inviting suspicion or awkward questions, I was assigned there in the guise of an Intelligence Corps sergeant. Only two members of the staff were in on the plot.

The first morning after I reported in with my strange IC sergeant's uniform and credentials, I found myself in a jeep directly behind the General. Rolls-Royce. At dawn our line of vehicles, each exactly five yards apart, drew up before a country mansion near Portsmouth. There followed a five minute wait of unmistakable tension, whereupon at exactly timed intervals, Monty's immediate subordinates began to appear and after they had each inspected us with ritualistic precision, Monty himself came out.

The General looked exactly as I had imagined him. He was wearing his famous black beret and a leather flying jacket, and I noted that he had his own special salute—a slight double movement of the hand that made it more of a greeting than anything else.

When the line of cars took off, my driver kept the regulation five yards behind the Rolls. I kept my eyes glued to Monty. As we sped along

the country roads, the few people who were about at this early hour stopped and stared. Then suddenly recognizing the General, they would grin and wave wildly, receiving in return that friendly salute.

Monty missed no one. Once when we passed a farm labourer, the old chap looked a bit taken aback by Monty's smile and salute. Here was the man who would lead us to victory: Monty, the man in whom every man, woman and child was placing his trust for the coming invasion. Taking off his battered hat the old man slowly waved it and his eyes filled with tears.

When we came within sight of the sea a marvellous spectacle met my eyes. I was attending a full-dress rehearsal of D-Day. Off shore as far as the eye could reach were battle-ships, cruisers, destroyers and other ships. Huge landing craft were disgorging tanks, armoured cars and guns by the hundred. Overhead the air was thick with planes, while infantry poured ashore from invasion barges.

After conferring briefly with the other Chiefs of Allied Command who were watching the operation from a hotel roof, Monty reappeared, and at once a small procession formed behind him. I slipped into place behind them, and as I watched him I forgot everything else. He strode along dominating the scene, but never interfering unnecessarily. Every now and then he stopped and fired questions at the

officers, NCO's and privates—checking up, offering advice, crisply issuing orders.

What personality he had! The moment he appeared, before he even spoke, it hit people bang between the eyes. He would have made a fortune on the stage, I thought.

Some of the infantrymen plodding up the beaches from the landing craft were still seasick, although they tried valiantly not to show it. Monty's dislike of illness either in himself or in others was well known. (One very young soldier, whose rifle and equipment must have been like ton weights, came struggling along gamely trying to keep up with his comrades. Just when he got level with us he tripped and fell flat on his face. Half sobbing he heaved himself up and began to march off dazedly in the wrong direction.

Monty went straight up to him and with a quick friendly smile turned him round. "This way, sonny, You're doing well—very well. But don't lose touch with the chap in front of you."

He put his hand on the boy's shoulder and carefully adjusted his pack, which had slipped.

When the youngster realized who it was that had given him this friendly help, his expression of dumb adoration was a study in the magical degree of confidence Monty inspired in his troops.

**DURING the next few days I learned**



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a great deal about the General. He was strictly a non-smoker, a teetotaler, and a fanatic on physical fitness. When Colonel Lester once telephoned him to ask if there were any peculiarities about his diet that I should know, he snapped, "Certainly not. I take no milk or sugar with my porridge. That's all." At meals he chatted gaily about birds, beasts and flowers and quietly pulled his officers' legs if he found them ignorant of natural history. I never once heard him refer to war.

As I followed Monty round from day to day, I watched him like a hawk, trying to catch his fleeting expressions. I observed his characteristic walk with hands clasped behind his back, the way he pinched his cheek when thinking, his sudden movements, his manner of eating, his habit of throwing out one hand as he hammered home a point. Finally I was confident I could take him off, as far as voice, gestures and mannerisms go. But, with my natural timidity, would I ever be able to imitate his unique personality, to radiate the feeling he gave of strength and quiet confidence? I doubted it.

As a final step in my study of him, I was given a private interview with the General. He was sitting at his desk, writing, but he stood up with a smile when I came in. He was an older man than I, but the likeness was uncanny: it was like looking at myself in a mirror. There was no need to use false

eyebrows, padded cheeks or any other kind of artifice.

He quickly found common ground between us to put me at ease—I had been brought up in Australia, he in nearby Tasmania. As he talked, I listened carefully, trying to record the incisive, rather high-pitched voice and the way he chose his words. He never used high-flown phrases; some people have even described his speech as dry and arid.

"You have a great responsibility, you know," he said before I left. "Do you feel confident?"

When I hesitated, he added quickly, "Everything will be all right; don't worry about it." And in that moment, such was his ability to inspire confidence, my qualms vanished.

At the War Office a few days later, I felt an air of tension.

"Now, James," said Colonel Lester, "it's time for the curtain to go up. Tomorrow evening at 6.30 you become General Montgomery. You will be driven to the airport and, in full view of scores of people, will take off in the Prime Minister's plane. At 7.45 next morning you land at Gibraltar.

"We have spread rumours all along the African coast that Monty may be coming to form an Anglo-American army for an invasion of southern France. You are going to travel all through the Middle East to give weight to these rumours.

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Next day the heavy feeling of Zero Hour hung over me as I donned my full general's battle-dress, and the famous black beret with its Armoured Corps badge. But Colonel Lester seemed satisfied with the effect when I reported to him for inspection.

"There's just one last thing," he said, and handed me some khaki handkerchiefs marked with the General's initials, B.L.M. "Drop these about as if by accident wherever you think fit. In this game it's the little details that count."

He gripped my hand hard, wished me luck, and went away. Quickly I set my beret at the correct angle and, followed by Brigadier Heywood and Captain Moore, my two personal ADCs, I led the way downstairs.

Outside were three Army cars. A crowd had gathered round the one which flew Monty's pennant. A cheer went up when I got in, and as the car moved off and I gave them a brilliant Monty smile and the famous Monty salute, I heard shouts of "Good old Monty!" I smiled and saluted until the muscles of my face

were stiff and my arm began to ache.

At Northolt airport there were more crowds, and near my plane stood a formidable array of high-ranking officers, some of whom knew Monty intimately. My heart was pounding like a piston, but with a violent effort, I stepped briskly out of the car, smiling a little. Followed by Brigadier Heywood, I slowly walked along the ranks of the senior officers, inspecting them, while they stood stiffly to attention. Then I went over to the crew of the aircraft.

"How are you, Slee?" I asked the pilot. "D'you think we shall have a good trip?"

We exchanged a few words about the weather reports. Then, after inspecting the air crew, I went up the gangway, turned to give everyone a final salute, and at last entered the plane, greatly relieved to have got through the first scene successfully. (I later heard that none of the brass hats who saw me off had any suspicions about my identity; one of them who knew Monty well remarked that the old man looked very fit but a bit tired.)

NEXT MORNING the plane landed at Gibraltar and the curtain went up on another scene. In the background rose the famous Rock. Before me stood two groups of officers and a line of cars. Among the usual airport crowd were some Spanish workmen—several of them known

enemy agents. I heard Brigadier Heywood saying, "Let as many people see you as possible," and then the doors of the plane slid open. I stood there a moment; in the dead silence I gave the Monty salute, then walked briskly down the gangway.

After the welcoming ceremonies I was driven through the streets of Gibraltar while crowds of Spanish civilians watched. There were more crowds at Government House when we drew up there. A Guard of Honour came to the Present, and General Sir Ralph Eastwood—Governor of Gibraltar, and an old friend of Montgomery's—smiled and held out his hand "Hullo, Monty, it's good to see you again"

I had been thoroughly briefed for this meeting, and knew that Monty always called Sir Ralph by his nickname.

"How are you, Rusty?" I said in Monty's breezy tones "You're looking very fit." I took him familiarly by the arm as we walked in.

Sir Ralph led me into his study, looked down the corridor, then shut the door carefully and in dead silence just stared at me. Then a smile spread over his face and he shook me warmly by the hand

"I can't get over it," he exclaimed. "Why, you *are* Monty! For a few moments I thought he had changed the plan and decided to come himself."

I was ushered to my room and ate breakfast there alone. Afterwards I walked idly over to the window.

Happening to glance upwards, a slight movement on the roof of the adjoining building caught my attention. A workman was perched there and was pointing something which looked very much like a rifle straight at me.

I had a very bad moment, but when I looked more closely I realized that my fears were exaggerated. The man was not aiming a rifle; he was trying to examine me through a thin telescope!

An officer now conducted me again to the study where Sir Ralph explained the next moves. "Twelve minutes from now, you and I will take a walk in the gardens behind the house. Two prominent Spanish financiers, acquaintances of ours"—his eyes twinkled, "I would hardly describe them as friends—are calling to look at some ancient Moroccan carpets we have here. By pure chance, they will meet you as they pass through the gardens on their way in."

Presently he glanced at his watch and led me towards the gardens, remarking, "I haven't enjoyed myself so much since I was a boy."

THE SUN blazed down from a clear sky as we strolled slowly between the flower beds, stopping at intervals to discuss some point of horticulture. Turning down a side path we faced the left wing of the house and I saw that a party of workmen, on scaffolding, was repairing the walls. One of them was staring at



me intently, but when I caught his eye he at once looked away and went on with his job. I recognized him as the man who earlier had peered at me through the telescope.

We continued our stroll until suddenly the iron gates of the garden clanged. Two men were coming towards us down the centre path — clean-shaven Spaniards in their late 30's, dressed in dark suits.

"Don't be nervous, James," Sir Ralph whispered hoarsely as they drew near. "Just keep your head."

Pretending not to notice the two strangers, I began to talk about the War Cabinet and "Plan 303." The Governor touched me on the arm as if to caution me and I broke off abruptly, registering surprise at their approach.

Sir Ralph greeted them cordially and they bowed in the Spanish manner. I was introduced, and both of them stood looking at me with evident awe and respect. I was polite but aloof, and as I spoke I kept my hands clasped behind me in Monty's characteristic manner.

(One of the Spaniards, who looked as sinister as any spy in thriller fiction, kept his snake's eyes fastened on me, while the other pretended to be interested in what Sir Ralph was

### It Worked

As a stratagem designed to deceive the Germans, the impersonation of General Montgomery succeeded extremely well. Had I not known Monty, I would have been fooled, in fact, everybody about me, including the Spanish authorities, believed implicitly that this was the General himself. It was a job superbly done. Its object was to make the Germans believe invasion was coming from another quarter. The fact that the Germans withdrew forces from the Channel, stationing them further south, is proof that the masquerade fulfilled its mission.

—Lieutenant General Sir Ralph Eastwood  
wartime Governor of Gibraltar

saying; but I noticed that at odd moments his eyes travelled over every inch of my figure. Both listened with ludicrous intentness to my babble of talk about the weather, the flowers and the history of Government House.

When I judged they had seen enough of me I said briskly: "Well, I only hope the weather holds. I have a lot more flying in front of me." And I half turned away.

At once they took their leave of me, and Sir Ralph ushered them into the house. It was all over very quickly, and yet in that brief space of time the fate of those two spies and perhaps of many thousands of our soldiers was profoundly changed.

As I heard later, these Spaniards were two of Hitler's cleverest agents, Gestapo-trained. As a result of MI5's carefully circulated rumours, they had been given faked

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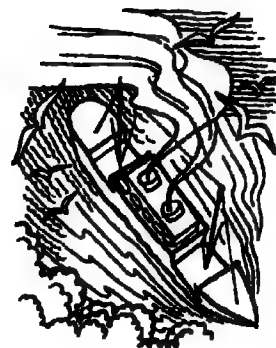
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OF SWITZERLAND

papers and false names in Berlin, and had then hastily entered Spanish society as bankers, and had taken up residence in Gibraltar—all for the express purpose of spying on me. They had also planted two underlings; one, posing as a workman, had been employed on the buildings of Government House; the other, a Norwegian, got a job at the airport. All four spies were to file separate reports giving every detail that they had observed. I was to meet the Norwegian again later.

The Spaniards must have worked pretty fast. Two hours after they left Government House, Hitler's representatives in Madrid had the news that General Montgomery had arrived in Gibraltar and was proceeding to Africa by air. Soon Berlin received the frantic appeal: "At all costs discover nature of Plan 303. Have you any information? Very urgent." And at once the German counter-espionage department ordered its men to concentrate on this problem.

MY DEPARTURE from Gibraltar was very much like my arrival. Bayonets flashed in the sun and a flight of Spitfires came over the airport, dipping their wings in salute. When the usual formalities were over I took Sir Ralph by the arm and we strolled up and down by the airport canteen; for it was here that the Norwegian Gestapo agent was employed. Near the open canteen window I began faking an intensely

preoccupied and urgent military discussion.

"Now about these harbour defences, Rusty," I said. "I've told the P.M. that C4 is perfectly safe. But I want the naval end tied up so that the armour can be shipped without any time lag." Then, pointing across the bay, "If we take about three o'clock right of the cape, the engineers can alter it to fit Plan 303."

I continued in this vein, all of it arrant twaddle, and at one point I could almost swear the Governor gave me a suspicion of a wink.

My next stop was Algiers, where carefully planted rumours were circulating that Monty was arriving on an important mission—perhaps to form an Anglo-American army for invading the south of France. At the airport I was greeted by members of General Wilson's staff, after which I made the usual inspections. Nearby, a big polyglot crowd of civilians, lured by the calculated leaks about my "top-secret visit," were waiting to catch a glimpse of General Montgomery.

Among them were two Italians, ostensibly pro-Ally, but known to be employed by the Gestapo, and a mysterious French major who was their immediate boss. The major had turned up in Algiers the week before, posing as a member of the French Intelligence; but, as our people knew, he was really an ace enemy agent. Almost immediately he had expressed a strong desire to

meet Monty if he should happen to come to Algiers, and it was now arranged to gratify this wish.

Before we left the airfield the French major was introduced to me by a colonel on General Wilson's staff. I have seldom met a more sinister-looking man. With his glittering dark eyes, his pale face across which ran a livid scar, and his cruel mouth, he looked capable of anything. I couldn't help watching his movements suspiciously, lest he be planning to shoot me. But we merely shook hands and exchanged polite greetings without incident.

An American colonel accompanied me into Algiers from the airport. When we entered our car, the beautiful blonde driver, who wore a marvellously cut U.S. Women's Army Corps uniform, saluted and at once asked for my autograph.

Having foreseen just such an emergency in my contact with the autograph-conscious Americans, Colonel Lester had provided me with photographs of the General signed in Monty's own hand. Without a smile—for Monty's aversion to women in the theatre of war was well known—I handed one of the photos to the WAC, remarking coldly, "I hope this one will do."

As long as I live I shall never forget that drive from the airport to Algiers. My American escort had been warned that an attempt might be made on Monty's life, and as no troops could be spared to guard the

12-mile route, it was decided to drive hell-for-leather and hope for the best. So we shot out of the airport like a stick of rockets and, with sirens screaming, maintained a headlong pace all the way to Algiers.

All through this hectic drive I kept up a Monty conversation with the colonel—who, of course, was in the know—for the benefit of our lovely driver. I was relieved when we finally turned through large gates and pulled up before a white stone mansion, General Wilson's GHQ. As its welcome doors locked behind me, the curtain came down on another completed scene.

THE NEXT few days passed in a sort of recurring dream—landings, official receptions, guards of honour, bogus talks on high strategy, crowds of civilian spectators, no doubt with enemy agents among them, the streets lined with cheering troops.

I had dreaded most of all the prospect of meeting high-ranking officers at close quarters, since I could not hope to keep up a conversation on highly technical military affairs. But MI5 had planned my tour so cleverly that I always took my meals in private and was carefully prevented from meeting officers (except the few who were in on the plot) who were likely to know the General personally. I was, however, continually thrown in the path of enemy agents.

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I remember Brigadier Heywood bringing up one of them, an elderly civilian whose goatee, shabby black suit and big sombrero made him look like a broken down tragedian.

"Excuse me, sir," Heywood said, "Professor Salvadore X—— would take it as a great favour if you would allow him to pay his respects. As an archæologist he is, of course famous. And he's a loyal Italian," he added, seeing my dubious expression.

For a moment I wondered why I should waste my time talking to an archæologist. But I knew that Heywood had been with MI5 for many years, that he had been specially chosen for this ticklish job, and that he never did anything without good reason. So I exchanged a few words with the Professor, and when he had bowed himself out of my presence and withdrawn a few yards I turned to Heywood and began a rather loud discussion of cryptic military plans.

But neither I nor the MI5-trained Heywood could meet every exigency with aplomb—as I discovered in another North African town where my main task was to talk with a certain Frenchwoman. Her husband, Heywood told me, had worked with the Resistance Movement in Paris, but had fallen into the hands of the Gestapo. They had then arrested his wife and given her the choice of working for them or of knowing that her husband would die slowly in prison. The unhappy woman had

with extreme reluctance accepted the first alternative and was now operating from Algiers.

When she was introduced to me I saw a tall, dark, well-dressed woman of about 50 with a face the colour of wood-ash. In keeping with Monty's attitude towards women, I greeted her politely but curtly.

We exchanged a few formal words and I could see that her nerves seemed strained to the breaking point. Suddenly her self-control snapped. Hysterical sobs shook her whole body and she began to denounce the war as the work of the Devil and me as one of war's high priests. It was most embarrassing and not knowing how to answer her I turned abruptly aside while Heywood gently led her away. Apparently the terrible conflict between her patriotism and her desire to save her husband had unhinged the poor woman's mind.

This was the only time that I saw Heywood disconcerted. Neither of us ever spoke of the incident again.

As the days went by I slipped into my rôle so completely that to all intents and purposes I *was* General Montgomery. Even when alone I found myself playing the part.

Once just as we were about to land at an airport, Heywood asked, "How are the nerves?" In the precise Monty tone I snapped: "Nerves, Heywood? Don't talk rot!"

"Sorry, sir," he replied with a perfectly straight face.

At the end of a week, I returned

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to Algiers knowing that I had carried out my task without any serious mishap. So far as we knew, nobody had doubted that I was General Montgomery.

D-Day was now only a few days away and my job was done. I drove up to General Wilson's headquarters in a final blaze of glory, changed back into my lieutenant's uniform and was quietly smuggled out of the back door. My likeness to the General had now become an embarrassment, for until the invasion was actually launched there was always the danger that my secret might leak out. So the following afternoon I was stealthily put on a plane to Cairo—the only city nearby which was big enough to swallow me without a trace—and kept there under cover until after D-Day.

For a long time I wondered how useful my efforts had been. Not until after the war was I told how the deception had helped to mislead the enemy, drawing away Rommel's armoured divisions, and so contributing to the success of the invasion.

I also learned later how potentially dangerous the mission had been. When the news of Monty's intended journey to the Middle East first reached Berlin, the German High Command had ordered my plane to be shot down en route; or, failing this, for Monty to be assassinated somewhere in Spain or Africa.

But at the last moment the Germans decided to make sure that I really *was* Monty; and when they had satisfied themselves on this point, the Fuhrer intervened to save my life. Hitler ordered that Monty was on no account to be killed until they discovered just where he was intending to launch his invasion. And this (apart from the cross-Channel invasion) the Germans never did discover.

On my own drab and inconspicuous return to England after D-Day, the plane I travelled in stopped at Gibraltar. While we were waiting for transport to our overnight billets there, our motley collection of Service passengers converged on the airport canteen.

As I leaned against the counter I heard a voice with a foreign accent: "Please? What can I get you, sir?" I looked up and saw a middle-aged man with white hair, very bushy eyebrows and piercing grey eyes.

Noticing the foreign accent, a Naval rating remarked, "You're a long way from 'ome."

"Many miles," was the reply. "I am from Norway."

Something connected up in my tired mind and I turned quickly away. I had recognized the Norwegian enemy agent I had been at such pains to delude. I wondered what he would have said if I had asked him how Plan 303 was going.



# The Little Professor of Piney Woods

*Condensed from the book*

BY BETH DAY

In January, 1955, a group of people in the state of Mississippi met to honour Laurence Clifton Jones, founder of the Piney Woods Country Life School. The speakers' platform was proudly shared by both white and coloured Americans. No more fitting tribute could have been paid to a man who has done so much towards easing the tensions and lessening the distance between the two races. Laurence Jones has devoted his life to providing Christian education for thousands of backwoods Negro children; and none in that extraordinary gathering demurred when Governor Hugh White called him "Mississippi's First Citizen."

*"The Little Professor of Piney Woods," copyright 1955 by Beth Day, and published by Julian Messner, New York*



## THE LITTLE PROFESSOR OF PINELY WOODS



IT WAS the third night of a coloured revival meeting, and the little backwoods church was crowded. The initial speaker, a layman, was Laurence Jones, founder of the extraordinary Piney Woods Negro school at Braxton, Mississippi, some hundreds of miles to the east. The congregation listened intently, for, despite his youth, Jones was already widely revered for dedicated service to his race.

"Life is a battleground," he told them. It was 1917, and the war in Europe made such analogies natural. Unfortunately, his audience included two idle white boys who had been riding past the church. Out of curiosity they had drawn up their horses and were listening through the open door.

"We must stay on the firing line," the young educator continued, "and wage constant battle against ignorance, against superstition, against poverty. We must marshal our faith."

As his militant words lashed out the two white boys looked at each other significantly. To their war-excited, ignorant young minds such phrases as "firing line," "wage battle" and "keep fighting" spelt only one thing—an armed Negro uprising. The boys spurred their horses and tore along to spread the word. "Speaker up t'church is urg'in' all the niggers to rise up and fight the white people!"

Next morning, when the revival meeting again got under way, a group of stormy-faced white men appeared. "Come outside," barked the leader, pointing to Laurence Jones. And as the young professor came down the aisle, the black worshippers watched impotently, a pitiful, knowing fear in their eyes.

Outside, an armed guard surrounded him, threw a noosed rope over his head, and led him to a clearing where, beneath a giant tree, a mound of brush was piled ready for the match. Here a vast hate-drugged throng waited expectantly.

Relentless hands tossed the victim up on the brush pile, and with wild, animal cries two teen-age boys shinned up the tree to toss the rope over a limb. A roar broke from the throats of the mob. A scattering of shots rent the air as guns were tested for readiness in case the prisoner tried to run.

But as Laurence gained a footing on the pyre and stood facing the mob, a strange thing happened. One man, perhaps desiring to prolong the excitement, jumped up beside him and waved his hat for silence.

"I want to hear him make a speech 'fore we string him up," he said.

"Yeah, let him talk." "Let's have a speech." "Tell us what you told them niggers yesterday!"

Responding quickly before the mass mind could shift, Laurence began to speak. As he stood balanced on his pile of brush, with the rope slack around his neck, his words cut sharply across the curious silence.

He spoke of the South of both the Negro and the white, the land where they all lived and must keep on living together. He told them about his school, about what he was trying to do to make that living together easier for both white and black. He told them of the many Southern white men who trusted him and who had helped him. He mentioned names that some of them there knew. He even wooed them to laughter, giving them a moment's

respite in which to relax. Then he repeated what he had said the day before, emphasizing that they were all caught in "the battle of life," and that his own fight was against superstition, against poverty, and particularly against ignorance.

There were interruptions as he spoke—laughter, heckling and an occasional clap of hands. But when he finished a great shout of approbation went up and as though released from a spell, men looked guiltily at each other.

Suddenly an old man wearing a Confederate badge pushed his way through the crowd. Scrambling up beside Laurence on the brush pyre, he gently lifted the noose from his neck.

"Come on down, boy," he said. "We jes' made a slight mistake."

Others now strode up to clap Laurence on the shoulder, to offer outstretched hands. "Let's help the professor with his school," someone shouted.

Hats were passed through the crowd while other men threw money at Laurence's feet. When it was all gathered together there was more than \$50.

THE COURAGE, the persuasive sincerity and the infallible tact which enabled him to emerge from this ultimate test, not only with his life but also with willing contributions for his school, are characteristic of Laurence Jones. Ever since he came to the backward piney-woods

section of Mississippi as a youthful idealist, more than 45 years ago, his whole career has been a triumph over what were apparently insuperable odds.

Laurence was brought up in the North. As a boy he experienced few of the miseries that traditionally haunt the Negro child. His father owned a hotel barber's shop in St. Joseph, Missouri, and could provide such luxuries as a summer cottage. Laurence enjoyed not only security but great personal popularity. When he graduated from the University of Iowa (where he waited at table in a students' hostel to help pay his way) he received a dozen offers of jobs, but he had already decided to devote his life to the "forgotten children" of his race.

He headed for the Black Belt of Mississippi and took a teaching job there. Gradually he found that he had much to learn about living in the South. An old coloured woman he met phrased his worries succinctly.

"Chile," she said, wagging a warning finger, "you is from up Norf. But now you is in de land of de secession. You is got yo' paw in de lion's mouf. Now don't you be rarin' and pitchin' to git it out. You jes' *ease* it out de bes' way you kin!"

"Easing it out," the young man soon discovered, required almost superhuman forbearance and control; for the many taboos which applied to all coloured people were both amazing and galling. The most difficult of all for Laurence was that

of not speaking to a white man unless first spoken to. This was one rule he knew he would break, when the time came.

At Christmas, when he went home with one of his students to spend the holidays in Rankin County—the piney-woods country—Laurence knew that he had found the challenge he was seeking. Here was a land steeped in ignorance and superstition, a land of voodooism and "conjuh" men; where small farmers, both white and coloured, were caught in a subsistence-level economy. Most of the Negroes lived in one-roomed, windowless log cabins and share-cropped poor land for barely enough to feed their families through the winter. Some schools existed for the whites but there were practically none for the coloured, of whom few could read or write.

Laurence resolved on that Christmas Day that he would return to the piney woods and try to help its people. For the rest of the winter he spent his spare time preparing himself for the job. He realized that education for these impoverished people must begin with the simple problem of survival—how to raise sufficient food for their families, how to do a more skilled job than chopping cotton. His own university training had been in the arts, but he now sought to learn the basic facts about good farming. After his classroom work was done he read books on agriculture, studied pamphlets on maize

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growing and pored over brochures on rural sanitation.

AT THE close of the school term that spring the year was 1909—Laurence Jones went to the little wayside halt of Braxton, Mississippi. Here, in the heart of the piney woods country, he would begin his self-imposed task. He was 24 years old. He had less than two dollars in cash, a few clean shirts, a Bible, copies of *Wallace's Farmer* and *Successful Farming* and he planned to build a school where none existed, in a desperately poor region where, as an educated, Northern bred Negro, he was sure to be an object of distrust among coloured and whites alike.

Seeking a place to stay, Laurence went to Amon Gibson, the second most prosperous coloured farmer in the community (the most prosperous, Uncle Ed Taylor, being reputedly too sour and mean to be approachable). Amon not only owned his own land but also had a team of strapping grey ploughing mules which doubled as "riding horses" on Sunday.

He had met Laurence at Christmas, and his genial brown face now shone with pleasure. He was glad to offer the hospitality of his cabin. But when Laurence broached his plan for building a school, he was dubious.

"Few years ago you might-a been able to stir up a little cash 'mongst us folks, 'Fesser," Amon said. "But

Mr Boll Weevil, he's got us all licked now. Ain't nobody got any money a-tall round hyear."

On his first ride round on one of Amon's mules the following Sunday, Laurence could see that this was true. The boll-weevil blight had brought near-starvation to farmers who bought all their 'meat and meal' on credit against their cotton crops. But this made Laurence all the more determined for one-crop farming was one of the things he hoped to combat.

The first step towards building a coloured school was to secure the approval of the local white community. Without that, nothing could be accomplished. On Monday, then, Laurence went to see one of the leading citizens, John Webster, owner of an outlying sawmill.

"Mr Webster," he said, as he entered the mill office, "I'm Laurence Jones." John Webster merely grunted "Well?" and went on with his work. But the mill owner's secretary and his book-keeper looked up in outraged surprise. It was the first time they had ever heard a Negro introduce himself.

"I've come here to start a school for coloured children," Laurence said crisply, "a school to teach better farming practices and trades."

Webster eased back in his chair and grunted a second "Well?"

Laurence could feel the tension in the room as the three Southerners found themselves in the unfamiliar position of "listening to a nigger

talk." Laurence rapidly outlined his plan for the school, and noted John Webster's flicker of interest. But when he had finished, Webster commented flatly: "No use trying to start a coloured school here, Jones. We white folks have enough trouble supportin' our own schools."

"I'm not asking you for money," Laurence said quietly. "I only want your permission."

Webster shrugged. "I won't ever lift a hand to stop you," he said, "but you won't get any help out of the whites."

"Thank you, Mr. Webster," Laurence said courteously. "May I call on you again?"

"Reckon so," Webster mumbled uneasily, "but I'm a-tellin' you, Jones, I'm a heap more interested in sawmillin' than I am in nigger education."

A crescendo of nervous laughter, breaking the strain under which the three Southerners had laboured, followed Laurence's exit. It did not disturb him. He felt, instead, a glow of satisfaction. For the sawmill owner had listened to his story, and Laurence knew that he was going to bank a good deal on Webster's help.

In similar fashion, he spoke to other substantial members of the community. None would promise to support the project but all agreed not to stand in its way.

**T**HE SCHOOL he visualized would serve a wide piney-woods area, and

if each of its thousands of coloured families could give a little he hoped to begin the building by the autumn. Once he had started, he felt that he could raise enough money in the North to keep the school in full operation.

So the young teacher set out from cabin to cabin over the back-country trails, sometimes on muleback, more often on foot, walking 18 and 20 miles a day to carry his message of better living, better maize, better stock, better poultry, and the need for a school that would teach these things. He spoke at churches, at meetings, and even to small groups resting from their work at noon-time. The piney-woods folk listened with a mingling of pathetic eagerness, admiration, good humour—and suspicion. They had never before in their lives known a "foreigner," white or black, to come into their midst for any good purpose whatsoever.

At the end of the summer, Laurence was no nearer to a school than when he started. And late in August, when he attended the annual meeting of a church association, he met with active enmity. Representatives from many congregations were present, and Laurence hoped to receive tangible help from them. Instead he was coldly refused permission to speak to the assembly at all.

At first perplexed by their hostility, Laurence soon learned the cause of it. He had ridden to the



meeting with a young acquaintance who had borrowed a creaking wagon and a tired, rawboned old horse. The horse was tired out from the hot, 20 mile trip and, as he now discovered, it had died shortly after their arrival at the association grounds. Since his companion was just a boy, Laurence was held responsible.

When he trudged wearily back to Braxton, he found that news of the horse's death had preceded his arrival. Most of his friends greeted him with the barest civility. Even kindly Amon Gibson seemed deeply concerned.

Amon advised him to go see the owner of the horse. That man left no doubt about his stand. "You owes me \$175," he told Laurence.

"That's ridiculous!" Laurence exploded. "That old plug wasn't worth ten."

"You owes me \$175," repeated the farmer stubbornly, "and I wants it soon!"

Stifling his rage, Laurence stormed off into the woods to think about what he should do. Bitterness welled up in him at the injustice of the farmer's demand, at the coldness of his friends. Was this their way of telling him to 'go back where you came from'? Certainly he had nothing to show yet for all his efforts here.

But as his temper cooled, he realized that he could not go back North with a bad debt, however unjust, hanging over him. Not only his own

pride, but the faith of these woods people was involved. His mind at peace, he sought out Amon Gib on and told him that he would pay whatever the community decided was a fair price for the horse. A meeting was called at which Amon spoke for Laurence and another man for the owner of the horse. After hearing both sides, the group decided that \$125 would be a fair price. Privately Laurence felt this sum was outrageous, but he did not quibble. His problem now was how to pay it.

"Do you want to borrow the money?" someone asked.

Laurence saw a cold eyed man with high cheekbones standing on the outside of the little knot of men. This he realized must be Uncle Ed Taylor, the only coloured man in the community who had any cash. A taciturn ex-slave, Ed Taylor, according to local legend, had lived up North long enough to "git eddicated and git mean." He had come back to Mississippi, bought up farmland, and made enough out of it to set up in business as a successful money-lender.

Laurence met Taylor's shrewd glance. "Yes," he said, "I'd like to borrow the money—if you can give me a reasonable rate of interest and enough time."

"A year," said Taylor, "at ten per cent."

Laurence reached out his hand. "Fair enough," he said.

Now, to his amazement, Laurence

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found he was suddenly the centre of eager attention. Men clasped his arm with warm, friendly hands. "Yo's a good man, 'Fesser, to take it like that," one of them said.

"That was mighty fine—agreein' to pay for that horse," another whispered. "And pus'nly, I thought you was cha'ged too much."

At supper that night Amon said earnestly, "It was jus' right for you to take low, 'Fesser. They'll all be for you from now on."

Now Laurence understood. He had "taken low" to the horse owner—assumed more than he was actually responsible for. Southern coloured people, who took this position daily in reference to the whites, reacted with sympathy and personal identification to the man who bore the burden of guilt, of false accusation, with dignity, without fighting back. He had proved himself on the side of the meek.

ONE MORNING a few days later Laurence left the Gibson farmhouse with his day's mail—some farm pamphlets, newspapers, letters from home. Almost unconsciously he found himself heading for an isolated clearing where he had often gone during that fruitless season to be alone. Once it had been a farm. Now the long-deserted cabin, half-hidden by tall weeds, furnished shelter for a few sheep. But there was a spring of cold water and a giant, spreading cedar for shade.

He sat down on a log under the

great tree, welcoming the peaceful silence. For he was discouraged. It was refreshing, he mused, to find himself a respected member of the community, but it still had not built a school. And now it was September. Surely somewhere there must be an answer.

Suddenly Laurence realized that he was not alone. He looked up to see a half-grown, barefoot boy in tattered overalls poised as if for flight at the edge of the clearing. He recognized the youngster as coming from a nearby farm. "Come sit down," he said. A quick, shy grin relaxed the boy's features and he took a seat on the log. Absently Laurence handed him a newspaper, returned to his mail, then stared at his visitor. The boy was examining the newspaper with animal curiosity. The paper was upside down.

Impulsively, Laurence asked, "Would you like to know how to read?"

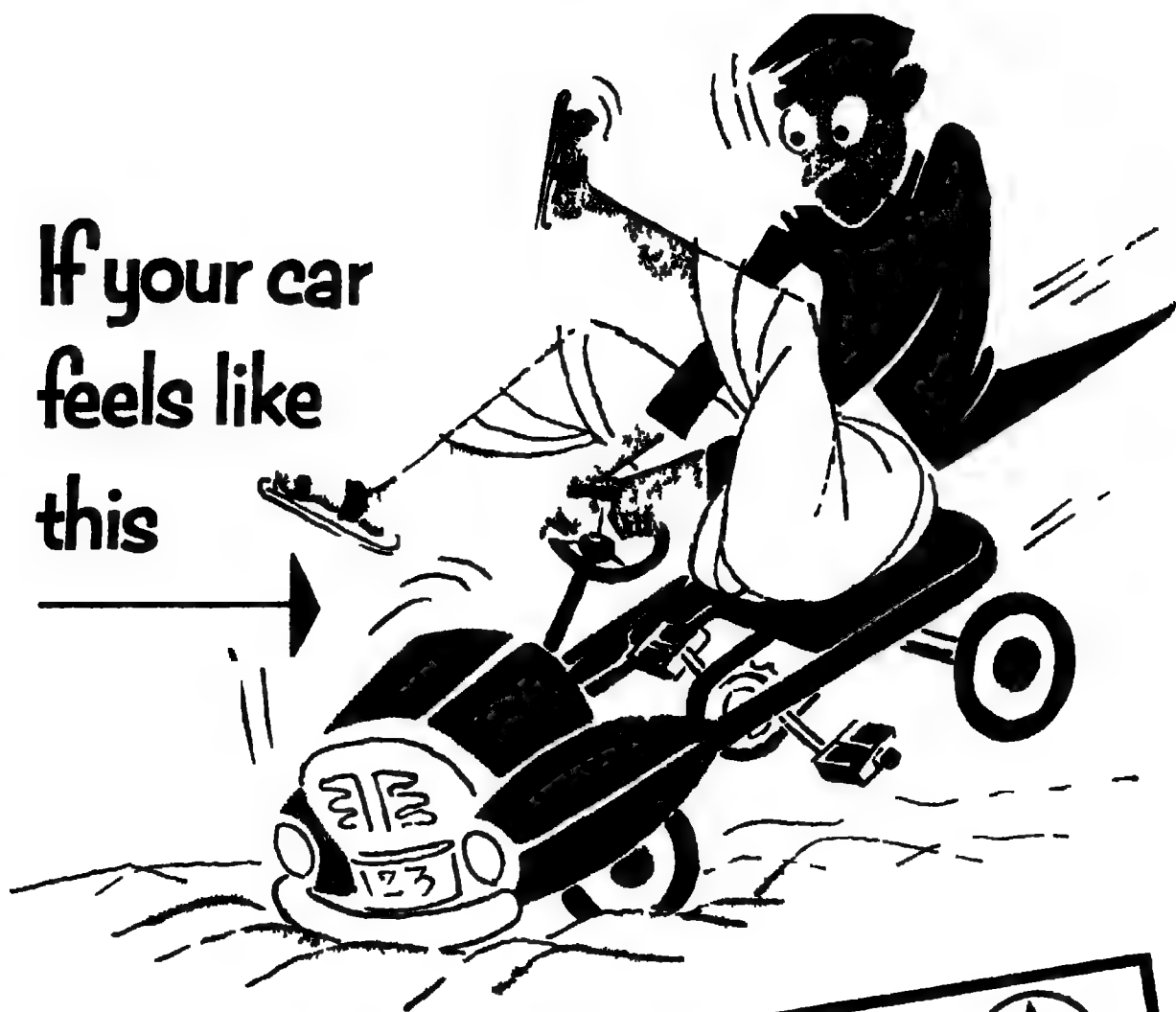
The boy's eyes flashed. "Oh, yes-suh, 'Fesser, I sho'ly would!"

"Well, come back tomorrow—this same time," Laurence said, "and I'll start teaching you."

He felt an odd relief as he watched the youth disappear down the dusty trail. He was broke, he was in debt and he hadn't been able to raise funds for a school building. But he had a school! One student anyhow.

The next morning, however, the young teacher found not one but three students waiting for him. The boy had brought two friends.

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Laurence greeted his class, then stood before them. "We shall begin by singing 'Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.' "

As the three young voices rose on the still forest air, blending with their teacher's in the joyous hymn, Laurence sensed that a pair of eyes was watching from a thicket. And by the time he had finished the opening Bible lesson (for he next took a Testament from his pocket and began to read from it) the woods had come alive with others.

He called out an invitation, and before he began the reading lesson he had a class of 12—five boys and seven grown men. Word had passed swiftly that the " 'Fesser was going to teach readin' and writin'." It was something they all had "a min' to learn if it wasn't too late."

Each morning Laurence's school opened with a hymn, progressed to Scripture lessons, and only then to "readin' and writin'." The religious note was particularly attractive to the elders, for these hard-pressed people had always found solace in their Bibles. Farmers who could not read a word could quote Scripture on endless Scripture which they had learned by ear in church. They sang out their spirituals, the old slave songs of faith, endurance and hope, with moving sincerity. Religion was an everyday part of their lives. And from the first, Laurence determined that it would always be a part of his school. Not a sectarian religion, but a simple, no-creed devotion to the

teachings of Jesus Christ.

As ONE day followed another, still more pupils drifted in. By the time the biting November winds blew across the clearing, Laurence had 50 students, ranging in age from 7 to 60. To keep warm they chopped wood and kept a brisk fire going. But winter was coming, and they needed a shelter.

One evening Laurence asked Amon who owned the clearing.

"Uncle Ed Taylor got it on a bad debt," Amon said.

Uncle Ed! Laurence swallowed "I was figuring on fixing up that old sheep shed to hold school in if he would let us have it."

"He won't if he knows you want it," snorted Amon. "I tell you, 'Fesser, old Uncle Ed's mean!"

But there was no harm in trying, and that night Laurence went to Ed Taylor's cabin. "Got something to talk to you about," he said. "I've started a school on your land."

"So I heard," said Uncle Ed shortly.

"I've got a favour to ask."

"So's eve-body else."

Laurence studied the man before him. Looking at the sharp intelligent eyes, the spare, tight-skinned face, he realized this was a different type of coloured man from the illiterate, easygoing farmers he had met hitherto in the piney woods. Now, speaking quickly, he talked of his plans, his summer's disappointments and the accidental

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way in which the school had finally started. Then he asked permission to fix up the sheep shed.

"What are you teachin' 'em?" Taylor asked.

"How to read and write at the moment, but after that I want to get into trades—how to make brooms, shoe horses, raise stock, can fruit. What I want to overcome is ignorance and superstition. Give them a chance to take pride in their work, keep up their houses better, eat better, save a little money—"

"—and give their children a fighting chance," finished Taylor, his eyes mellowing. "They think I'm hard and mean," he went on slowly, "because I work my land and make money and 'tend to my own business. The difference between me and the rest of them is I've seen what the world can be like beyond these poor hills."

Suddenly Taylor stood up. "Tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll give you that old sheep shed if you think you can do anything with it and the 40 acres around it."

"Thank you, Mr. Taylor," Laurence cried, his hand outstretched in gratitude. Taylor ignored it.

"—and \$50," he continued. "By the looks of you, you could use it for food if not for the school."

Laurence lowered his eyes in embarrassment. It was true. Whether he had eaten or not in the past months depended upon the invitations he had received towards meal-times. But of all people it surprised

him that it was Uncle Ed Taylor who noticed how thin he was.

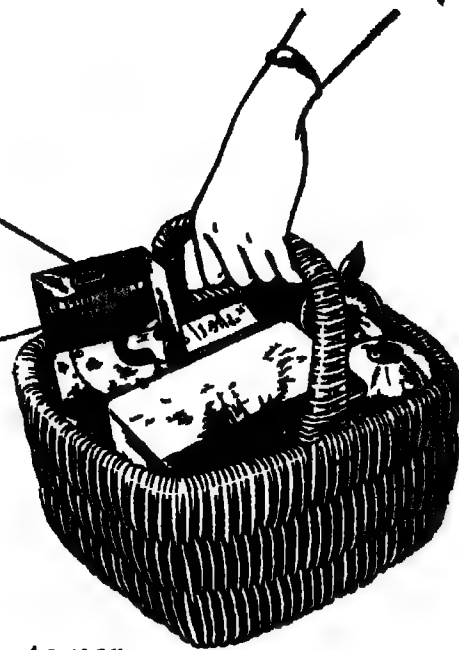
The former slave went to a dresser drawer, unlocked an iron box, took out 50 one-dollar bills. "Here's the \$50. This has nothing to do with the \$125 you owe me. We'll get to that next year. I'll fix up a deed for the 40 acres. How do you want it made out?"

"To the Piney Woods Country Life School," Laurence said. This was the happiest moment he had had since he left the university.

THE COMMUNITY was amazed and incredulous at Taylor's gift; but Laurence's students were soon busy preparing the sheep shed as a temporary classroom. Under the direction of William Yancy, a student who knew the carpenter's trade, they set out to brace the roof, put in a new floor, build a dirt-and-stick chimney, re-chink the logs and whitewash the building.

But Laurence had more in mind than a sheep shed. And while this activity was under way he once more visited John Webster and told the sawmill owner about his school and his plans, and that he needed timber for a new building. Webster's reaction showed that Laurence's first estimate of him as a potential friend had been correct. For Webster pulled out an order form and started writing. "I'll give you 10,000 feet of timber to start with," he said, "and all the rest you want on credit."

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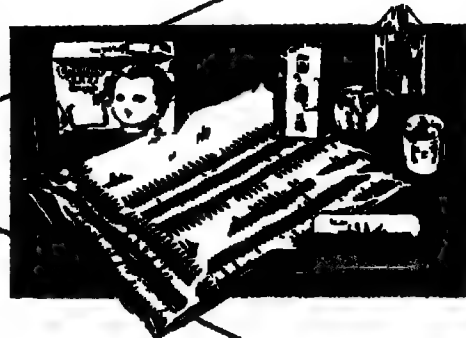


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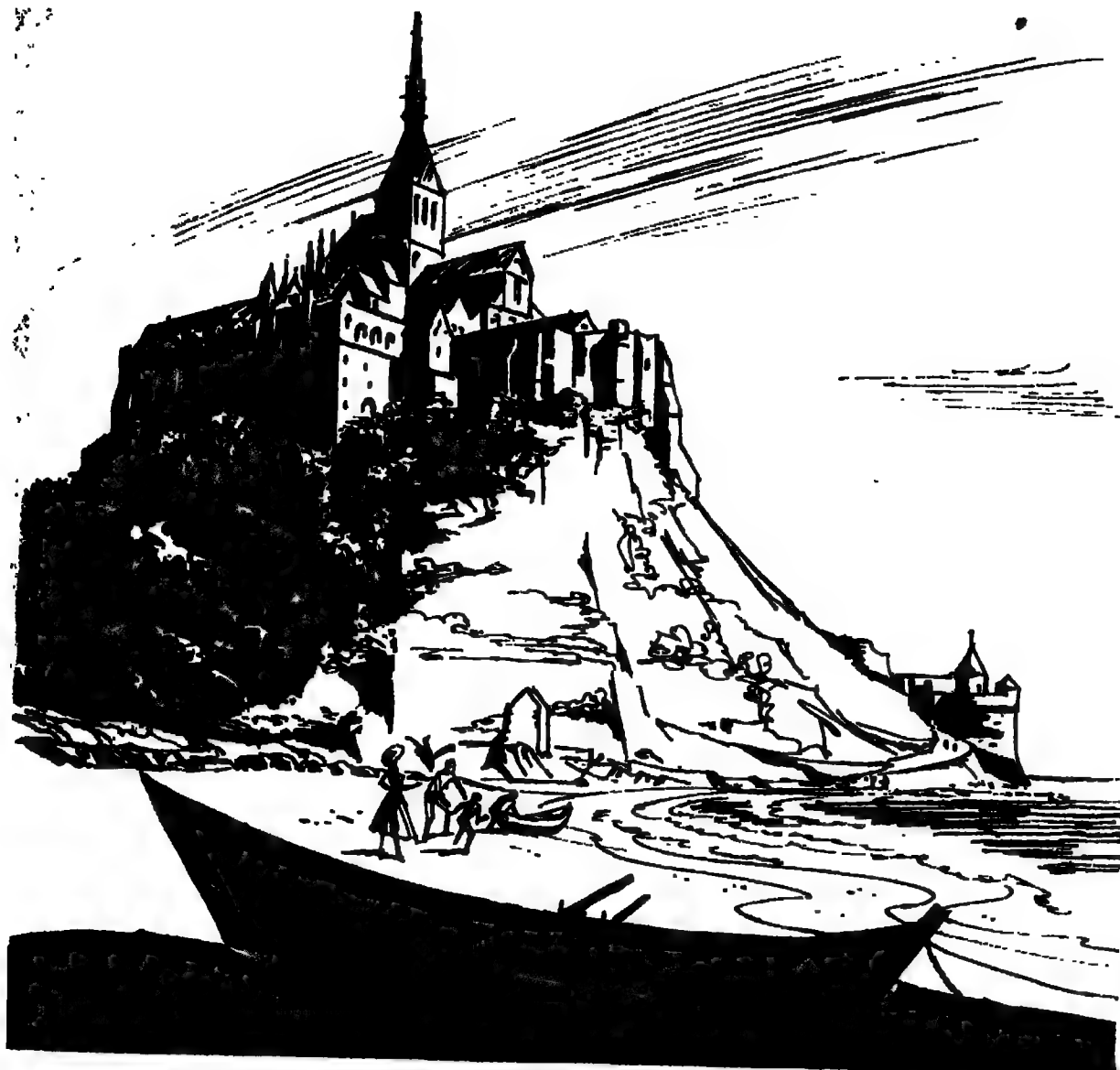
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Laurence now appealed to the piney-woods people, spreading the word among both coloured and whites that on Saturday morning he would hold a meeting to discuss plans for the new building. Familiar though he now was with the curiosity and love of excitement that drew backwoods communities into ready cluster, he was not prepared for the response he got. On foot, clogging the rutted trails and foot-paths through the woods, by mule-back, farm wagons and oxcarts, the country folk poured into the little clearing. Sprinkled among them were quite a few whites, including John Webster.

When he finally managed to get the crowd quiet, Laurence began to speak of the project he had not dared to mention before. It had been obvious from the beginning that only a boarding school could offer any continuity of education in such a scattered community. Now he spoke of the need for such a school, which students from a distance could attend by working for their tuition and board, or paying part and working for the rest. He pointed out how the knowledge and skill these students carried back home would eventually mean better living and more prosperity for all. Then he told of the donations already made by Uncle Ed Taylor and Mr. Webster.

"Now I ask all of you," he concluded, "if you believe in this school, and want it to materialize,

to give whatever you can."

Many were eager to help in any way they could. They came forward, the white men with their dollars, the coloured with their quarters, dimes, nickels and even pennies. They pledged their scant produce—half a pig, a third of a bale of cotton, a brace of geese, a jug of syrup—offered the loan of mules and farm wagons and, most of all, volunteered their own labour.

This same spirit prevailed the following Monday when, under Yancy's direction, groups of untrained but willing workers began getting the ground ready, preparing the foundation, swinging axes, hauling timber. Each day at noon farmers' wives brought baskets of food for the volunteer builders. Within a few weeks a rough but serviceable two-storey building was erected. At John Webster's suggestion it was christened Taylor Hall, in honour of Uncle Ed.

BY NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1910, the Piney Woods Country Life School was in full operation with 18 resident students. There were classes in reading, writing, sewing, cooking and carpentering. The first girl student to enrol, Georgia Lee Myers, was typical in that she had no money, only a burning desire for education.

An orphan, Georgia Lee had collected from relatives and neighbours these contributions to offer the school. From:

Aunt Hester Robinson — one

/ pound of butter and ten cents  
 Grandma Wills—a chicken  
 Aunt Lucy McCornell—50 cents  
 Effie McCoy—a cake and five cents  
 Mrs. Church—seven cents  
 Bessie Harvey—one of her dresses.

Washington Lincoln Johnson—two pecks of meal

Mandy Willis—a dozen eggs

Not a student that came had money enough to pay for tuition or board, but all brought whatever they could—a sack of ground meal, a pig or a calf. In return for class instruction they worked, and to visitors it must have seemed more like a frontier settlement than a school. While the girls prepared the meals, the boys were out clearing brush, chopping wood, building pens and sheds for poultry and stock, and at planting time tilling the soil by hand for lack of draught animals. But it *was* a school in which, besides reading and writing, the students learned the advantages of contour ploughing, the wisdom of saving the very best ears of corn for seed, and much else.

This was demonstrated in May at the second year's "commencement" (the day on which school-leaving certificates would normally be given, although there were not yet any school-leavers). To allay any suspicions as to what "that nigger school" was doing, Laurence invited the whites for miles round. That night the big main room of

Taylor Hall, which doubled as a chapel, was packed to overflowing, and the white section was surprisingly crowded.

When the curtain lifted on the makeshift stage, it disclosed an ironing board, a sewing table, a laundry tub, a workbench and a stove. While the audience murmured in surprise, boys and girls in neat aprons and overalls appeared. One girl began mixing batter, another unrolled a bolt of cloth and started to cut out a dress, a boy repaired harness at the workbench, another worked on a wagon wheel, and two youngsters began weaving straw mats.

One by one the students came forward, explained briefly what they were doing and what the school had taught them. Then a sudden squeal announced the arrival of a small, earnest black boy making his way up the aisle with a protesting pig in his arms. The audience howled, but the boy was dead serious as he announced soberly from the stage, 'This hyear's a good pig. An' I gonna tell y'all the diff'ence 'twen him and a ole razorback like we mos'ly got—the diff'ence in health, in cost of raisin', an' in the meat we gets from him.'

Presently, in an atmosphere of jocular but friendly interest, the audience passed the now-completed straw mats from hand to hand, and sampled the ginger biscuits which the cook served hot from the oven. Thus the second year of the Piney

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Woods Country Life School came to a triumphal close. As the man next to John Webster said, slapping him on the arm, "Jones said he was goin' to learn 'em how to work, and durned if he hasn't done it."

**B**Y A MIRACLE of faith and acute practicality, Jones has continued to "learn 'em how to work" ever since—each year on an expanding scale. Today the Piney Woods Country Life School has 500 students, a large factory, 1,600 acres of school grounds, handsome brick buildings, modern dairies, orchards, market gardens and farms, well-equipped workshops for teaching many trades, and a staff of 40 capable and devoted teachers.

As he planned from the beginning, he has financed much of it by securing outside help. From the close of that first school term, when Uncle Ed Taylor lent him his train fare to get to Iowa, Laurence has spent every summer in the North raising funds: approaching individual businessmen, speaking to civic clubs and church groups, telling the Piney Woods story.

But maintaining the school has been an infinitely precarious, infinitely demanding task. "Pray as if it all depended on God," Laurence advised his teachers (there were five in the school's second year), "*but work as if it all depended on you!*" And the spirit of the place was typified by one of the songs frequently sung there:

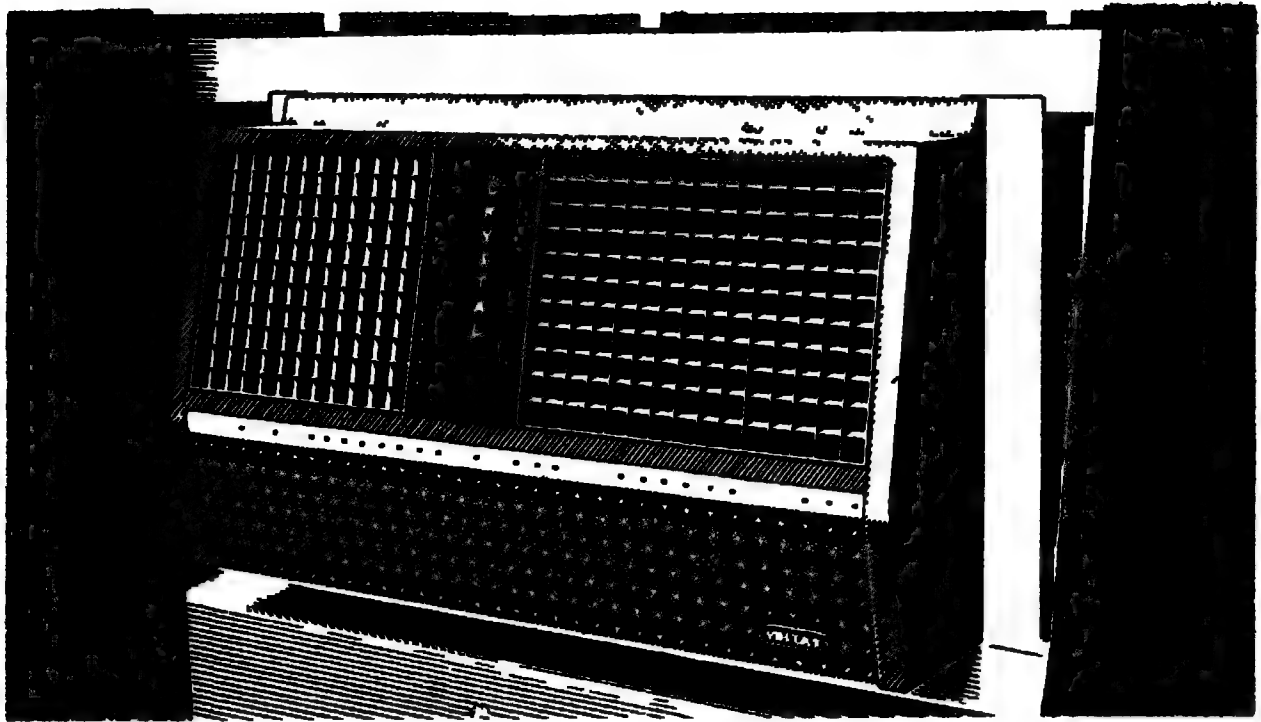
*"Keep a-inchin' along,  
Jesus will come by and by."*

How slow the inching process was in the first years was dramatized in the autumn of 1912, when Professor Jones returned from his annual fund-raising tour with a new bride. He had met Grace Allen at an Iowa City church back in his undergraduate days. She was then soliciting funds for a Kentucky university, but Laurence had corresponded with this vigorous, bright-eyed young woman ever since. Securing such a helpmate now was an unbelievable stroke of luck. For she had indomitable energy, was equipped to teach English, sewing, handicrafts, and was a competent office worker and an expert in her own right at raising money. Above all, she was fascinated by Laurence's stories of his work.

Even so, she was not quite prepared for what she found at Piney Woods. On the evening of her arrival, as the bride and groom sat before a pine-knot fire in the little cabin which was their first home, Grace said slowly, "I suppose I knew that it would be heartbreaking. But somehow I didn't quite realize there would be so many, and so pitifully poor. How many children are there in this area for whom Piney Woods is the only real school?"

Laurence looked at his wife with a half-sad smile. "Eleven thousand, two hundred and fifty," he said.

"And," said Grace, "we have



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room for only one hundred!"

"When we started three years ago we didn't have room for ten," Laurence reminded her.

"I know," murmured his wife. Then she smiled, her face alight. "What a place to dedicate your life!"

FROM THE FIRST, she dedicated her own life there, shouldering a heavy teaching schedule, carrying extension work among farmers' wives deep into the woods, making her presence felt everywhere. Like her husband, she seemed unaware of the privations they endured.

Piney Woods now consisted of three crude two-storey pine buildings and a cluster of six smaller ones. They used oil lamps for light, wood stoves for cooking, front-scorching, back-freezing fireplaces for heat, and wore galoshes indoors to combat the miserable winter chill. They carried water from the spring-house by hand and lived on a diet of rice and meatless gravy, greens and corn-bread. The students sat on rough, half-finished benches and had to squat on the floor to write on them. The entire staff—eight of them now, including Principal Jones—laboured from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. in the classrooms, gave music lessons "after hours," and frequently fell asleep from exhaustion at their desks.

Looking at it in one way, as Professor Laenas Weld, of the University of Iowa, remarked after a

visit, it was "pitifully inadequate." But looking at it in another way, as he also said, "There was a strength of purpose, an enthusiasm on the part of pupils and teachers which even the most favoured of our universities could afford to sacrifice much to secure."

Grace Jones shared her husband's faith that the way to combat white prejudice against the school—an ever-present problem in the Black Belt—was by "the subtle method of human hearts crying out to human hearts." From the start he had welcomed white visitors at any day and any hour. He put his most capable students at the "use of the community," to be called on by any farmer who needed help with carpentry or veterinary work. When he heard of an illness or a death in a neighbouring house he dispatched students to chop firewood and do other chores till the crisis was past.

Grace too found such gestures instinctive. One winter for example, when an influenza epidemic swept through the community, she had food prepared and distributed to all the homes where no one was well enough to cook, and she and the other teachers went from house to house, nursing the sick.

This kind of human warmth inevitably paid dividends in good will. One evening when a concert was scheduled at Piney Woods, Laurence was startled to see a white man appear at the school carrying a shotgun.

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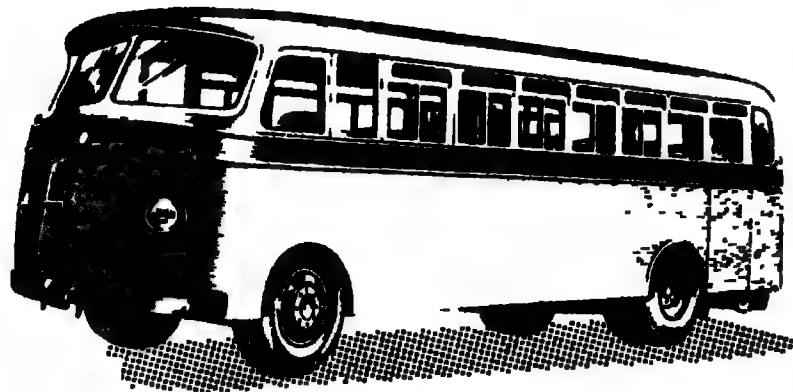
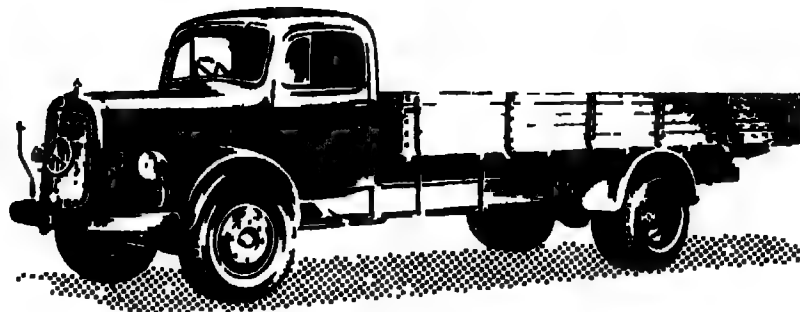
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"What's wrong? What has happened?" Laurence asked.

"Nothing yet," said the visitor, grimly planting himself near the chapel door. "I heard some rowdy old white boys was a-goin' to get likkered up and come and break up you-all's concert. I just want to *discourage* 'em a little."

Laurence remembered then that Grace had helped to nurse the visitor's wife a few weeks before. The concert went off without a hitch.

SHORTLY AFTER Grace Jones's arrival the school passed two important milestones. In 1913 Piney Woods was granted a charter by the State of Mississippi and acquired a board of trustees; and the following year its material holdings were vastly increased. That summer of 1914 Laurence was in Iowa raising money when he met the father of a former fellow-student from Iowa University, W. O. Finkbine.

"Laurence," Finkbine said, "my brother and I own 800 acres of land down your way and we find that it's right next to your school. It's cut-over timberland, but I imagine you could use it."

Use it! Room to spread out on, room to farm, an adequate supply of firewood for years to come! It was the most substantial gift the school had yet received.

Meanwhile, with Grace to help in fund-raising, there was more money too. But there was never enough, for Laurence was always

bringing home additional students to be squeezed into the already crowded dormitories.

There was, for instance, Willie Buck, a frightened, gangling, bare-foot 14-year-old boy. Jones found him hiding in the woods and brought him to the school. Eight years later Willie Buck graduated from Piney Woods, delivering, for his part of the commencement exercises, a lecture and demonstration on electricity and the operation of petrol engines.

In Miami, Florida, Laurence saw a little girl, almost white, being tormented by a ring of chanting dark-brown children. "Got a white daddy!" they shouted. "Don't know your daddy's name!" Jones elbowed his way through the circle, took the sobbing child in his arms and comforted her. He looked up the child's mother, found her in desperate circumstances, and persuaded her to let him take the little girl home with him. Years later, after finishing school, the girl took a business course and then served as Jones's secretary until she eventually married a minister.

And there was the small boy found wandering alone in the school grounds one day with no belongings save a new pencil clutched in his tiny fist. He refused to talk to anyone except "Fesser Jones." When he was taken to the principal he explained that he was an orphan and had no place to live. But he had heard that "Fesser Jones" took in

little boys who wanted to learn, and he had a pencil, which he considered the key to this process. Nobody knew what his name was, so he was given a name and put in the school.

Then there was "Pa" Collins—a man so imbued with the desire for education that he attacked the problem by simply moving into the school grounds. All the Collinses worked for the school in exchange for the privilege of living in a cabin on the grounds, and "Pa" and all the schoolage children attended classes. By the time "Pa" had worked his way up to the eighth grade he had eight children. When he was in the tenth grade his children had increased to ten. When he finally graduated from the twelfth grade, standing proudly in the line of graduates between two of his 12 children, someone in the audience shouted, "For the Lord's sake, 'Fesser Jones, don't you promote that man no more."

**B**y 1920 Piney Woods had 200 students and needed a minimum of \$10,000 a year to operate. Moreover, an accident which now occurred changed Laurence's plans for the school and made them even more ambitious.

One raw December night Laurence and Grace were aroused by wild shouts and looked out to see the boys' dormitory going up in flames. The combination of pine timber, student-labour construction and an inadequate water supply made it

impossible to save the building. That night the boys were stoically trying to withstand the winter cold in tents borrowed from a nearby lumber camp. But Laurence's mind was made up; he had built his last pine firetrap. Fire had been a constant hazard at Piney Woods, and there was no answer to it except to erect permanent brick buildings and a proper water system.

But this called for yet more money, and the Joneses knew they must devise some new and self-perpetuating method of raising it. Grace suggested the answer: they would recruit groups of young singers and send them on tour.

Song was a natural part of Piney Woods and nearly every student who went there could sing—simply, effortlessly and with remarkable beauty. Indeed, when he was discussing this phenomenon with a Northern visitor Laurence once boasted that any four boys in the school were a quartet.

"Any four?" the visitor asked, raising his eyebrows at this seemingly absurd statement.

"Yes," said Laurence. "Pick any of the boys at random and you will see."

His guest pointed out four boys then walking across the grounds, each from a different group. Jones called them over and explained that they were to sing as a quartet.

"But we fo' ain't nevah sung together, 'Fesser," one of them said.

"That is good," said Laurence.



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The boys put their heads together as if doing a bit of preliminary harmonizing, then suddenly broke into "Joshua Fit de Battle of Jericho"—one boy sailing into the tenor part, another sliding down into the bass, while the other two took the between parts. Then, while the visitor listened in amazement, all four closed in a tight, skin-tingling harmonious finale.

"You win," Jones's guest said, shaking his head, "but I never would have believed it."

When Grace first suggested using this innate musical ability by taking student singers on tour, Laurence hesitated. "You know what traveling is like—even for us," he said. He was thinking of the refusal of restaurant and hotel service, the denial of rest rooms to coloured travellers. "It will be much more difficult with a group of students."

"Let's try it out," Grace said.

That summer she did try it, heading North with "The Cotton Blossoms," a quartet of back-country boys, in a seven-passenger open touring car. She had to take along her two small sons and 12-year-old Eula Kelly to look after them; also tents to sleep in, and baggage for the whole crew.

Leaving her little band to rest in a park with Eula in charge of the little boys, she would drive ahead to the next town and arrange bookings for the day—chances to sing in

churches, before civic clubs, for private parties or in hotels. Occasionally some group offered them hot meals after a performance, but mainly they ate picnic style by the roadside or in public parks.

The summer was a resounding success financially. And from then on "The Cotton Blossoms," groups of both boy and girl singers, provided a steady source of income for Piney Woods. Year after year they toured the country, and year by year new brick buildings sprang up at Piney Woods.

THE SCHOOL has expanded, Professor Jones has made no effort to form a big, smooth-running machine of it; instead it has remained a "home." He has taken on "anyone who wants to help," and has never been known to fire a single person. But he has always shown an uncanny ability to attract good people.

Since 1913, when Mrs. Nellie Brooks taught for two years without pay, there have nearly always been some white teachers at Piney Woods. In 1943 Dr. Zilpha Chandler resigned as professor of English at Upper Iowa University to work for mere living expenses as director of the Piney Woods high-school and junior-college academic training; and she has herself helped to raise \$100,000 to build the school's modern, well-stocked library. "It's a way of life instead of a job," Dr. Chandler says. "Everyone works



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harder here than anywhere else I've been. Why, I do as much in two days as I used to do in a week."

Another exceptional addition is John Haien, a former Chrysler Corporation official. Long active in youth work, Haien was drawn by the sane practicality of Jones's handling of under-privileged children. After his retirement in 1953 he built a cottage at Piney Woods for himself and his wife and moved in at "a dollar a year" to supervise the school's dairy and farmlands.

And former Piney Woods students come back to help. Of the six members of the first batch of students to leave, in 1918, four later joined the Piney Woods staff. Georgia Lee Myers, the first girl student to enrol, has since returned to take over the Piney Woods elementary department (after first scraping up the money to build three rural schools in impoverished communities).

Eula Kelly, the young baby-sitter who accompanied Mrs. Jones on the first "Cotton Blossoms" tour, had her loyalty and capacity tested early. She was only 16 and on tour in New England when Mrs. Jones was called away to Boston by an emergency. "Here, Eula," Mrs. Jones said, "you manage the singers for the rest of the season. You've watched me long enough to know what to do."

Mrs. Jones went on to Boston leaving behind a half-green, frightened child faced with a terrifying

responsibility far beyond her age and experience. But Eula Kelly, off in a strange part of the country with four young singers, no money and no bookings ahead, finished the tour successfully, just as Mrs. Jones had known she would.

It was fortunate that she had this training. Mrs. Jones fell ill with pneumonia and died in 1928. This was a shattering blow to Laurence Jones and to the school. The entire responsibility for managing the "Cotton Blossoms" tours fell on Eula Kelly's young shoulders. Today she is still at Piney Woods in the multiple capacity of school treasurer, dean of women students and supervisor of girls' industries.

JONES has won singular loyalty, too, from his white backers. In 1950, for the first time for many years, Jones heard from the school's first white friend. John Webster had sold his sawmill years before and left Mississippi. Now, having read of the success of Piney Woods, he wondered if it might be of interest if he wrote up his remembrances of the school's beginnings.

The letter came from a town in Arkansas. A week later Jones went to see Webster, and found the old man now nearly 80, friendless, ill, and "hankering" for one more look at Mississippi. When Jones returned to Piney Woods he brought Mr. and Mrs. Webster with him and established them in a comfortable cottage in the school grounds.



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Webster had been bedridden with arthritis for years. Jones placed his bed so that he could look out at the school activities that his generosity had helped to make possible. Each day the "little 'Fesser" dropped in to talk over old times with his friend.

Shortly before he died the following year John Webster confided to one of the teachers: "I wish I had had a son like Laurence Jones."

**W**HAT HAS Piney Woods meant to its students? For most of them it has bridged the gap from pine torches to electricity. Many at first had to be taught how to turn a water tap on and off, and considered the telephone an instrument of the devil. For such "bottom rail" youth, school meant opening a door to life arithmetic, a means of working out the cost of seed; chemistry, a technique for making molasses or curing ham; trade instruction in shoe-mending or motor mechanics, a way to get a salaried job or perhaps to own a small shop.

And they have responded to their training. An Alabama newspaper, in a recent survey of agriculture in the South, reported that almost without exception where a farmer had attended Piney Woods School the house was painted, the stock improved and the crops diversified. Moreover, no one who has attended Piney Woods has ever had a police record—despite the fact that Jones, who considers no child hopeless, has consistently taken students "just

short of the reform school," and has expelled less than a dozen during the school's existence.

By 1953 Piney Woods had turned out more than 1,700 high-school and 325 junior-college graduates. They have become farmers, artisans, businessmen, chemists, teachers, ministers, social workers, nurses and musicians. More than 20 graduates are professional singers. Most of them, but for Piney Woods, would have been doomed to a life of hopeless field drudgery.

Consider the six Jack children. When Jones found them, the Jack family was nearly destitute. But he was so impressed by the character of the parents, who were "old-time teachers," and by the potential of the children that he moved the entire family into an old vacant house in the school grounds. With all of them "working their passage," the four boys and two girls graduated from Piney Woods. One of them became a postal employee, another a chef on the New York Central Railroad, another finished his doctorate at the University of Chicago and became a teacher, two became businessmen, and one girl for the last 18 years has been supervisor of four Negro high schools and 13 primary schools in Scott County, Mississippi

**ALTHOUGH** more than 45 years have passed since he taught his first "log class," and Laurence Jones is now past 70, he still works at a pace

that would exhaust many a younger man; for the original need that led to founding the school has not basically changed. The Mississippi Black Belt is still desperately poor. On opening day the students pour into Piney Woods, much as they have always done—on muleback, in farm wagons, old vans, and on foot, frequently wearing all the clothes they own. Few of them have any money. And practically none would have any other chance of an education. Of the present enrolment of 500 students, less than ten per cent are able to pay for any tuition at all.

Always suspicious of idleness, Jones sets a rigorous programme for the students. They still rise at 5 a.m. and go to their classes and jobs by bells. If they are late for meals, they get nothing to eat. Every student must do some work, and the majority do a full work schedule. Students maintain the buildings, grow 60 per cent of the food the school consumes, do all the pressure canning, sewing, laundry and dry cleaning (as part of a trade course for boys). Yet despite this stern régime, 75 per cent of those who enrol leave the school with an accredited high-school or junior college diploma.

It now takes \$100,000 a year to run the school.

In December, 1954, Laurence Jones's work was brought to the attention of a television audience throughout the United States on the secretly planned "This Is Your

Life" programme. Ralph Edwards, the master of ceremonies, was himself so captured by the story that he gave an unprecedented and unrehearsed "pitch," asking listeners to send dollars to help in raising a permanent fund for Piney Woods. As Jones walked out of the studio that night postboxes all over the United States were being stuffed with contributions, and bank-notes and cheques were pressed into his hand by the studio audience. "Here's \$25 I can't afford," said one TV writer who had worked on the show. "That's what I get for *watching* the darn thing!"

Within two weeks more than \$600,000 had poured into Piney Woods, and this, added to a smaller endowment on hand, went to set up a \$750,000 "Laurence C. Jones Foundation" for the perpetuation of the Piney Woods school.

A few months later, on a Sunday afternoon in January, 1955, a group of Mississippians gathered in Jackson to honour the president and founder of the Piney Woods Country Life School. To outsiders this meeting may have seemed like any other memorial tribute to a job well done. But for the people of Mississippi it was a revolution of love. For on that day, for the first time in the history of the state, white and coloured proudly shared a speakers' platform, and Governor Hugh White acclaimed Dr. Laurence Jones as "Mississippi's First Citizen."

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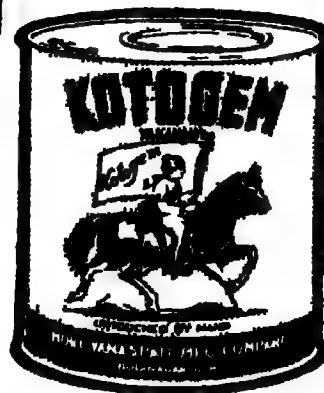
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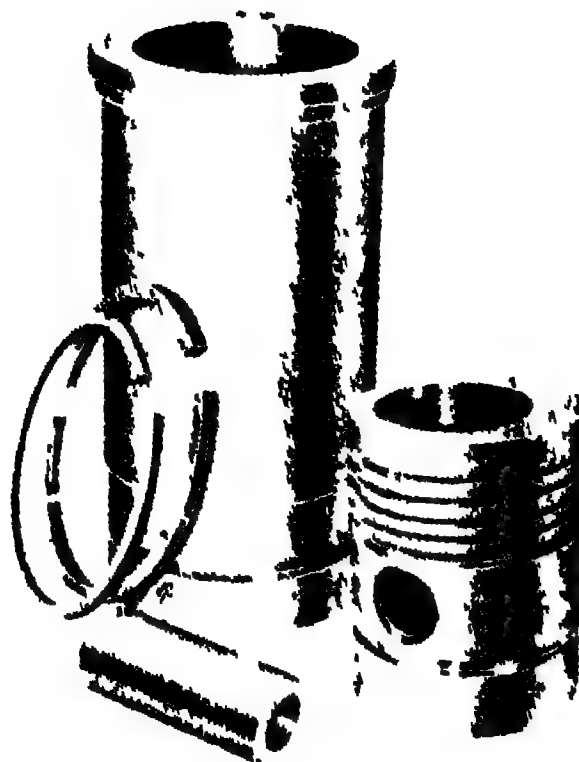


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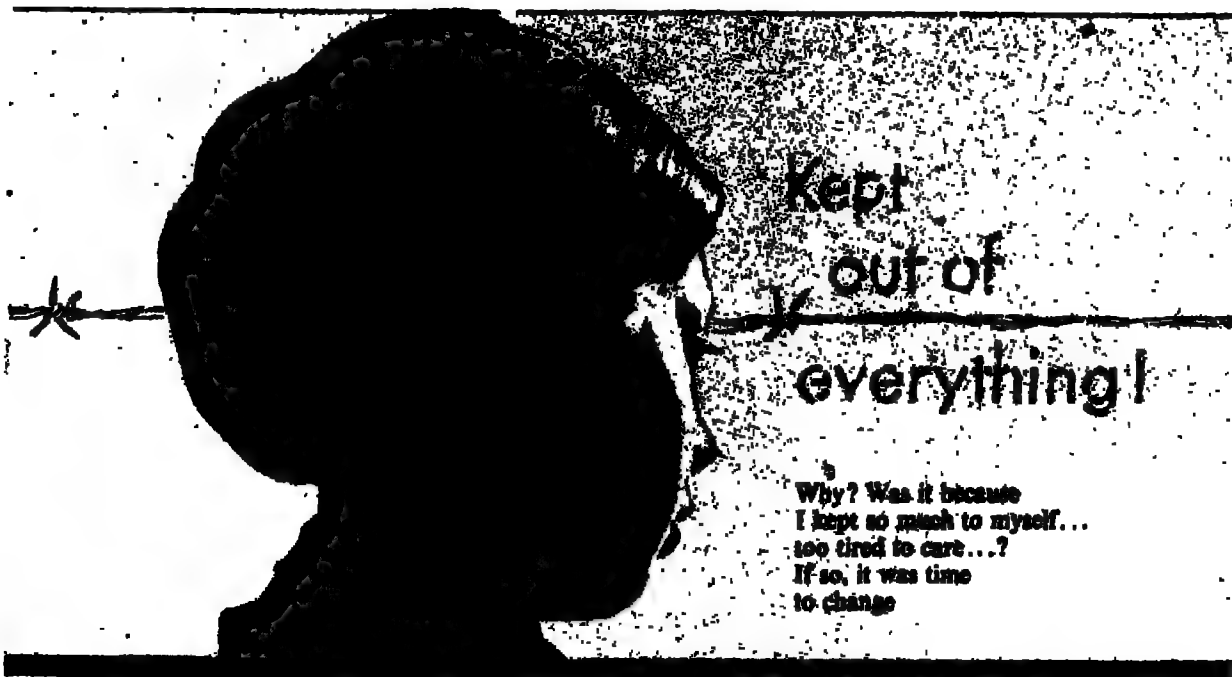
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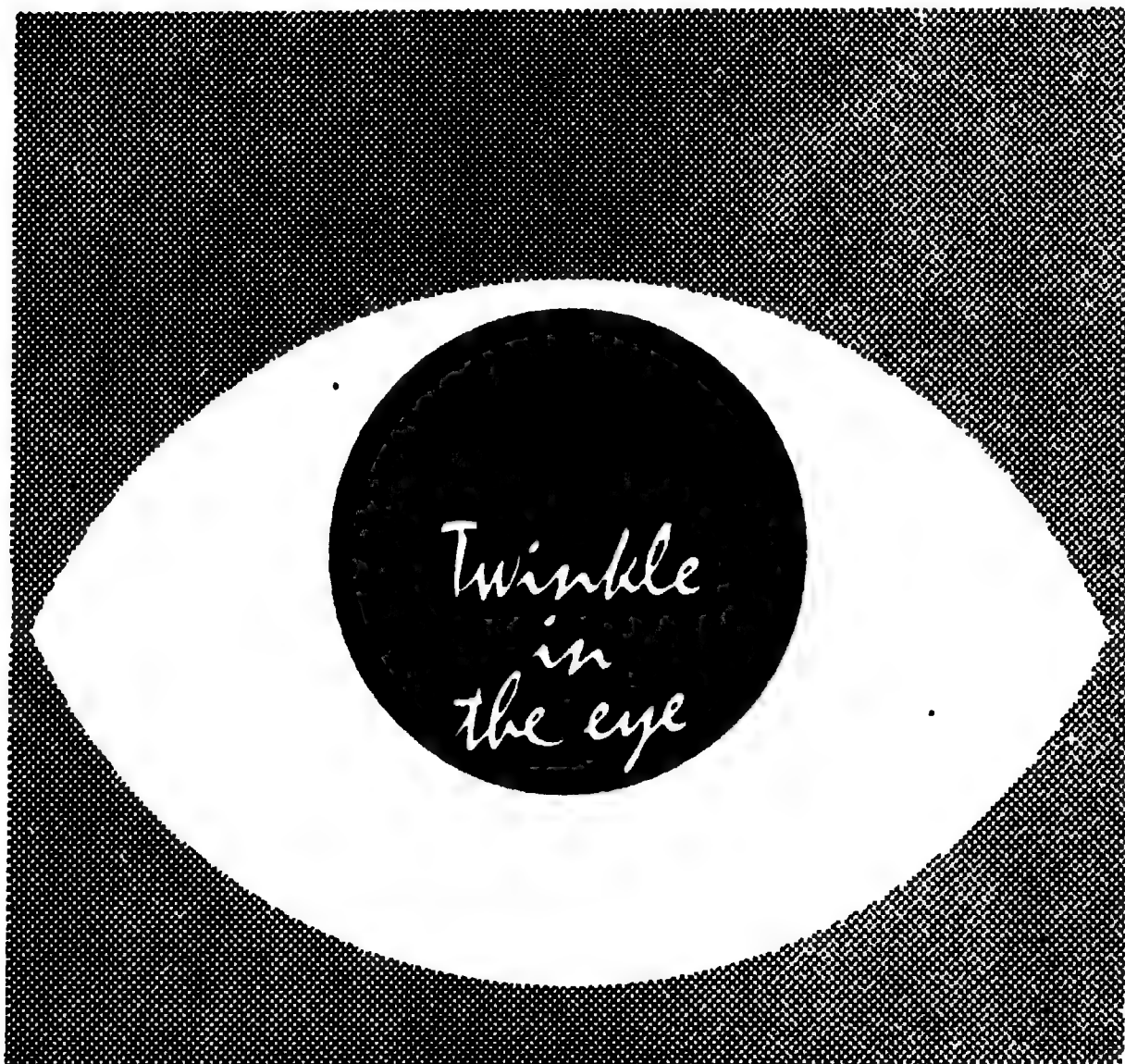
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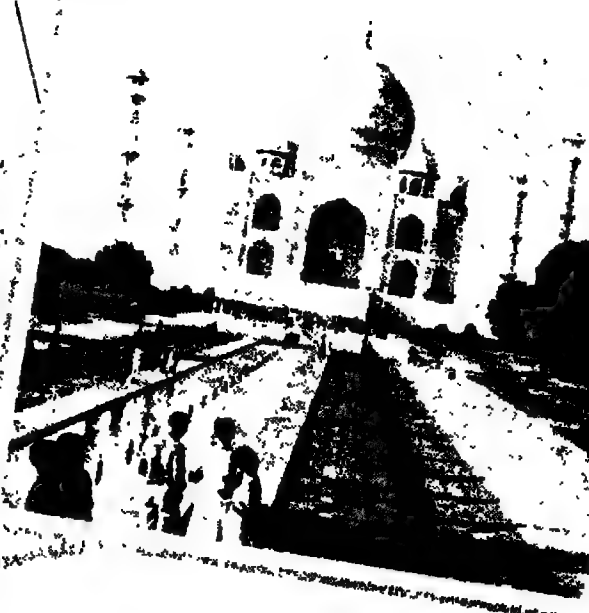
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# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By A. J. AITKEN, Editor of the Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue,  
and DAVID MURISON, Editor of the Scottish National Dictionary



In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, many native Scots words were brought into general English use through writers like Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle. In the following test all the key words are Scottish in origin; tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.



- |                                                                                               |                                                                                      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (1) <b>agley</b> —A: bitter. B: uncertain. C: upside-down. D: asquint.                        | (11) <b>ilk</b> —A: appearance. B: same. C: kind or sort. D: notion.                 |
| (2) <b>eerie</b> —A: scarifying. B: peculiar. C: ghostly. D: loud.                            | (12) <b>lilting</b> —A: loud. B: quiet. C: tuneful. D: raucous.                      |
| (3) <b>feckless</b> —A: hopeless. B: insufficient. C: ineffective. D: infectious.             | (13) <b>oncost</b> —A: overheads. B: vitality. C: beginning. D: bargain sale.        |
| (4) <b>fey</b> —A: lucky. B: unlucky. C: crazy. D: captivating.                               | (14) <b>slogan</b> —A: catchword. B: hard work C: sledge-hammer. D: snow-shoe.       |
| (5) <b>flunkey</b> —A: lackey. B: scarecrow. C: fool. D: hotch-potch.                         | (15) <b>spate</b> —A: argument. B: flood. C: shellfish. D: waterfall.                |
| (6) <b>glint</b> —A: crevice. B: gleam. C: tough adversary. D: suggestion.                    | (16) <b>stalwart</b> —A: sturdy. B: stealthy. C: brash. D: despicable.               |
| (7) <b>gloaming</b> —A: darkness. B: meadow. C: greenery. D: twilight.                        | (17) <b>uptake</b> —A: pilfering. B: eventuality. C: outward show. D: understanding. |
| (8) <b>greenhorn</b> —A: disease in cattle. B: well-cut lawn. C: simpleton. D: type of flute. | (18) <b>weird</b> —A: tired. B: wolf-like. C: lost. D: strange.                      |
| (9) <b>gruesome</b> —A: disparaging. B: detestable. C: ludicrous. D: horrible.                | (19) <b>wizened</b> —A: learned. B: shrivelled. C: knowledgeable. D: treacherous.    |
| (10) <b>heckle</b> —A: to dispute. B: deplore. C: titivate. D: badger.                        | (20) <b>wraith</b> —A: very thin person. B: anger. C: spectre. D: figure of fun.     |

(Now turn to the next page)

## ANSWERS TO

# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

- (1) **agley**—D: Asquint; awry; as, "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men, Gang aft *agley*." (Burns.) Middle English *glee*, "to squint."
- (2) **erie**—C: Ghostly; full of or causing a feeling of the supernatural. Probably originally *eri*, "fearful, apprehensive."
- (3) **feckless**—C: Ineffective; not practical or efficient; dithering; of one who has no feck, i.e. effect. "I am so *feckless* at present that I have never yet the heart to commence it." (Carlyle.)
- (4) **fey**—C: Crazy; behaving eccentrically; doomed. In Scotland odd or unusual behaviour was thought to presage death. Anglo-Saxon *fæge*, "doomed."
- (5) **flunkiey**—A: Lackey; footman; sycophantish attendant or companion (a term of contempt). Used extensively by Carlyle. Probably made up by a Scotsman on the "sound echoes sense" principle.
- (6) **glint**—B: Gleam; glance. Middle English *glente*, "to glance," related to Swedish *glanta*, "to glide."
- (7) **gloaming**—D: Twilight; dusk; the glow of evening. "Late, late in the *gloamin'* when a' was still." (James Hogg.) Anglo-Saxon *glōmung*, related to "glow."
- (8) **greenhorn**—C: Simpleton; a raw novice. Derived from the young deer's immature or "green" antlers and first applied to a raw recruit in the Scottish army.
- (9) **gruesome**—D: Horrible; capable of making one *grue* or shudder. Introduced into literary use by Sir Walter Scott. German *grausam*.
- (10) **heckle**—D: To badger, especially with questions at political meetings. Originally to rip or tear apart flax fibres with a *beckle* or comb. Popular in Scotland after the 1872 Ballot Act, which gave the franchise to every male adult. Dutch *bekele*, "a flax-dresser's comb."
- (11) **ilk**—B: Same. The phrase "of that ilk" was used, especially in legal work, to describe an estate with the same name as its owner: "John Newton of that ilk" for "John Newton of Newton." It was later misunderstood to mean "of that sort or kind." Anglo-Saxon *ilca*, "same."
- (12) **lilting**—C: Tuneful; singing cheerfully and melodiously. "I've heard them *lilting* at the ewes milking." (From the famous Scottish lament "The Flowers of the Forest.") Related to Dutch *lulle-pijp*, "bag-pipe."
- (13) **oncost**—A: Overheads; costs in addition to those of raw materials and labour. Common in Scotland since 1429; came into general use in the present century. "On" joined to "cost," literally "the cost added on."
- (14) **slogan**—A: Catchword; a brief motto used in a political or advertising campaign. From the Gaelic *sluagh ghairm*, "the shout of the army," "a battle-cry."
- (15) **spate**—B: Flood, torrent (of water, tears, words). Origin unknown.
- (16) **stalwart**—A: Sturdy; resolute; good in a fight. Medieval Scottish form of *stal-worth*, "worthy of a place," "reliable." Obsolete after sixteenth century, revived by Scott.
- (17) **uptake**—D: Understanding; the power to *take up* into the mind. "Up" joined to "take."
- (18) **weird**—D: Strange; unearthly, supernatural. Originally, and still in Scots, a noun meaning "fate," "destiny." In Holinshed's *Chronicles*, the Fates who met and prophesied to Macbeth were described as "the weird sisters." Shakespeare turned the Fates into witches, and gave "weird" the meaning it now has in English. Anglo-Saxon *wyrd*, "fate."
- (19) **wizened**—B: Shrivelled; shrunken. Originally Indo-European; after Anglo-Saxon times survived only in the North. Restored by Burns and Scott.
- (20) **wraith**—C: Spectre; ghost; a fetch of someone fated to die. Became familiar through the works of Burns and Scott.

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 17-15 correct ..... good  
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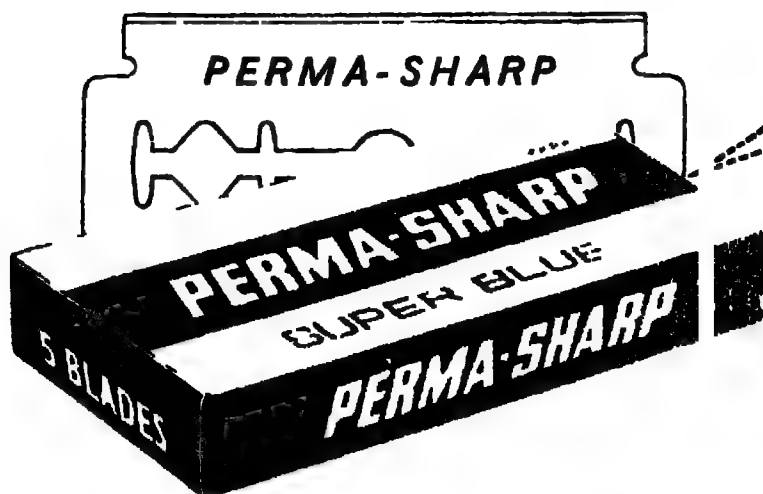
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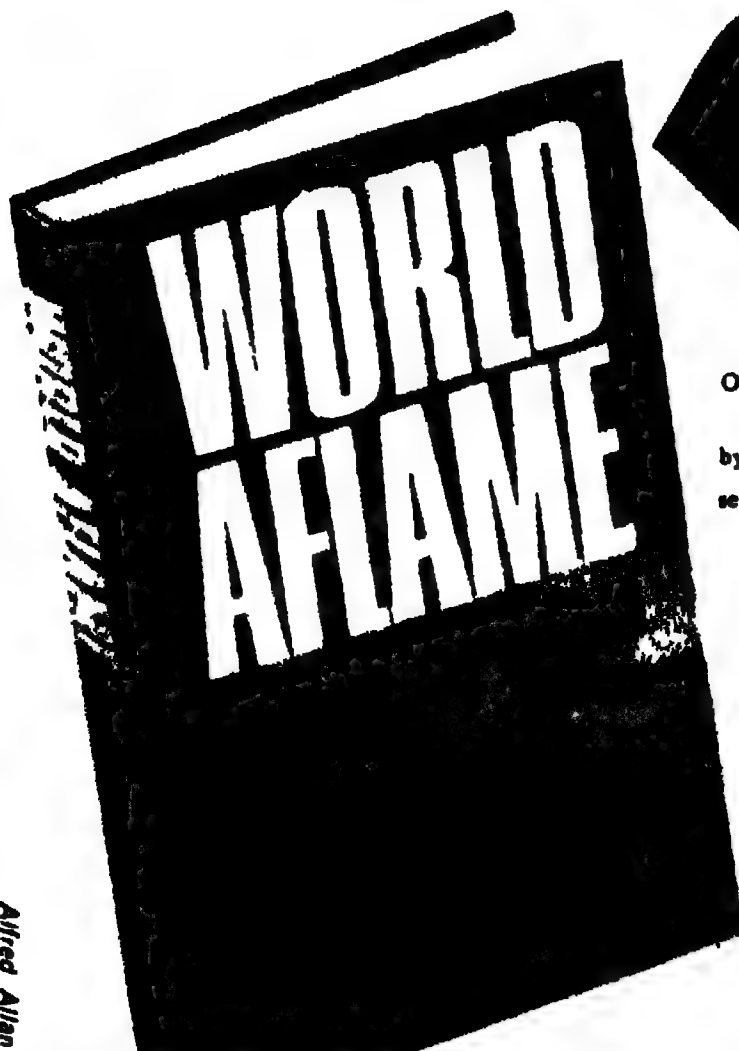
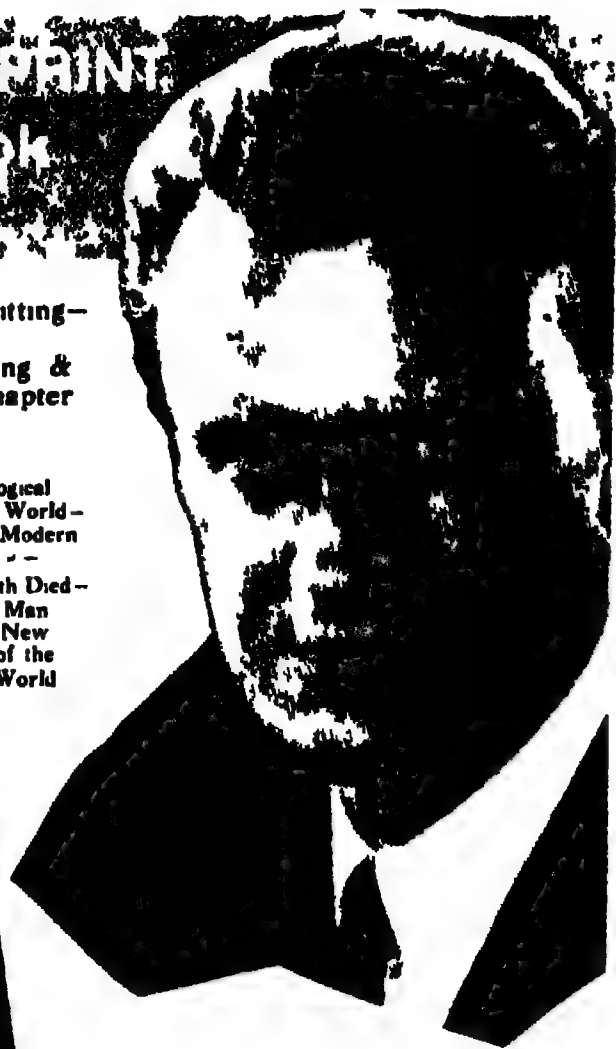
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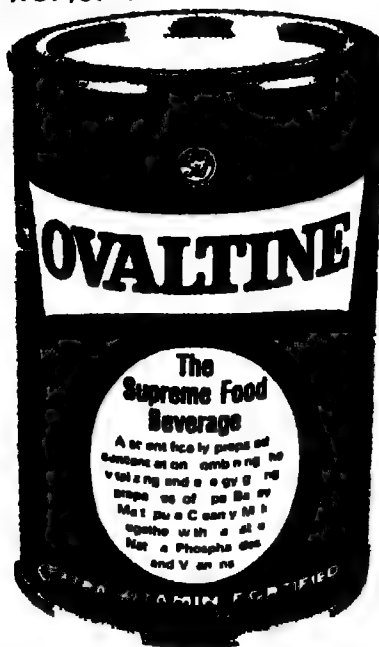
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## PERSONAL GLIMPSSES

**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN:** "Being arrived at 70, and considering that by traveling farther in the same road I should probably be led to the grave, I stopped short, turned about, and walked back again; which having done these four years, you may now call me 66."

**ALLEN DULLES**, former director of America's Central Intelligence Agency, explained why "I've wasted a lot of time in my life seeing a lot of odd people." When he was a young diplomat in Switzerland in March 1917, he was invited by a friend to visit the house of an interesting eccentric, which was open to the public. "No, thanks," said the young Dulles. "I have a date to play tennis."

"Two weeks later," Dulles said, "the eccentric, who turned out to be Lenin, returned to Russia in the famous sealed railway carriage. Since then I've never refused to see anybody."

--N.Y.T.

**CHARLES LAUGHTON** was once asked in an interview if he would ever consider marrying again. The question was hypothetical, inasmuch as Laughton was happily married to Elsa Lancaster, but he answered that he would never contemplate such a step. Pressed for a reason, he said that during courtship a man puts his best foot forward,

and takes special care not to reveal his poorer qualities, while after marriage his real self emerges day by day, and his wife has to make the best of it. Then he added thoughtfully, "I don't believe I would ever put a woman through that again."

--M. D.

**HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY** Haile Selassie is Ethiopia's absolute monarch. Today he is turning authority over to others, but slowly and cautiously. His court is still elegant and formal, yet any citizen may obtain a personal hearing from the Emperor merely by standing in the road in front of his oncoming Rolls-Royce and raising a hand.



--D. P.

**POPE JOHN XXIII** seemed to have a quick, sure instinct for putting people at ease. Once when he received a delegation of Jewish visitors, he used his baptismal name and went to the Old Testament for his greeting. Throwing open his arms to welcome the Jews, the Pope said to them, "I am Joseph, your brother."

--James O'Gara

**IN SPITE** of his crippled condition, Franklin D. Roosevelt possessed great physical stamina. When he returned to Washington after a whirlwind tour, appearing fresh and rested, someone asked him how he could accomplish so much without being weary. After a moment's thought Roosevelt answered, "You're looking at a man who spent two years trying to learn to wiggle his big toe."

--Harold Kohn

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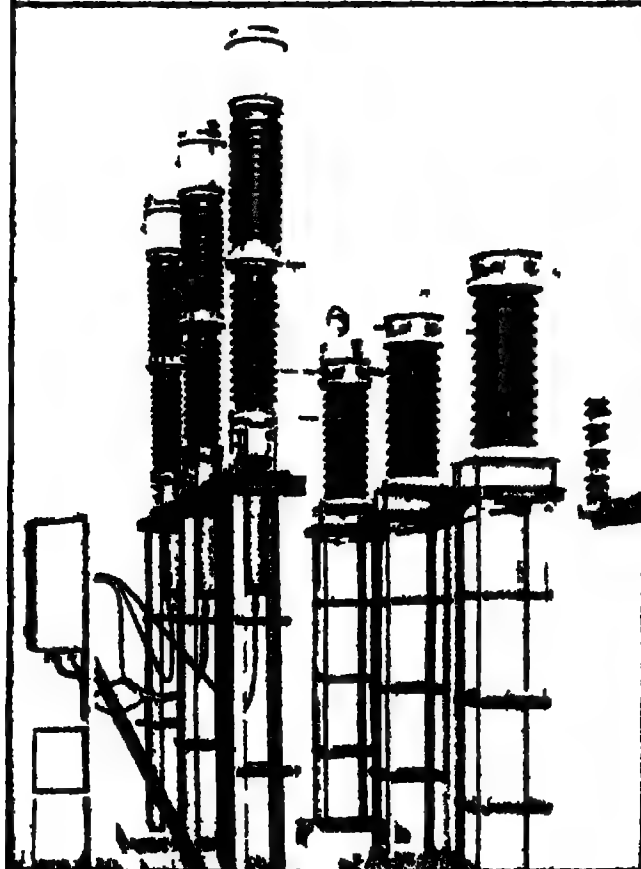
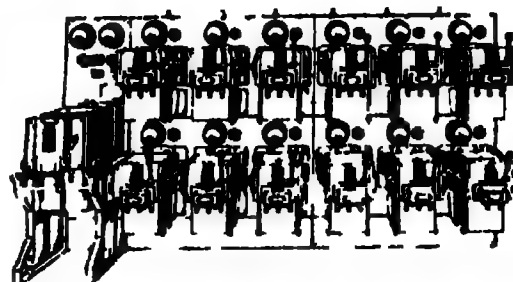
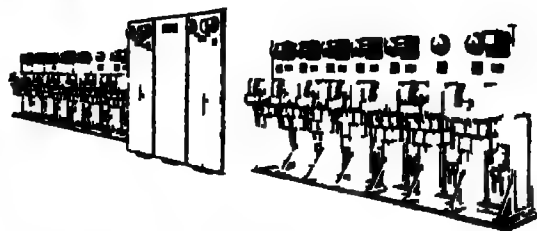
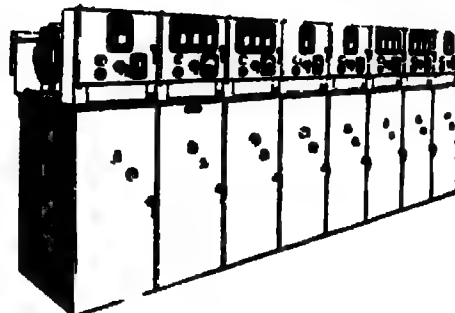
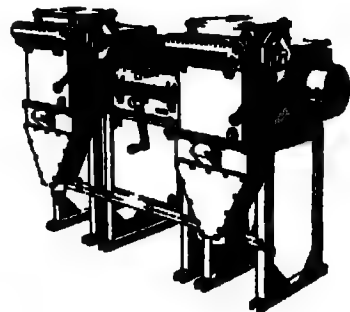
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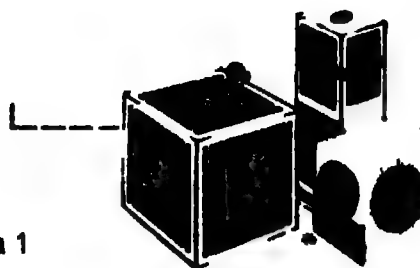
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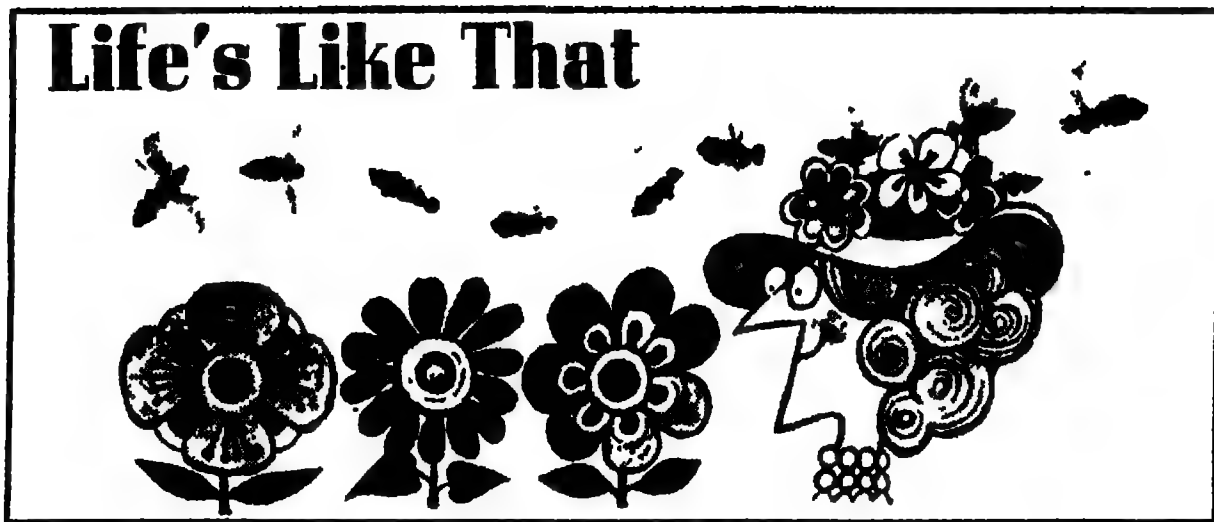
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# Life's Like That



I WAS learning electronic data processing in a training programme at a large firm. Our instructor fairly emanated positive thinking. One day when we were discussing a certain procedure, some of us mentioned problems that we had encountered. After listening for a few moments, our instructor exploded, "Gentlemen, there are no problems in data processing—only opportunities!"

After a moment's silence, a meek but audible voice said, "Sir, could you help me with an insurmountable opportunity?"

—ROBERT MITCHELL

WHILE on holiday in America I took my girlfriend to a drive-in movie. Half-way through the picture, a youngster tapped on my car window and said, "Mister, every time you kiss your girl you put your foot on the brake pedal. My dad says that if you must kiss her, keep your foot off the pedal. The flashing lights are driving everyone nuts."

—J. J. C.

MOTHER became fascinated by crossword puzzles, and, after she had worked out dozens of them in newspapers and magazines, Dad gave her

a puzzle book. She would frequently interrupt his reading to ask for a missing word, and, after thinking for a moment, Dad would come up with the correct answer. I was amazed at his fund of general knowledge until the day I passed his chair and caught a glimpse of the same puzzle book—turned to the answers—propped up inside his magazine.

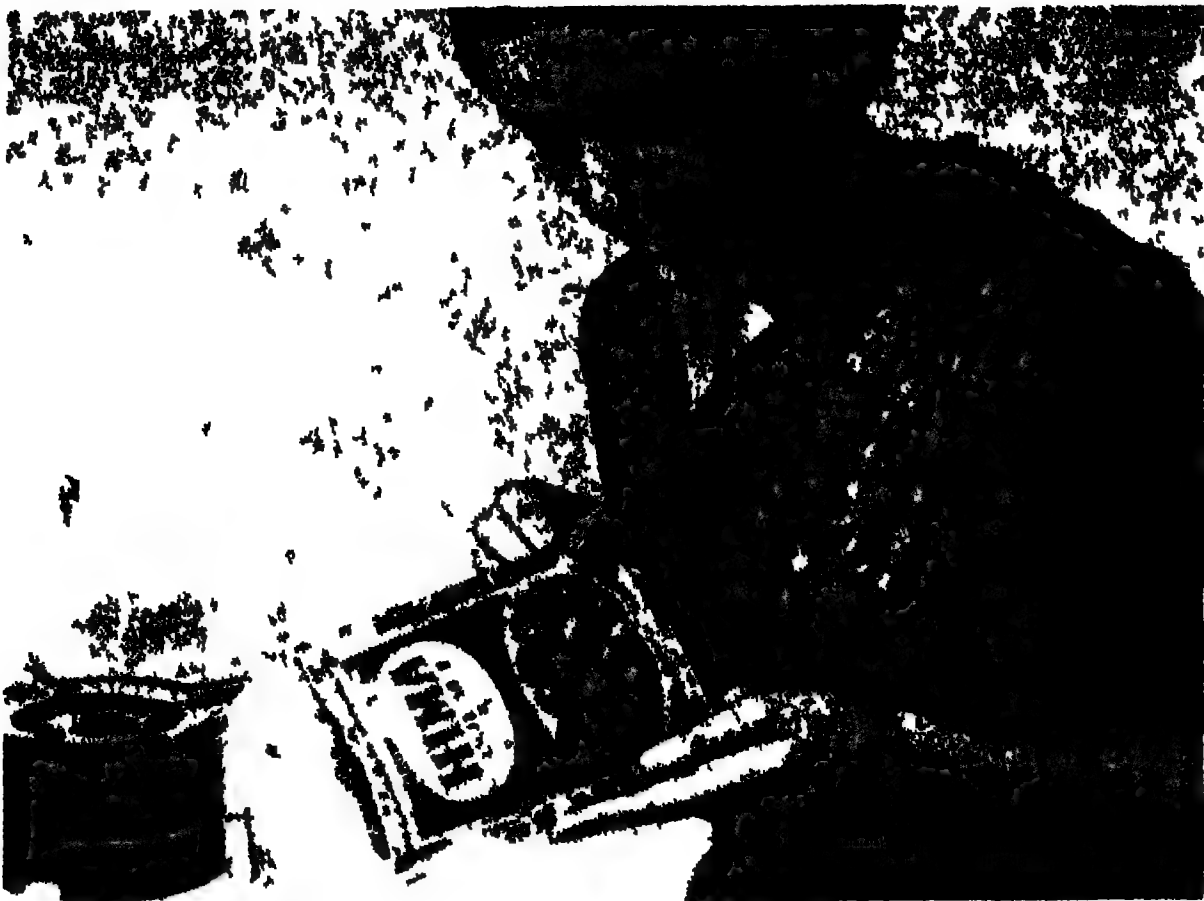
—D. D.

THE DAY we moved into our new house, we wondered what kind of people the former tenants had been. A note tacked to the window frame told us. It read: "To the new people—please feed the squirrel that comes to this window every morning about nine o'clock. Menu: cereal or toast, cake or chocolate pudding. Water in jar lid. P.S. She has babies."

—M. T. C.

ACCOMPANIED by our four teenage children, my husband and I celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary in a popular restaurant. After the three-piece band had played "The Anniversary Waltz," the pianist asked for my favourite song. The other patrons collapsed with laughter at my request—"Strangers in the Night."

—M. H.



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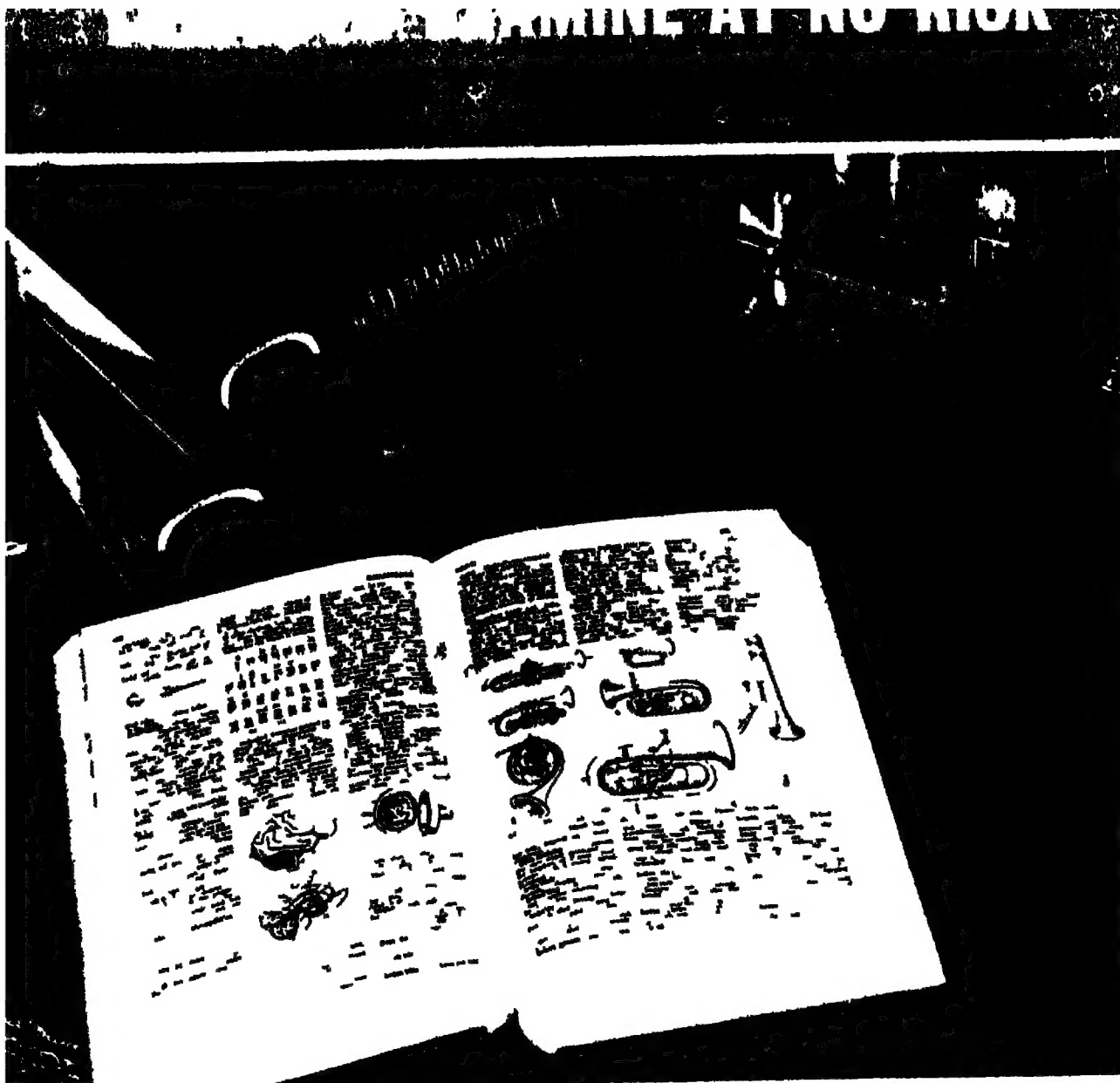
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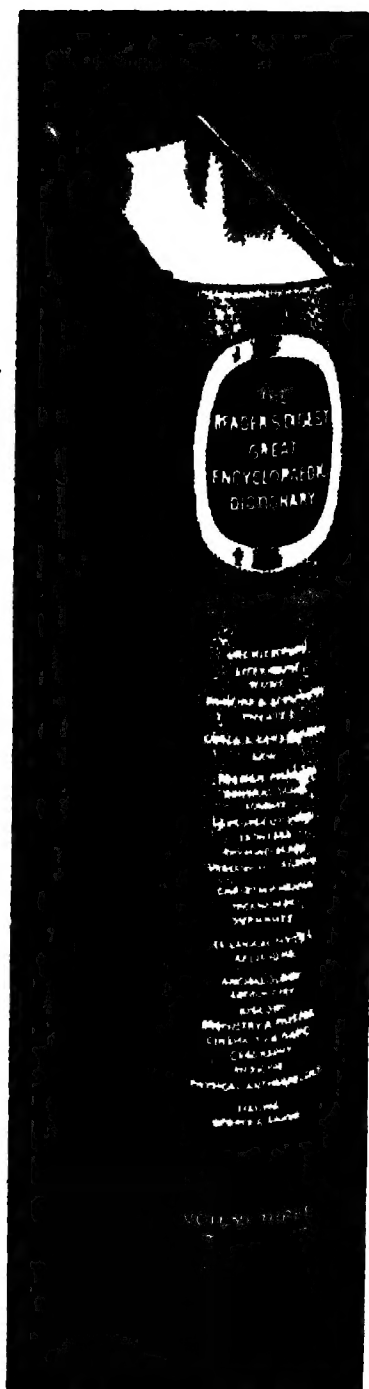
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